BARNES' HISTORICAL SERIES

ROME

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THE PROVINCES
OF THE
ROMAN EMPIRE,
at the time of its greatest extent.
SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
100 500
On this Map Italia is divided into the 11 Regions of Augustus.
J. WELLS, DEL.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INSULÆ BRITANNICÆ
MARE GERMANICUM
NORTH SEA
MARE CANTABRICUM
BAY OF BISCAY
MARE VERGIVIUM
MARE BRITANNICUM
MARE MEDITERRANEUM
TYRRHENIAN SEA
BRITANNIA
HIBERNIA
CALEDONIA
GERMANIA
GALLIA
HISPANIA
ITALIA
MAURETANIA
NUMIDIA
GÆTULI
ATLANTES MTS.
Wall of Antonines
Hadrian's Wall
Ebudæ
Mona I.
Vectis I.
Cassiterides Is.
Londinium
Camulodunum
Rhine R.
Saxones
Chauci
Bructeri
Colonia Agrippina
Nervii
Treviri
Catalauni
Lutetia Parisii
Genabum
Ligeris R.
Loire R.
Argentoratum
Alesia
Sequana R.
Limonum
Lugdunum
Mediolanum
Aquitani
Garumna R.
Tolosa
Narbo
Massilia
Aix
Nicæa
Pisæ
Placentia
Venetia
Ariminum
Ravenna
Tarraco
Emporiæ
CORSICA
SARDINIA
BALEARES
Carthago Nova
Saguntum
Valentia
Toletum
Tagus R.
Anas R.
Corduba
Castulo
Gades
Malaca
Fretum Gaditanum
Tingitana
Lambæsa
Thevesta
Byzantium
Thapsus
Syrtis Minor
Sabrata
Oea
Tripolis
Cydamus
Agrigentum
Lilybæum
Panormus
Messana
Hippo Regius
Carthago
Zama
Tingis
Iol Cæsarea
Saldæ
Cirta

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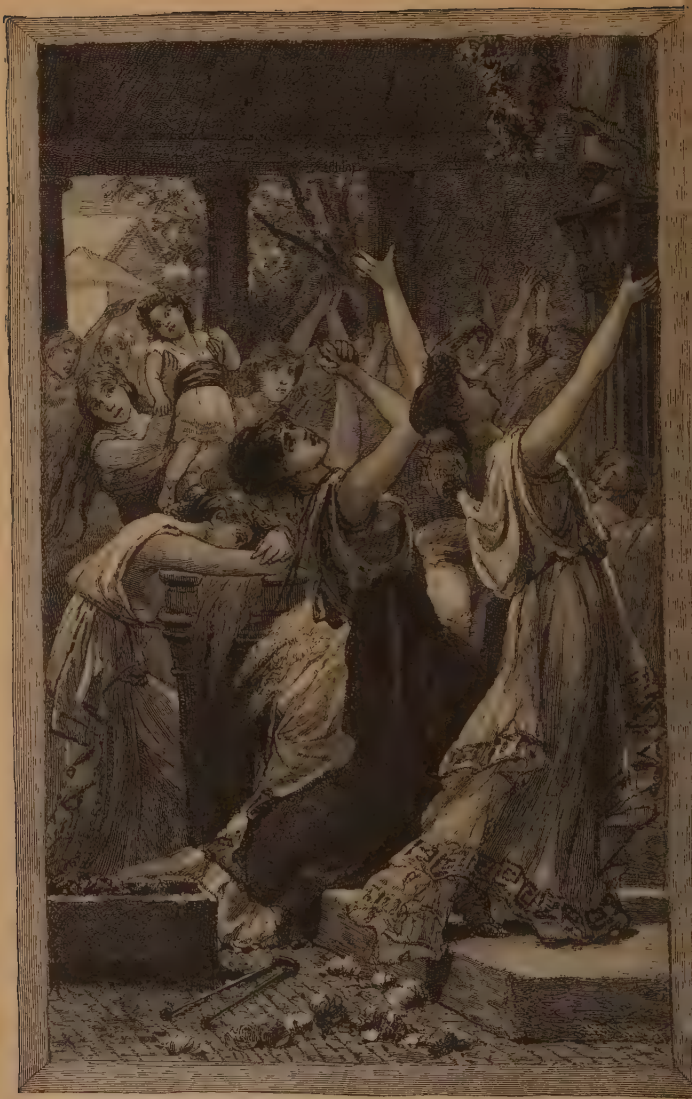
BRIEF HISTORY

OF

ROME



ROMAN WOMEN SUPPLICATING THE GODS TO SAVE THE IMPERIAL CITY FROM HANNIBAL. (See page 150.)

BARNES' ONE-TERM SERIES

BRIEF HISTORY

OF

ROME

BY

JOEL DORMAN STEELE, PH.D., F.G.S.

AND

ESTHER BAKER STEELE, LIT.D.

WITH

SELECT READINGS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS

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W. P. 2

PREFACE

THE first part of this book, taken from the BRIEF HISTORY OF ANCIENT PEOPLES, gives a résumé of Roman history, manners, customs, arts, literature, architecture, religion, etc.

In accordance with the modern method of historical teaching, the political portion is limited to the important events, that room may be made for some account of the life of the people.

The divisions on Civilization and Manners and Customs are by Mrs. J. Dorman Steele. Their aim is to give prominence to the fact that the people of history were men and women subject to the same hopes, fears, joys, and sufferings as ourselves, and thus to study their various fortunes in the spirit of human sympathy, rather than of statistical information.

The Scenes in Real Life are the result of a careful study of the monuments in the London, Paris, and Berlin museums, of the ruins in Rome and Pompeii, and of the

latest authorities on the domestic life of the peoples of other lands and times.

The second part of this book, also prepared by Mrs. Steele, consists of readings, carefully selected from the best writers. The guiding thought in choosing these has been, *first*, to impress upon the mind of the reader a few of the most important events and characters in Roman history; and, *second*, to suggest to him the wide range of literature bearing upon the subject, hoping thus to beget an interest that may lead to a familiarity with this field of thought.

In making these compilations it has often seemed expedient to combine scattered passages, and to condense, interpolate, or modify sentences and paragraphs, in order to render each selection complete by itself; the utmost care has been taken, however, to preserve each author's peculiar style and mode of expression.

PART I.

	PAGE
1. Political History of Rome	13
Introduction	14
Founding of Rome	15
Sabine Invasion and League	18
Etruscan Conquest	21
The Struggle between Patricians and Plebeians	23
The Gallic Invasion	30
The War with Pyrrhus	34
The Punic Wars	37
The Civil Wars	51
Imperial Rome	65
Spread of Christianity	73
Invasion of the Barbarians	75
Fall of Rome	79
2. Civilization	80
Society	80
The Army	81
Arms and Mode of Warfare	82
Literature	83
Libraries and Writing Material	88
Education	90
Monuments and Art	91
3. Manners and Customs	96
General Character	96
Religion	97
Games and Festivals	100

PAGE

Marriage..... 102
Burial..... 104
Dress..... 105
Scenes in Real Life.—I. A Day in Rome. II. A Roman Home. III. A Triumphal Procession. IV. The last of a Roman Emperor..... 106
4. SUMMARY..... 118
1. Of the Political History..... 118
2. Of the Civilization..... 119
3. Reading References..... 120
4. Chronology..... 121

PART II.

SELECT READINGS IN ROMAN HISTORY.

1. THE ORIGIN OF THE ROMANS.—Latin Race, Language, Society, Tribal Divisions, Houses, Citizenship, etc.....*Arnold* 123
2. CAUSES OF ROME'S EARLY GREATNESS..... 128
1. The Campagna and the Tiber.....*Philip Smith* 128
2. The Palatine Hill, the Cradle of Rome.....*Merivale* 130
3. The Seven Hills, and the Power of Political Confederacy.....*Ihne* 131
4. The Rapid Growth of the Imperial City.....*Sheppard* 134
5. Rome the Mistress of the Mediterranean.....*Sheppard* 135
3. ROMAN BALLADS, THE SOURCE OF ROMAN LEGENDARY HISTORY.....*Macaulay* 136
Battle of Lake Regillus.....*Macaulay* 140
4. PERIOD OF THE PUNIC WARS..... 145
1. Rome in the Third Century B. C.....*Ihne* 145
2. Hannibal..... 148
1. The Genius of Hannibal.....*Arnold* 148
2. Hannibal at the Gates of Rome.....*Livy* 149
3. Hasdrubal at the Metaurus.....*Arnold* 152

PAGE

4. A Roman Atonement, a Suspense and a Thanksgiving. (Before and after the battle of Metaurus)..... *Ihne* 157
3. Carthage..... *Edinburgh Review* 160
4. Cato the Censor..... *Plutarch* 162
5. Sumptuary Laws..... *Ihne* 164
Debate between Cato and L. Valerius on the Oppian Law..... *Livy* 165
5. Period of the Civil Wars..... 170
1. Rome at the Opening of the Civil Wars..... 170
1. The New Nobility..... *Philip Smith* 170
2. Public Improvements..... *Philip Smith* 171
2. The Gracchi..... *Plutarch* 172
3. Marius and Sulla..... *Beesly* 175
4. Julius Cæsar..... 177
1. The Man..... *Froude* 177
2. The Soldier..... *Froude* 178
3. The Orator and Author..... *Froude* 179
4. Cæsar's Mission..... *Froude* 180
5. Pompey the Great..... *Alfred Church* 181
6. The First Triumvirate..... *Froude* 184
7. Battle of Pharsalia..... { *Froude* / *Cæsar* } 187
8. Cæsar's Death..... *Shakspere* 193
9. Antony, Octavius, and Cicero..... { *Church* / *Froude* } 197
10. End of Cato the Stoic..... *Church* 205
11. Comparison of Cato and Cæsar..... *Sallust* 208
6. The Augustan Age..... 209
1. Rome under Augustus..... *Edinburgh Review* 209
2. The Personal Augustus..... *Merivale* 210
3. Town and Country Life..... *Horace* 214
4. A Roman Poet's City Home..... *Becker* 217
7. The First Christian Century..... 225
1. Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius. { *White* / *Velleius Paterculus* } 225
2. The Siege of Jerusalem..... 229
1. Description of Roman Armies, &c..... *Josephus* 229

PAGE

2. How Titus Marched to Jerusalem.....*Josephus* 234
3. The Destruction of the City.....*Collier* 234
4. The Triumphant Return of Titus.....*Josephus* 242
3. The Colosseum.....*Story* 247
4. The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.....*Pliny* 259
5. A Satire on Roman Vices .....*Juvenal* 264
8. THE FIVE GOOD EMPERORS..... 266
1. Nerva and Trajan ... . { *White* / *Merivale* } 266
2. Pliny's Correspondence with Trajan concerning the Christians.....*Pliny* 267
3. Hadrian and Antinous.....*George Taylor* 270
4. Hadrian's Villa at Tibur.... .....*George Taylor* 271
5. The Good Humor of Antoninus Pius.... ..... *Watson* 277
6. How a Young Roman Prince Spent his Days. (Marcus Aurelius to his Tutor.).... .....*Watson* 279
7. The "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius.....*Watson* 280
9. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ROME..... 281
1. The Empire sold to the Highest Bidder.....*White* 281
2. The Removal to Constantinople.....*White* 284
3. The Three Sacks of the Eternal City .....*Kingsley* 286
10. SOCIAL, CIVIL, AND RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES OF THE ROMANS..... 290
1. Roman Slavery 290
1. A Slave not a Person, but a Thing..... 290
2. Penalty for a Murdered Master.....*Tacitus* 290
2. Roman Superstition..... 293
1. Evil Omens, and how they were Averted.....*Livy* 293
2. A Senate Dismayed by the Contumacious Liver of an Ox.....*Livy* 295
3. Roman Jurisprudence..... 296
1. Forms and Ceremonies.....*Gibbon* 296
2. Epochs in Jurisprudence..... " 297
3. The Parent and the Child..... " 298
4. The Tutor and the Pupil..... " 299
5. Thefts and Insults ..... " 300
6. Crimes and Punishments..... " 300
7. Voluntary Exile and Death..... " 302

PAGE

1. Frontispiece—Supplicating the Gods.....
2. The Roman Wolf Statue..... 15
3. The Tarpeian Rock..... 16
4. The Temple of Janus..... 17
5. Roman Fasces..... 18
6. Roman Plebeians of the Early Period..... 25
7. Cincinnatus Receiving the Dictatorship..... 30
8. Hannibal Crossing the Alps..... 41
9. Portrait of Hannibal..... 41
10. Group of Roman Soldiers..... 50
11. Portrait of Caius Julius Cæsar..... 58
12. The Roman Imperial Emblem..... 61
13. Coin of Tiberius Cæsar..... 68
14. Coin of Nero..... 70
15. Attila, the Hun..... 78
16. Roman Consul and Lictors..... 80
17. The Siege of a City..... 82
18. Portraits of Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Sallust.... 86
19. Interior of a Roman Library..... 89
20. The Roman Toga..... 91
21. Bridge of St. Angelo and Hadrian's Tomb..... 93
22. Ruins of the Colosseum..... 95
23. A Roman Augur..... 98
24. A Gladiatorial Combat..... 101
25. Dressing a Roman Bride..... 103
26. Rome in the Time of Augustus Cæsar..... 107

PAGE
27. A Roman Lamp..... 112
28. Interior of the House of Pansa..... 114
29. Plan of the House of Pansa..... 116
30. Roman Tombs along the Appian Way..... 122
31. Frontispiece to Part II.—Death of Virginia..... 123
32. Battle of Lake Regillus..... 141
33. A Roman Home..... 145
34. Chariot Race..... 147
35. Death of Cæsar..... 193
36. Death of Cicero..... 204
37. The Arch of Titus..... 252
38. Destruction of Pompeii..... 261

LIST OF MAPS.

Map of the Roman Empire and its Provinces..... 1
Map of the Early Tribes and Cities of the Italian Peninsula..... 20
Map Illustrating the Punic Wars..... 38
Map of the Divisions of Italia to the Time of Augustus. 65
Map or Plan of Ancient Rome..... 109

ROME.

PART I.

1. THE POLITICAL HISTORY.

While Greece was winning its freedom on the fields of Marathon and Platæa, and building up the best civilization the world had then seen; while Alexander was carrying the Grecian arms and culture over the East; while the Conqueror's successors were wrangling over the prize he had won; while the Ptolemies were transplanting Grecian thought, but not Grecian freedom, to Egyptian soil;—there was slowly growing up on the banks of the Tiber a city that was to found an empire wider than Alexander's, and molding Grecian civilization, art, and literature into new forms, preserve them long after Greece had fallen.

Contrast between Greece and Italy.—Grecian history extended from the First Olympiad (776 B. C.) to the Roman Conquest (146 B. C.), a period of six centuries, while its real strength lasted only from Marathon to Chæronea, less than a century and a half; Roman history reached from the founding of the city (754 B. C.) to its downfall (476 A. D.),

Geographical Questions.—See maps, pages 20 and 65. Describe the Tiber. Locate Rome. Ostia. Alba Longa. Veii (Veji). The Sabines. The Etruscans. Where was Carthage? New Carthage? Saguntum? Syracuse? Lake Trasimenus? Capua? Cannæ? Tarentum? Cisalpine Gaul? Iapygia (the "heel of Italy" reaching toward Greece). Bruttium (the "toe of Italy"). What were the limits of the empire at the time of its greatest extent? Name the principal countries which it then included. Locate Alexandria. Antioch. Smyrna. Philippi. Byzantium.

over twelve centuries. The coast of Italy was not, like that of Greece, indented with deep bays, and hence the people were not originally seamen nor colonists. Greece, cut up into small valleys, offered no unity; it grew around many little centers, and no two leaves on its tree of liberty were exactly alike. But Italy exhibited the unbroken advance of one imperial city to universal dominion. In Greece, there were the fickleness and jealousies of petty states; in Italy, the power and resources of a mighty nation. Greece lay open to the East; she originally drew her inspiration thence, and in time returned thither the fruits of her civilization. Italy lay open in the opposite direction, and sent the strength of her civilization to regenerate barbarian Europe. The work of the Greek seems to have been to exhibit the triumphs of the mind, and to illustrate the principles of liberty; that of Rome, to subdue by irresistible force, to manifest the power of law, and to bind the nations together for the coming of a new religion. When Greece fell from her high estate, she left nothing but her history, and the achievements of her artists and statesmen. When the Roman Empire broke to pieces, the great nations of Europe sprang from the ruins, and their languages, civilization, laws, and religion took their form from the Mistress of the World.

The Early Inhabitants of Italy were mainly of the same Aryan swarm that settled Greece. But they had become very different from the Hellenes, and had split into various hostile tribes. Between the Arno and the Tiber lived the *Etruscans* or Tuscans—a league of twelve cities. These people were great builders, and skilled in the arts. In northern Italy Cisalpine Gaul was inhabited by *Celts*, akin to those upon the other side of the Alps. Southern Italy contained many prosperous *Greek* cities. The *Italians* occupied central Italy. They were divided into the *Latins*

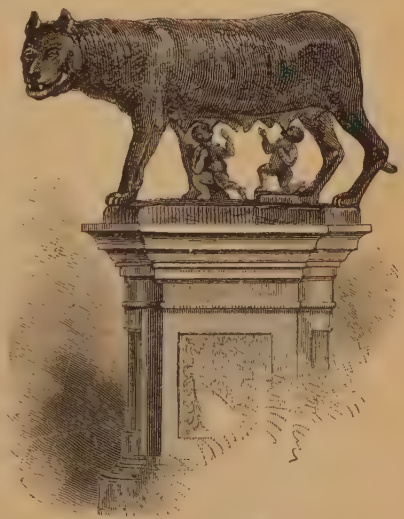
and *Oscans*. The former comprised a league of thirty towns south of the Tiber; the latter consisted of various tribes living eastward—Samnites, Sabines, etc.*

Rome was founded† (754 B. C.) by the Latins, perhaps

* Some authorities group the Samnites, Sabines, Umbrians, Oscans, Sabellians, etc., as the *Umbrians;* and others call them the *Umbro-Sabellians*. They were doubtless closely related.

† OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF ROME there is no reliable account, as the records were burned when the city was destroyed by the Gauls (390 B. C.), and it was five hundred years after the founding of the city (A. U. C., *anno urbis conditæ*) before the first rude attempt was made to write a continuous narrative of its origin. The names of the early monarchs are probably personifications, rather than the appellations of real persons. The word Rome itself means *border*, and probably had no relation to the fabled Romulus. The history which was accepted in later times by the Romans and has come down to us is a series of beautiful legends. In the text is given the real history as now received by the best critics, and in the notes the mythical stories.

ÆNEAS, favored by the god Mercury and led by his mother Venus, came, after the destruction of Troy, to Italy. There his son Ascanius built the Long White City (Alba Longa). His descendants reigned in peace for three hundred years. When it came time, according to the decree of the gods, that Rome should be founded,



ROMAN WOLF STATUE.

ROMULUS AND REMUS were born. Their mother, Rhea Silvia, was a priestess of the goddess Vesta, and their father, Mars, the god of war. Amulius, who had usurped the Alban throne from their grandfather Numitor, ordered the babes to be thrown into the Tiber. They were, however, cast ashore at the foot of Mount Palatine. Here they were nursed by a wolf. One Faustulus passing near was struck by the sight, and carrying the children home brought them up as his own. Romulus and Remus on coming to age discovered their true rank, slew the usurper, and restored their grandfather Numitor to his throne.

FOUNDING OF ROME.—The brothers then determined to found a city near the spot where they had been so wonderfully preserved, and agreed to watch the flight of birds in order to decide which should fix upon the site. Remus, on the Aventine hill, saw six vultures; but Romulus, on the Palatine, saw twelve, and was declared victor. He accordingly began to mark out the boundaries with a brazen plough, drawn by a bullock and a heifer. As the mud wall arose, Remus in scorn jumped

a colony sent out from Alba Longa, as an outpost against the Etruscans, whom they greatly feared. At an early date it contained about one thousand miserable, thatched huts, surrounded by a wall. Most of the inhabitants were shepherds or farmers, who tilled the land upon the plain near by, but lived for protection within their fortifications on the Palatine Hill. It is probable that the hills afterward covered by Rome were then occupied by Latins, and that the cities of Latium formed a confederacy, with Alba Longa at the head.

over it. Whereupon Romulus slew him, exclaiming, "So perish every one who may try to leap over these ramparts!" The new city he called Rome after his own name, and became its first king. To secure inhabitants, he opened an asylum for refugees and criminals. But lacking women, he resorted to a curious expedient. A great festival in honor of Neptune was appointed, and the neighboring people were invited to come with their families. In the midst of the games the young Romans rushed among the spectators, and each seizing a maiden, carried her off to be his wife. The indignant parents returned home, but only to come back in arms, and thirsting for vengeance. The Sabines laid siege to the citadel on the Capitoline hill. Tarpeia, the commandant's daughter, dazzled by the glitter of their golden bracelets and rings, promised to betray the fortress if the Sabines would give her "what they wore on their left arms." As they passed in through the gate, which she opened for them in the night, they crushed her beneath their heavy shields. Henceforth that part of the hill was called the Tarpeian Rock, and down its precipice traitors were hurled to death. The next day after Tarpeia's treachery, the battle raged in the valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. In his distress, Romulus vowed a temple to Jupiter. The Romans thereupon turned and drove back their foes. In the flight, Mettius Curtius, the leader of the Sabines, sank with his horse into a marsh, and nearly perished. Ere the contest could be renewed, the Sabine women, with disheveled hair, suddenly rushed between their kindred and new-found husbands, and implored peace. Their entreaties prevailed, the two people united, and their kings reigned jointly. As the Sabines came from Cures, the united people were called *Romans* and *Quirites*.

THE TARPEIAN ROCK (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

The Government was aristocratic. There were a priest-king, a senate, and an assembly. The priest-king offered sacrifices, and presided over the senate. The senate had the right to discuss, and vote; the assembly, to discuss only. Each original family or house (*gens*) was represented in the senate by its head. This body was therefore composed of the fathers (*patres*), and was from the beginning the soul of the rising city; while throughout its entire history the intelligence, experience, and wisdom gathered in the senate, determined the policy and shaped the public life

Romulus, after the death of Tatius, became sole king. He divided the people into nobles and commons; the former he called *patricians*, and the latter *plebeians*. The patricians were separated into three tribes—*Ramnes*, *Tities*, and *Luceres*. In each of these he made ten divisions or *curiæ*. The thirty curiæ formed the assembly of the people. The plebeians being apportioned as tenants and dependents among the patricians, were called *clients*. One hundred of the patricians were chosen for age and wisdom, and styled *fathers* (patres). After Romulus had reigned thirty-seven years, and done all these things according to the will of the gods, one day, during a violent thunder-storm, he disappeared from sight, and was henceforth worshipped as a god.

Numa Pompilius, a pious Sabine, was the second king. Numa was wise from his youth, as a sign of which his hair was gray at birth. He was trained by Pythagoras in all the vast knowledge of the Greeks; and was wont, in a sacred grove near Rome, to meet the nymph Egeria, who taught him lessons of wisdom, and how men below should worship the gods above. By pouring wine into the spring whence Faunus and Picus, the gods of the wood, drank, he led them to tell him the secret charm to gain the will of Jupiter. Peace smiled on the land during his happy reign, and the doors of the temple of Janus remained closed.

TEMPLE OF JANUS.

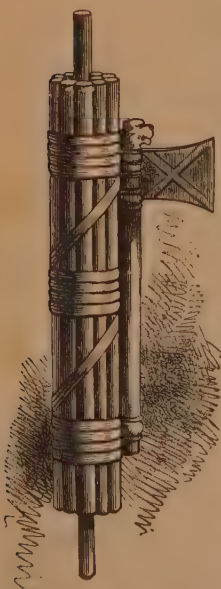
Tullus Hostilius, the third king, loved war as Numa did peace. He soon got into a quarrel with Alba Longa. As the armies were about to fight, it was agreed to decide the contest by a combat between the Horatii—three brothers in the Roman ranks, and the Curatii—three brothers in the Alban. They were cousins, and one of the Curatii was engaged to be married to a sister of one of the Horatii. In the fight, two of the Horatii were killed, when the third pretended to run. The Curatii, because of their wounds, followed him slowly, and becoming separated, he turned about and slew them one by one. As the victor returned laden with the spoils, he met his sister, who, catching sight of the robe which she had embroidered for her lover, burst into tears. Horatius, unable to bear her reproaches, struck her dead, saying, "So perish any Roman woman who laments a foe!" The murderer was condemned to die, but the people spared him because his valor had saved Rome. Alba submitted, but the inhabitants proving treacherous, the city was razed, and the people were taken to Rome and located on the Cœlian hill. The Albans and the Romans

that made Rome the Mistress of the World. The assembly (*comitia curiata*) consisted of the males belonging to these ancient families. The members voted in ten bodies (*curiæ*), each containing the nobles of ten houses (*gentes*).

Sabine Invasion and League.—The Sabines, coming down the valley of the Tiber, captured the Capitoline and Quirinal hills. There were frequent conflicts between these near neighbors, but they soon came into an alliance. Finally, the two tribes formed one city, and the people were thereafter known as *Romans and Quirites*. Both had seats in

now became one nation as the Sabines and the Romans had become in the days of Romulus. In his old age Tullus sought to find out the will of Jupiter, using the spells of Numa, but angry Jove struck him with a thunderbolt.

Ancus Marcius, the grandson of Numa, conquered many Latin cities, and, bringing the inhabitants to Rome, gave them homes on the Aventine hill. He wrote Numa's laws on a white board in the Forum, built a bridge over the Tiber, and erected the Mamertine prison, the first in the city.



ROMAN FASCES.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, was an Etruscan, who came to Rome during the reign of Ancus. As he approached the city, an eagle flew circling above his head, seized his cap, rose high in air, and then returning replaced it. His wife, Tanaquil, being learned in augury, foretold that he was coming to distinguished honor. Her prediction proved true, for he greatly pleased Ancus, who named him as his successor in place of his own children. The people ratified the choice, and the event proved its wisdom. Tarquin built the famous Drain (cloaca), which still remains with scarce a stone displaced. He planned the Great Race-Course (Circus Maximus), and its games. He conquered Etruria, and the Etruscans sent him "a golden crown, a sceptre, an ivory chair, a purple toga, an embroidered tunic, and an axe tied in a bundle of rods." So the Romans adopted these emblems of royal power as signs of their dominion.

Now there was a boy named Servius Tullius brought up in the palace, who was a favorite of the king. One day while the child was asleep lambent flames were seen playing about his head. Tanaquil foresaw from this that he was destined to great things. He was henceforth in high favor; he married the king's daughter, and became his counsellor. The sons of Ancus fearing lest Servius should succeed to the throne, and being wroth with Tarquin because of the loss of their paternal inheritance, assassinated the king. But Tanaquil reported that Tarquin was only wounded, and wished that Servius might govern until he recovered. When the deception was found out,

the senate, and the king was taken alternately from each. This was henceforth the mode of Rome's growth; she admitted her allies and conquered enemies to citizenship, thus adding their strength to her own, and making her victories their victories.

Alba Longa, the chief town of the Latin league and the mother-city of Rome, was herself, after a time, destroyed, and the inhabitants were transferred to Rome. The Alban nobles, now perhaps called *Luceres*, with the Sabines (*Tities*), already joined to the original Romans (*Ramnes*), made the

Servius was firmly fixed in his seat. He made a league with the Latins, and, as a sign of the union, built to Diana a temple on the Aventine, where both peoples offered annual sacrifices for Rome and Latium. He enlarged Rome, enclosing the seven hills with a stone wall; and divided the city into four parts—called *tribes*, after the old division of the people as instituted by Romulus—and all the land about into twenty-six districts. The son of a bond-maid, Servius favored the common people. This was shown in his separation of all the Romans—patricians and plebeians—into five classes, according to their wealth. These classes were subdivided into centuries, and they were to assemble in this military order when the king wished to consult concerning peace or war, or laws. In the centuriate assembly the richest citizens had the chief influence, for they formed eighty centuries, and the knights (*equites*) eighteen centuries, each having a vote; while fewer votes were given to the lower classes. But this arrangement was not unjust, since the wealthy were to provide themselves with heavy armor, and fight in the front rank; while the poorest citizens, who formed but one century, were exempt from military service.

The two daughters of Servius were married to the two sons of Tarquinius the Elder. The couples were ill-matched, in each case the good and gentle being mated with the cruel and haughty. Finally, Tullia murdered her husband, and Lucius killed his wife, and these two partners in crime and of like evil instincts, were married. Lucius now conspired with the nobles against the king. His plans being ripe, one day he went into the senate and sat down on the throne. Servius hearing the tumult which arose, hastened hither. Whereupon Lucius hurled the king headlong down the steps. As the old man was tottering homeward the usurper's attendants followed and murdered him. Tullia hastened to the senate to salute her husband as king. But he, somewhat less brutal than she, ordered her back. While returning, her driver came to the prostrate body of the king and was about to turn aside, when she fiercely bade him "Go forward!" The blood of her father spattered her dress as the chariot rolled over his lifeless remains. The place took its name from this horrid deed, and was henceforth known as the Wicked Street.

Lucius Tarquinius, who thus became the seventh and last king, was surnamed Superbus (the Proud). He erected massive edifices, compelling the workmen to receive such pitiable wages that many in despair committed suicide. In digging the foundations of a temple to Jupiter, a bleeding head (caput) was discovered. This the king took to be an omen that the city was to become the head of the world, and so gave the name Capitoline to the temple, and the hill on which it stood. In the vaults of this temple were deposited the Sibylline books, concerning which a singular story was told. One day a sibyl from Cumæ came to the king, offering to sell him for a fabulous sum nine books of prophecies. Tarquin declined to buy. Whereupon she burned

EARLY TRIBES
AND CITIES
OF THE
ITALIAN
PENINSULA,
before the
advent of the Gauls.
RHÆTI
VENETI
Tridentum
GARNI
LEPONTII
INSUBRES
Mantua
Adda R.
Addua R.
Ticinus R.
Padus R.
LAURI
Taurini
Genua
Vicæa
APENNINES
Ravenna
Ariminum
Metaurus R.
Ancon
Pisæ
Arnus R.
Cortona
Clusium
Arretium
Cupra
ILVA I.
Tarquinii
ROME
Ostia
Alalia
CYRNOS
CORSICA
Olbia
Nora
SARDO,
SARDINIA
Carilis
Sulcis
TYRRHENIAN SEA
ADRIATIC SEA
ISSA I.
Aufidus R.
Matinum C.
Capua
Brundusium
Hyria
Tarentum
Sybaris
Croton
Lipareæ
or Æoliæ Is.
Rhegium
Messana
Panormus
Himera
Motyæ
Naxus
Catana
Megara
Syracuse
Sellnus
Agrigentum
Gela
Camarina
Loeri Epizephyrii
Mare Siculum
Mare Ionium
PLAN OF THE
ROMAN HILLS
1 Suburra
2 Roman Forum
3 Velabrum
4 Circus Maximus
5 Colosseum
6 Pantheon
7 Amphitheatre of Taurus
8 Mausoleum of Augustus
CAMPUS MARTIUS
CAPITOLINE
PALATINE
ESQUILINE
CÆLIAN
AVENTINE
QUIRINAL
VIMINAL
Wall of Servius
Pons Sublicius
Tiber River
Janiculum
Vatican
Pincian
Appian Way
VICINITY OF
ROME
Falerii
Sutrium
Feronia
Capena
Cures
Sabines
Eretum
Varia
Nomentum
Subiaco
Baccanæ
Veii
Allia R.
Ficulea
Tibur
Tivoli
Carsiæ
Fidenæ
Gremera
Anio R.
Collatia
Gabii
Prænestе
Tusculum
Alba Longa
L. Regillus
L. Albanus
Aricia
Laurentum
Carioli
Volscians
ROME
Janiculum
Fregenæ
ROMAN TERRITORY
Appian Way
Ostia
ETRURIA
LATIUM

number of tribes three; of curiæ, thirty; and of houses, (probably) three hundred.

Etruscan Conquest.—The rising city was, in its turn, conquered by the Etruscans, who placed the Tarquins on the throne. This foreign dynasty were builders as well as warriors. They adorned Rome with elegant edifices of Etruscan architecture. They added the adjacent heights to the growing capital, and extended around the "seven-hilled city" a stone wall, which lasted eight centuries. Rome, within one hundred and fifty years after her founding, became the head of Latium.

three of the books, and demanded the same price for the remaining six. Tarquin laughed, thinking her mad. But when she burned three more, and still asked the original amount for the other volumes, the king began to reflect, and finally bought the books. They were thereafter jealously guarded, and consulted in all great state emergencies.

The Latin town of Gabii was taken by a stratagem. Sextus, the son of Tarquin, pretending to have fled from his father's ill-usage, took refuge in that city. Having secured the confidence of the people, he secretly sent to his father, asking advice. Tarquin merely took the messenger into his garden, and walking to and fro, knocked off with his cane the tallest poppies. Sextus read his father's meaning, and managed to get rid of the chief men of Gabii, when it was easy to give up the place to the Romans.

Tarquin was greatly troubled by a strange omen, a serpent having eaten the sacrifice on the royal altar. The two sons of the king were accordingly sent to consult the oracle at Delphi. They were accompanied by their cousin Junius, called Brutus because of his silliness, which however was only assumed, through fear of the tyrant who had already killed his brother. The king's sons made the Delphic god costly presents; Brutus brought only a simple staff, but, unknown to the rest, this was hollow and filled with gold. Having executed their commission, the young men asked the priestess which of them should be king. The reply was, "The one who first kisses his mother." On reaching Italy, Brutus pretending to fall, kissed the ground, the common mother of us all.

As the royal princes and Tarquinius Collatinus were one day feasting in the camp, a dispute arose concerning the industry of their wives. To decide it they at once hastened homeward through the darkness. They found the king's daughters at a festival, while Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, was in the midst of her slaves, distaff in hand. Collatinus was exultant; but soon after Lucretia, stung by the insults she received from Sextus, killed herself, calling upon her friends to avenge her fate. Brutus, casting off the mask of madness, drew forth the dagger she used, and vowed to kill Sextus and expel the detested race. The oath was repeated as the red blade passed from hand to hand. The people rose in indignation, and drove the Tarquins from the city. Henceforth the Romans hated the very name of king. Rome now became a free city after it had been governed by kings for two hundred and forty-five years. The people chose for rulers two consuls, elected yearly; and to offer sacrifices in place of the king, they selected a priest who should have no power in the state.

The Tarquins were the friends of the common people (*plebs*), who already began to be ill treated by the nobles. In order to help the plebs, Servius divided all the Romans into five classes according to their property, and these again into one hundred and ninety-three centuries or companies. The people were directed to assemble by centuries (*comitia centuriata*), either to fight or to vote. This body, in fact, constituted an army, and was called together on the field of Mars by the blast of the trumpet. To the new centuriate assembly was given the right of selecting the king and enacting the laws. The king was deprived of his power as

Brutus and Collatinus were the first consuls. Soon after this the two sons of Brutus plotted to bring Tarquin back. Their father was sitting on the judgment-seat when they were brought in for trial. The stern old Roman, true to duty, sentenced both to death as traitors.

Tarquin now induced the Etruscans of the towns of Veii and Tarquinii to aid him, and they accordingly marched toward Rome. The Romans went forth to meet them. As the two armies drew near, Aruns, son of Tarquin, catching sight of Brutus, rushed forward, and the two enemies fell dead pierced by each other's spears. Night alone checked the terrible contest which ensued. During the darkness the voice of the god Silvanus was heard in the woods, saying that Rome had beaten since the Etruscans had lost one man more than the Romans. The Etruscans fled in dismay. The matrons of Rome mourned Brutus for a whole year because he had so bravely avenged the wrongs of Lucretia.

Next came a powerful army of Etruscans under Porsenna, king of Clusium. He captured Janiculum (a hill just across the Tiber), and would have forced his way into the city with the fleeing Romans had not Horatius Cocles, with two brave men, held the bridge while it was cut down behind them. As the timbers tottered, his companions rushed across. But he kept the enemy at bay until the shouts of the Romans told him the bridge was gone, when, with a prayer to father Tiber, he leaped into the stream, and, amid a shower of arrows, swam safely to the bank. The people never tired of praising this hero. They erected a statue in his honor, and gave him as much land as he could plow in a day.

"And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home.
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old."

—*Macaulay's Lays.*

Porsenna now laid siege to the city. Then Mucius, a young noble, went to the Etruscan camp to kill Porsenna. By mistake he slew the treasurer. Being dragged before the king and threatened with death if he did not confess his accomplices, he thrust his right hand into an altar-fire, and held it there until it was burned to a

priest, this office being conferred on the chief pontiff. The higher classes, aggrieved by these changes, at last combined with other Latin cities to expel their Etruscan rulers. Kings now came to an end at Rome. This was in 509 B.C.—a year after Hippias was driven out of Athens

The Republic was then established. Two chief magistrates, *consuls* (at first called prætors), were chosen, it being thought that if one turned out badly the other would check him. The constitution of Servius was adopted, and the senate, which had dwindled in size, was restored to its ideal number, three hundred, by the addition of one hundred and sixty-four life-members (*conscripti*) chosen from the richest of the knights (*equites*), several of these being plebeians.

The Struggle between the Patricians and the Plebeians was the characteristic of the first two hundred years of the republic. The patricians were the descendants of the first settlers. They were rich, proud, exclusive, and demanded all the offices of the government. Each of these nobles was supported by a powerful body of *clients* or dependants. The plebeians were the newer families. They were generally poor, forbidden the rights of citizens,

crisp. Porsenna, amazed at his firmness, gave him his liberty. Mucius thereupon told the king that three hundred Roman youths had sworn to accomplish his death. Porsenna, alarmed for his life, made peace with Rome. Among the hostages given by Rome was Cœlia, a noble maiden, who, escaping from the Etruscan camp, swam the Tiber. The Romans sent her back, but Porsenna, admiring her courage, set her free.

Tarquin next secured a league of thirty Latin cities to aid in his restoration. In this emergency the Romans appointed a *dictator*, who should possess absolute power for six months. A great battle was fought at *Lake Regillus*. Like most ancient contests, it began with a series of single encounters. First, Tarquin and the Roman dictator fought. Then, the Latin dictator and the Roman master of horse. Finally, the main armies came to blows. The Romans being worsted, their dictator vowed a temple to Castor and Pollux. Suddenly the Twin Brethren, taller and fairer than men, on snow-white horses and clad in rare armor, were seen fighting at his side. Everywhere the Latins broke and fled before them. Tarquin gave up his attempt in despair. That night two riders, their horses wet with foam and blood, rode up to a fountain before the temple of Vesta at Rome, and, as they washed off in the cool water the traces of the battle, told how a great victory had been won over the Latin host. See *Steele's New Astronomy*, p. 227.

and not allowed to intermarry with the patricians. Obliged to serve in the army without pay, during their absence their farms remained untilled, and were often ravaged by the enemy. Forced, when they returned from war, to borrow money of the patricians for seed, tools, and food, if they failed in their payments they could be sold as slaves, or cut in pieces for distribution among their creditors. The prisons connected with the houses of the great patricians were full of plebeian debtors.

Secession to Mons Sacer.—*Tribunes* (494 B.C.).—The condition of the plebs became so unbearable that they finally marched off in a body and encamped on the Sacred Mount, where they determined to build a new city, and let the patricians have the old one for themselves. The patricians,* in alarm, settled the difficulty by the appointment of *tribunes of the people*, whose persons were to be sacred, and whose houses, standing open day and night, were to be places of refuge. To these new officers was afterward given the power of *veto* (I forbid) over any law passed by the senate and considered injurious to the plebs. Such was the exclusiveness of the senate, however, that the tribunes could not enter the senate-house, but were obliged to remain outside, and shout the "veto" through the open door.

There were now two distinct peoples in Rome, each with its own interests and officers. This is well illustrated in the fact that the agreement made on Mons Sacer was concluded in the form of an international treaty, with the usual oaths and sacrifices; and that the magistrates of the plebs were

* Old Menenius Agrippa produced a great effect upon the plebeians by telling them the following fable: Once upon a time the various organs of the body becoming tired of supporting the stomach in idleness, "struck work." The legs stopped; the hands would not carry; and the teeth would not chew. But after a little they all began to fail for lack of food, and then they found how much they depended on the stomach, in spite of its apparent laziness.

declared to be inviolate, like the ambassadors of a foreign power.

ROMAN PLEBEIANS.

The three popular assemblies which existed in Rome, with their peculiar organization and powers, marked as many stages of constitutional growth in the state.

The *assembly of curies* (comitia curiata), the oldest and long the only one, was based on the patrician separation into tribes (Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres). No plebeian had a voice in this gathering, and it early lost its influence and became a relic of the past. The *assembly of centuries* (comitia centuriata) came in with the Etruscan kings, and was essentially a military organization. Based on classes of the entire population, it gave the plebeians their first voice, though a weak one, in public affairs. The *assembly of the tribes* (comitia tributa), introduced with the rising of the plebs, was based on the new separation into tribes, *i. e.*, wards and districts. The patricians were here excluded as the plebeians had been at first; and Rome, which began with a purely aristocratic assembly, had now a purely democratic one.

The original number of the local tribes was twenty in all — four city wards and sixteen country districts. With the growth of the republic and the acquisition of new territory, the number was increased to thirty-five (241 B. C.).

The Roman citizens were then so numerous and so scattered that it was impossible for them to meet at Rome to elect officers and make laws; but still the organization was kept up till the end of the republic.

An Agrarian Law (*ager*, a field) was the next measure of relief granted to the common people. It was customary for the Romans when they conquered a territory to leave the owners a part of the land, and to take the rest for themselves. Though this became public property, the patricians used it as their own. The plebeians, who bore the brunt of the fighting, naturally thought they had the best claim to the spoils of war, and with the assertion of their civil rights came now a claim for the rights of property.*

Spurius Cassius† (486 B. C.), though himself a patrician, secured a law ordaining that part of the public lands should be divided among the poor plebeians, and the patricians should pay rent for the rest. But the patricians were so strong that they made the law a dead letter, and finally, on the charge of wishing to be king, put Spurius to death, and leveled his house to the ground. The agitation, however, still continued.

The Decemvirs (451 B. C.).—The tribunes, through ignorance of the laws, which were jealously guarded as the exclusive property of the patricians, were often thwarted in their measures to aid the common people. The plebs of Rome, therefore, like the common people of Athens nearly two hundred years before this, demanded that the laws should be made public. After a long struggle the senate yielded. Ten men (*decemvirs*) were appointed

* Property at that early date consisted almost entirely of land and cattle. The Latin word for money, *pecunia* (cattle), indicates this ancient identity.

† Spurius was the author of the famous *League of the Romans, Latins, and Hernicans*, by means of which the Æquians and Volscians were long held in check. The men of the Latin League fought side by side until after the Gallic invasion.

"THUS ONLY CAN I MAKE THEE FREE." (See page 27.)

to revise and publish the laws. Meanwhile the regular government of consuls and tribunes was suspended. The decemvirs did their work well, and compiled ten tables of laws that were acceptable. Their year of office having expired, a second body of decemvirs was chosen to write the rest of the laws. The senate, finding them favorable to the plebeians, forced the decemvirs to resign; introduced into the two remaining tables regulations obnoxious to the common people; and then endeavored to restore the consular government without the tribuneship. The plebs a second time seceded to the Sacred Mount, and the senate was forced to reinstate the tribunes.*

The Laws of the Twelve Tables remained as the grand result of the decemviral legislation. They were engraved on blocks of wood or ivory, and hung up in the

* The account of this transaction given in *Livy's History* is doubtless largely legendary. The story runs as follows: Three ambassadors were appointed to visit Athens (this was during the "Age of Pericles"), and examine the laws of Solon. On their return the decemvirs were chosen. They were to be supreme, and the consuls, tribunes, etc., resigned. The new rulers did admirably during one term, and completed ten tables of excellent laws that were adopted by the assembly of centuries. Decemvirs were therefore chosen for a second term. Appius Claudius was the most popular of the first body of decemvirs, and the only one re-elected. Now, all was quickly changed; the ten men became at once odious tyrants, and Appius Claudius chief of all. Each of the decemvirs was attended by twelve lictors, bearing the fasces with the axes wherever he went in public. Two new tables of oppressive laws, confirming the patricians in their hated privileges, were added to the former tables. When the year expired the decemvirs called no new election, and held their office in defiance of the senate and the people. No man's life was safe, and many leading persons fled from Rome. The crisis soon came. One day, seeing a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a plebeian named Virginius, crossing the Forum, Claudius resolved to make her his own. So he directed a client to seize her on the charge that she was the child of one of his slaves, and then to bring the case before the decemvirs for trial. Claudius, of course, decided in favor of his client. Thereupon Virginius drew his daughter one side from the judgment-seat as if to bid her farewell. Suddenly catching up a butcher's knife from a block near by, he plunged it into his daughter's heart, crying, "Thus only can I make thee free!" Then brandishing the red blade, he hastened to the camp and roused the soldiers, who marched to the city, breathing vengeance. As over the body of the injured Lucretia, so again over the corpse of the spotless Virginia the populace swore that Rome should be free. The plebeians flocked out once more to the Sacred Mount. The decemvirs were forced to resign. The tribunes and consuls were restored to power. Appius, in despair, committed suicide. (The version of this story given in the text above is that of Ihne, the great German critic, in his new work on *Early Rome*.)

Forum, where all could read them. Henceforth they constituted the foundation of the written law of Rome, and every school-boy, as late as Cicero's time, learned them by heart.

Continued Triumph of the Plebs.—Step by step the plebeians pushed their demand for equal privileges with the patricians. First, the *Valerian* and *Horatian decrees* (449 B. C.), so called from the consuls who prepared them, made the resolutions passed by the plebeians in the assembly of the tribes binding equally upon the patricians. Next, the *Canuleian decree* (445 B. C.) abolished the law against intermarriage. The patricians, finding that the plebeians were likely to get hold of the consulship, compromised by abolishing that office, and by choosing, through the assembly of centuries, from patricians and plebeians alike, three *military tribunes* with consular powers. But the patricians did not act in good faith, and by innumerable arts managed to circumvent the plebs, so that during the next fifty years (until 400 B. C.) there were twenty elections of consuls instead of military tribunes, and when military tribunes were chosen they were always patricians. Meanwhile the patricians also secured the appointment of *censors*, who were to be chosen from their ranks exclusively, and who, besides taking the census, were to classify the people and exercise a general supervision over their morals. So vindictive was the struggle now going on, that the nobles did not shrink from murder to remove a promising plebeian candidate.* But the plebs

* Thus the Fabii, a powerful patrician house (one of the consuls for seven successive years was a Fabius), having taken the side of the plebs, and finding that they could not thereafter live in peace at Rome, left the city and founded an outpost on the Cremera, below Veii, where they could still serve their country. This little body of three hundred and six soldiers—including the Fabii, their clients and dependants—sustained for two years the full brunt of the Veientine War. At length they were enticed into an ambuscade, and all were slain except one little boy, the ancestor of the Fabius afterward so famous. During the massacre the consular army was near by, but patrician hate would not permit a rescue.

Again, during a severe famine at Rome (440 B. C.), a rich plebeian, named Spurius

held firm, and finally secured the famous *Licinian Rogation* (367 B. C.), which ordered,—

"I. That, in case of debts on which interest had been met, the sum of the interest paid should be deducted from the principal, and the remainder become due in three successive years. This bankrupt law was designed to aid the poor, now overwhelmed with debt, and so in the power of the rich creditor.

II. That no citizen should hold more than five hundred jugera (about three hundred and twenty acres) of the public land, and should not feed on the public pastures more than a limited number of cattle, under penalty of fine.

III. That henceforth consuls, not consular tribunes, should be elected, and that one of the two consuls must be plebeian.

IV. That instead of two patricians being chosen to keep the Sibylline books, there should be ten men, taken from both orders."

For years after its passage the patricians struggled to prevent the decree from going into effect. But the common people finally won. They never lost the ground they had gained, and secured, in rapid succession, the dictatorship, the censorship, the prætorship, and (300 B. C.) the right to be pontiff and augur. Rome, at last, nearly two centuries after the republic began, possessed a democratic government. "Civil concord," says Weber, "to which a temple was dedicated at this time, brought with it a period of civic virtue and heroic greatness."

Foreign Wars.—The fall of the monarchy left Rome in weakness. Her old supremacy over Latium was gone, and often, while the long and fierce struggle which we have just considered was going on within her walls, her armies were fighting without, sometimes for the very existence of the city. There was a constant succession of wars* with

Mælius, sold grain to the poor at a very low rate. The patricians, finding that he was likely to be a successful candidate for office, accused him of wishing to be king, and as he refused to appear before his enemies for trial, Ahala, the master of horse, slew him in the Forum, with his own hand.

* Various beautiful legends cluster around these eventful wars, and they have attained almost the dignity, though we cannot tell how much they contain of the truth, of history.

CORIOLANUS.—While the Romans were besieging Corioli, the Volscians made a sally, but were defeated. In the eagerness of the pursuit, Caius Marcius followed the enemy inside the gates, which were closed upon him. But with his good sword he hewed his way back, and let in the Romans. So the city was taken, and the hero

the Latins, Æquians, Volscians, Etruscans, Veientes, and Samnites.

The Gallic Invasion.—In the midst of these contests a horde of Gauls crossed the Apennines, and spread like a devastating flood over central Italy. Rome was taken, and nearly all the city burned (390 B. C.). The invaders con-

received the name Coriolanus. Afterward there was a famine at Rome, and grain arriving from Sicily, Caius would not sell any to the plebs unless they would submit to the patricians. Thereupon the tribunes sought to bring him to trial, but he fled and took refuge among the Volsci. Soon after, he returned at the head of a great army and laid siege to Rome. The city was in peril. As a final resort, his mother, wife, and children, with many of the chief women, clad in the deepest mourning, went forth and fell at his feet. Unable to resist their entreaties, Coriolanus exclaimed, "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son." Having given the order to retreat, he is said to have been slain by the angry Volsci.

CINCINNATUS RECEIVING THE DICTATORSHIP.

CINCINNATUS.—One day news came that the Æquians had surrounded the consul Minucius and his army in a deep valley, whence they could not escape. There seemed no one in Rome fit to meet this emergency except Titus Quinctius, surnamed Cincinnatus or the Curly-haired, who was now declared dictator. The officers who went to

sented to retire only on the payment of a heavy ransom. So deep an impression was made upon the Romans by the size, strength, courage, and enormous number of these barbarians that they thenceforth called a war with the Gauls a *tumult*, and kept in the treasury a special fund for such a catastrophe.

The final effect of all these wars was beneficial to Rome. The plebeians, who formed the strength of her army, frequently carried their point against the patricians by refusing to fight until they got their rights. These long struggles, too, matured the Roman energy, and developed

announce his appointment found him plowing on his little farm of four acres, which he tilled himself. He called for his toga, that he might receive the commands of the senate with due respect, when he was at once hailed dictator. Repairing to the city, he assembled fresh troops, bidding each man carry twelve wooden stakes. That very night he surrounded the Æquians, dug a ditch, and made a palisade about their camp. Minucius hearing the Roman war-cry, rushed up and fell upon the enemy with all his might. When day broke, the Æquians found themselves hemmed in, and were forced to surrender and to pass under the yoke. Cincinnatus, on his return, was awarded a golden crown. Having saved his country, he resigned his office and went back to his plow again, content with the quiet of his rustic home.

THE SIEGE OF VEII—the Troy of Roman legend—lasted ten years. Before that the Roman wars consisted mainly of mere forays into an enemy's country. Now the troops remained summer and winter, and, for the first time, received regular pay. In the seventh year of the siege, Lake Albanus, though in the heat of summer, overflowed its banks. The Delphic oracle declared that Veii would not fall until the lake was dried up; whereupon the Roman army cut a tunnel through the solid rock to convey the surplus water over the neighboring fields. Still the city did not yield. Camillus having been appointed dictator, dug a passage under the wall. One day the king of Veii was about to offer a sacrifice, when the soothsayer told him that the city should belong to him who slew the victim. The Romans, who were beneath, heard these words, and, forcing their way through, hastened to the shrine, and Camillus completed the sacrifice. The gates were thrown open, and the Roman army rushing in, overpowered all opposition.

THE CITY OF FALERII had aided the Veientes. When Camillus, bent on revenge, appeared before the place, a schoolmaster secretly brought into the Roman camp his pupils, the children of the chief men of Falerii. Camillus, scorning to receive the traitor, tied his hands behind his back, and giving whips to the boys, bade them flog their master back into the city. The Falerians, moved by such magnanimity, surrendered to the Romans. Camillus entered Rome in a chariot drawn by white horses, and having his face colored with vermilion, as was the custom when the gods were borne in procession. Unfortunately, he offended the plebs by ordering each man to restore one-tenth of his booty for an offering to Apollo. He was accused of pride, and of appropriating to his own use the bronze gates of Veii. Forced to leave the city, he went out praying that Rome might yet need his help. That time soon came. Five years after, the Gauls defeated the Romans at the

RIVER ALLIA. So great was the slaughter that the anniversary of the battle was

the Roman character in all its stern, unfeeling, and yet heroic strength.

After the Gallic invasion Rome was soon rebuilt. The surrounding nations having suffered still more severely from the northern barbarians, and the Gauls being now looked upon as the common enemy of Italy, Rome came to be considered the common defender. The plebs, in rebuilding their ruined houses and buying tools, cattle, and seed, were reduced to greater straits than ever before (unless after the expulsion of the Etruscan kings); and to add to their burdens a double tribute was imposed by the government, in

henceforth a black day in the Roman calendar. The wreck of the army took refuge in Veii. The people of Rome fled for their lives. The young patricians garrisoned the citadel; and the gray-haired senators, devoting themselves as an offering to the gods, put on their robes, and, sitting in their ivory-chairs of magistracy, awaited death. The barbarians, hurrying through the deserted streets, at length came to the Forum. For a moment they stood amazed at the sight of those solemn figures. Then one of the Gauls put out his hand reverently to stroke the white beard of an aged senator, when the indignant Roman, revolting at the profanation, felled him with his staff. The spell was broken, and the senators were ruthlessly massacred.

The siege of the Capitol lasted for months. One night a party of Gauls clambered up the steep ascent, and one of them reached the highest ledge of the rock. Just then some sacred geese in the temple of Juno began to cry and flap their wings. Marcus Manlius, aroused by the noise, rushed out, saw the peril, and dashed the foremost Gaul over the precipice. Other Romans rallied to his aid, and the imminent peril was arrested. The Gauls, becoming weary of the siege, offered to accept a ransom of a thousand pounds of gold. This sum was raised from the temple-treasures and the ornaments of the Roman women. As they were weighing the articles, the Romans complained of the scales being false, when Brennus, the Gallic chief, threw in his heavy sword, insolently exclaiming, "Woe to the vanquished!" At that moment Camillus strode in at the head of an army, crying, "Rome is to be bought with iron, not gold!", drove out the enemy, and not a man escaped to tell how low the city had fallen on that eventful day. When the Romans returned to their devastated homes they were at first of a mind to leave Rome, and occupy the empty dwellings of Veii. But a lucky omen prevailed on them to remain. Just as a senator was rising to speak, a centurion relieving guard gave the command, "Plant your colors; this is the best place to stay in." The senators rushed forth, shouting, "The gods have spoken; we obey!" The people caught the enthusiasm, and cried out, "Rome forever!"

Marcus Manlius, who saved the Capitol, befriended the people in the distress which followed the Gallic invasion. One day, seeing a soldier dragged off to prison for debt, he paid the amount and released the man, at the same time swearing that while he had any property left, no Roman should be imprisoned for debt. The patricians, jealous of his influence among the plebs, accused him of wishing to become king. He was brought to trial in the Campus Martius; but the hero pointed to the spoils of thirty warriors whom he had slain; forty distinctions won in battle; his innumerable scars; and, above all, to the Capitol he had saved. His enemies finding

order to replace the sacred gold used to buy off the Gauls. But this very misery soon led to the Licinian Rogations, and so to the growth of liberty. Thus the plebs got a consul twenty-four years after the Gauls left, just as they got the tribunes fifteen years after the Etruscans left; the succeeding ruin both times being followed by a triumph of democracy.

The *capture of Veii* (396 B.C.) gave the Romans a foothold beyond the Tiber; and, only three years after the Gallic invasion, four new tribes, carved out of the Veientine land, were added to the republic.

a conviction in that place impossible, adjourned to a grove where the Capitol could not be seen, and there the man who had saved Rome was sentenced to death, and at once hurled from the Tarpeian Rock.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.—Not long after the Licinian Rogations were passed, Rome was afflicted by a plague, in which Camillus died; by an overflow of the Tiber; and by an earthquake, which opened a great chasm in the Forum. The augurs declared that the gulf would not close until there were cast into it the most precious things. Whereupon Quintus Curtius mounted his horse, and riding at full speed, leaped into the abyss, declaring that Rome's best riches were her brave men.

THE BATTLE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS (340 B.C.) was the chief event of the Latin War. Prior to this engagement the consul Manlius ordered that no one should quit his post under pain of death. But his own son, provoked by the taunts of a Tusculan officer, left the ranks, slew his opponent in single combat, and brought the bloody spoils to his father. The stern parent ordered him to be at once beheaded by the lictor, in the presence of the army. During the battle which followed, the Romans were on the point of yielding, when Decius, the plebeian consul, who had promised, in case of defeat, to offer himself to the infernal gods, fulfilled his vow. Calling the pontifex maximus, he repeated the form devoting the foe and himself to death, and then wrapping his toga about him leaped upon his horse, and dashed into the thickest of the fight. His death inspired the Romans with fresh hope, and scarce one-fourth of the Latins escaped from that bloody field.

BATTLE OF THE CAUDINE FORKS.—During the second *Samnite War* there arose among the Samnites a famous captain named Caius Pontius. By a stratagem he enticed the Roman army into the Caudine Forks. High mountains here enclose a little plain, having at each end a passage through a narrow defile. When the Romans were fairly in the basin the Samnites suddenly appeared in both gorges, and forced the consuls to surrender with four legions. Pontius, having sent his prisoners under the yoke, furnished them with wagons for the wounded and food for their journey, and then released them on certain conditions of peace. The senate refused to ratify the terms, and ordered the consuls to be delivered up to the Samnites, but did not send back the soldiers. Pontius replied that if the senate would not make peace, then it should place the army back in the Caudine Forks. The Romans, who rarely scrupled at any conduct that promised their advantage, continued the war. But when, twenty-nine years later, Pontius was captured by Fabius Maximus, that brave Samnite leader was disgracefully put to death as the triumphal chariot of the victor ascended to the Capitol.

The final result of the *Latin War* (340–338 B.C.) was, in place of the old Latin League,* to merge the cities of Latium, one by one, into the Roman state.

The three *Samnite Wars* (343–290 B.C.) occupied half a century, save only brief intervals, and were most obstinately contested. The long-doubtful struggle culminated at the great battle of Sentinum. Samnium became a subject-ally. *Rome was now mistress of central Italy.* She had fairly entered on her career of conquest.

War with Pyrrhus (280–276 B.C.).—The rising city next came into conflict with the Greek colonies in southern Italy. The Romans had made a treaty with Tarentum, promising not to send ships of war past the Lacinian promontory. But, having a garrison in the friendly city of Thurii, the senate ordered a fleet to that place; so one day, while the people of Tarentum were seated in their theatre witnessing a play, they suddenly saw ten Roman galleys sailing upon the forbidden waters. The audience in a rage left their seats, rushed down to the shore, manned some ships, and pushing out sank four of the Roman squadron. The senate sent ambassadors to ask satisfaction. They reached Tarentum, so says the legend, during a feast of Bacchus. Postumius, the leader of the envoys, made so many mistakes in talking Greek that the people laughed aloud, and, as he was leaving, a buffoon threw mud upon his white toga. The shouts only increased when Postumius, holding up his soiled robe, cried, "This shall be washed in torrents of your blood!" War was now inevitable. Tarentum,† unable to

* The Latin League (p. 26) was dissolved in the same year (338 B.C.) with the battle of Chæronea.

† The Greek colonists retained the pride, though they had lost the simplicity, of their ancestors. They were effeminate to the last degree. "At Tarentum there were not enough days in the calendar on which to hold the festivals, and at Sybaris they killed all the cocks lest they should disturb the inhabitants in their sleep."

resist the "barbarians of the Tiber," appealed to the mother-country for help. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came over with twenty-five thousand soldiers and twenty elephants. For the first time the Roman legion (p. 81) met the dreaded Macedonian phalanx. In vain the Roman soldiers sought to break through the bristling hedge, with their swords hewing off the pikes, and with their hands bearing them to the ground. To complete their discomfiture, Pyrrhus launched his elephants upon their weakened ranks. At the sight of that "new kind of oxen," the Roman cavalry fled in dismay.

Pyrrhus won a second battle in the same way. He then crossed over into Sicily to help the Greeks against the Carthaginians. When he returned, two years later, while attempting to surprise the Romans by a night attack, his troops lost their way, and the next morning, when weary with the march, they were assailed by the enemy. The once-dreaded elephants were frightened back by fire-brands, and driven through the Grecian lines. Pyrrhus was defeated, and, having lost nearly all his army, returned to Epirus.* The Greek colonies, deprived of his help, were subjugated in rapid succession.

* Many romantic incidents are told of this war. As Pyrrhus walked over the battle-field and saw the Romans lying all with wounds in front and their countenances stern in death, he cried out, "With such soldiers I could conquer the world!"—Cineas, whom Pyrrhus sent to Rome as an ambassador, returned, saying, "the city was like a temple of the gods, and the senate an assembly of kings."—Fabricius, who came to Pyrrhus's camp on a similar mission, was a sturdy Roman, who worked his own farm, and loved integrity and honor more than aught else, save his country. The Grecian leader was surprised to find in this haughty barbarian that same greatness of soul that had once made the Hellenic character so famous. He offered him "more gold than Rome had ever possessed" if he would enter his service, but Fabricius replied that "Poverty, with a good name, is better than wealth." Afterward the physician of Pyrrhus offered to poison the king. But the indignant Roman sent back the traitor in irons. Pyrrhus, not to be outdone in generosity, set free all his captives, saying, that "it was easier to turn the sun from its course than Fabricius from the path of honor."—Dentatus, the consul who defeated Pyrrhus, was offered by the grateful senate a tract of land. He replied that he already had seven acres, and that was sufficient for any citizen.

Rome was now Mistress of peninsular Italy. She was ready to begin her grand course of foreign conquest.

The Roman Government in Italy was that of one city supreme over many cities. Rome retained the rights of declaring war, making peace, and coining money, but permitted her subjects to manage their local affairs. All were required to furnish soldiers to fight under the eagles of Rome. There were three classes of inhabitants, *Roman citizens*, *Latins*, and *Italians*. The Roman citizens were those who occupied the territory of Rome proper, including others upon whom this franchise had been bestowed. They had the right to meet in the Forum to enact laws, elect consuls, etc. The Latins had only a few of the rights of citizenship, and the Italians or allies none. As the power of Rome grew, Roman citizenship acquired a might and a meaning (*Acts* xxii. 25; xxiii. 27; xxv. 11–21) which made it eagerly sought by every person and city; it was constantly held out, as a reward for special service and devotion, that the Italian could be made a Latin, and the Latin a Roman.

The Romans were famous road-builders, and the great national highways which they constructed throughout their territories did much to tie them together (p. 92). By their use Rome kept up constant communication with all parts of her possessions, and could quickly send her legions wherever wanted.

A portion of the land in each conquered state was given to Roman colonists. They became the patricians in the new city, the old inhabitants counting only as plebs. Thus little Romes were built all over Italy. The natives looked up to these settlers, and, hoping to obtain similar rights, quickly adopted their customs, institutions, and language. So the entire peninsula rapidly assumed a uniform national character.

THE PUNIC* WARS.

Carthage (p. 160) was now the great naval and colonizing power of the western Mediterranean. She had established some settlements in western Sicily, and these were almost constantly at war with the Greeks on the eastern coast. As Sicily lay between Carthage and Italy, it was natural that two such aggressive powers as the Carthaginians and the Romans should come to blows on that island.

First Punic War (264–241 B. C.).—Some pirates seized Messana, the nearest city to Italy, and, being threatened by the Carthaginians and the Syracusans, asked help of Rome, in order to retain their ill-gotten possessions. On this wretched pretext an army was sent into Sicily. The Carthaginians were driven back, and Hiero, king of Syracuse, was forced to make a treaty with Rome. Agrigentum, an important naval depôt belonging to Carthage, was then captured, in spite of a large army of mercenary soldiers which the Carthaginians sent to its defence.

Rome's First Fleet (260 B. C.).†—The Roman senate, not content with this success, was bent on contesting with Carthage the supremacy of the sea. One hundred and thirty vessels were accordingly built in sixty days, a stranded Phœnician galley being taken as a model. To compensate the lack of skilled seamen, the ships were provided with drawbridges, so that coming at once to close quarters their disciplined soldiers could rush upon the enemies' deck, and decide the contest by a hand-to-hand fight. They thus beat

* From *punicus*, an adjective derived from Pœni, the Latin form of the word Phœnicians.

† The Romans began to construct a fleet as early as 338 B. C., and, in 267, we read of the questors of the navy, but the vessels were small, and Rome was a land-power until 260 B. C.

THE REGION OF THE WARS WITH MITHRIDATES.
Scale of English Miles
100 200
PONTUS EUXINUS
BLACK SEA
PONTUS
PONTUS PROVINCE
BITHYNIA
PAPHLAGONIA
GALATIA
CAPPADOCIA
CILICIA
ARMENIA
KINGDOM OF TIGRANES
PARTHIA
SYRIA
MESOPOTAMIA
MARE INTERNUM
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CASPIAN SEA
Chersonesus
Panticapæum
Byzantium
Heraclea
Sinope
Amisus
Phasis R.
Cabira
Zela
Halys R.
Mazaca
Taurus Mts.
Mithridatis
Mygdonia
Nisibis
Tigris R.
Euphrates R.
Gazaca
Artaxata
Araxes R.
Mt. Ararat
Caucasus Mts.
Iberia
Albania
Colchis
Sarapana Mts.
Siraci
Aorsi
Sauromatæ
Tauri Scythæ
Cimmerius Bosphorus
Hypanis R.
Tanais R.
Paphlagonia
Bithynia
Phrygia
Lydia
Caria
Lycia
Pisidia
Isauria
Cilicia
Pamphylia
Apamea
Sardis
Ephesus
Smyrna
Rhodes
Cyprus
Antioch
Seleucia
Tarsus
Coracesium
Greta
Propontis
Lampsacus
Troas
Ilium
Abydos
Chalcedon
Nicomedia
Nicæa
Prusa
Apollonia
Thyatira
Pergamus
Adramyttium
Mitylene
Chios
Samos
Miletus
Halicarnassus
Cnidus
Phaselis
Perga
Side
Coelesyria
Judæa
Damascus
Palmyra
Euphrates R.
Tigris R.
Nisibis
Gazaca
Artaxata
Araxes R.
Mt. Ararat
Caucasus Mts.
Iberia
Albania
Colchis
Sarapana Mts.
Siraci
Aorsi
Sauromatæ
Tauri Scythæ
Cimmerius Bosphorus
Hypanis R.
Tanais R.
Panticapæum
Chersonesus
Byzantium
Heraclea
Sinope
Amisus
Phasis R.
Cabira
Zela
Halys R.
Mazaca
Taurus Mts.
Mithridatis
Mygdonia
Nisibis
Tigris R.
Euphrates R.

the Carthaginians in two great naval battles within four years.

Romans Cross the Sea.—Under Regulus the Romans then crossed the Mediterranean, and "carried the war into Africa." The natives, weary of the oppressive rule of the Carthaginians, welcomed their deliverers. Carthage seemed about to fall, when the presence of one man turned the tide. Xanthippus, a Spartan general, led the Carthaginians to victory, destroyed the Roman army, and captured Regulus.*

After this the contest dragged on for several years; but a signal victory near *Panormus,* in Sicily, gave the Romans the ascendency in that island, and finally a great naval defeat off the Ægúsa Islands cost the Carthaginians the empire of the sea. Carthage was forced to give up Sicily, and pay three thousand two hundred talents of silver (about four million dollars) toward the expenses of the war. The temple of Janus was shut for the first time since the days of Numa.

Rome's first province was Sicily. This was governed, like all the possessions which she afterward acquired outside of Italy, by magistrates sent each year from Rome. The people, being made not allies but subjects, were required to pay an annual tribute.

* It is said that Regulus, while at the height of his success, asked permission to return home to his little farm, as a slave had run away with the tools, and his family was likely to suffer with want during his absence. After his capture, the Carthaginians sent him to Rome with proposals of peace, making him swear to return in case the conditions were not accepted. On his arrival, he refused to enter the city, saying that he was no longer a Roman citizen, but only a Carthaginian slave. Having stated the terms of the proposed peace, to the amazement of all, he urged their rejection, as unworthy of the glory and honor of Rome. Then, without visiting his home, he turned away from weeping wife and children, and went back to his prison again. The enraged Carthaginians cut off his eyelids, and exposed him to the burning rays of a tropic sun; and then thrust him into a barrel studded with sharp nails. So perished this martyr to his word and his country.—Historic research throws doubt on the truth of this instance of Punic cruelty, and asserts that the story was invented to excuse the barbarity with which the wife of Regulus treated some Carthaginian captives who fell into her hands; but the name of Regulus lives as the personification of sincerity and patriotic devotion.

Second Punic War (218–201 B. C.).—During the ensuing peace of twenty-three years, Hamilcar (surnamed Barca, lightning), the great statesman and general of Carthage, built up an empire in southern Spain, and trained an army for a new struggle with Rome. He hated that city with a perfect hatred. When he left home for Spain, he took with him his son Hannibal, a boy nine years old, having first made him swear at the altar of Baal always to be the enemy of the Romans. That childish oath was never forgotten, and Hannibal, like his father, had but one purpose—to humble his country's rival. When twenty-six years of age, he was made commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army. Pushing the Punic power northward, he captured *Saguntum*. As that city was her ally, Rome promptly declared war against Carthage.* On the receipt of this welcome news, Hannibal, with the daring of genius, resolved to scale the Alps, and carry the contest into Italy.

Invasion of Italy.—In the spring of the year 218 B. C., he set out † from New Carthage. Through hostile tribes, over the swift Rhone, he pressed forward to the foot of the Alps. Here dangers multiplied. The mountaineers rolled down rocks upon his column, as it wearily toiled up the steep ascent. Snow blocked the way. At times the crack of a whip would bring down an avalanche from the impending heights. The men and horses slipped on the sloping ice-fields, and slid over the precipices into the awful crevasses. New roads had to be cut through the solid rock by hands benumbed with

* An embassy came to Carthage demanding that Hannibal should be surrendered. This being refused, M. Fabius, folding up his toga as if it contained something, exclaimed, "I bring you peace or war; take which you will!" The Carthaginians answered, "Give us which you wish!" Shaking open his toga, the Roman haughtily replied, "I give you war!" "So let it be!" shouted the assembly.

† Before starting on this expedition, Hannibal went with his immediate attendants to Gades, and offered sacrifice in the temples for the success of the great work to which he had been dedicated eighteen years before, and to which he had been looking forward so long.

cold and weakened with hunger. When at last he reached the smiling plains of Italy, only twenty-six thousand men were left of the one hundred and two thousand with whom he began the perilous march five months before.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

Battles of Trébia, Trasime'nus, and Cannæ.—Arriving at the river *Trebia* in December, Hannibal found the Romans, under Sempronius, ready to dispute his progress. One stormy morning, he sent the light Numidian cavalry over to

make a feigned attack on the enemy's camp. The Romans fell into the snare, and pursued the horsemen back across the river. When the legions, stiff with cold and faint with hunger, emerged from the icy waters, they found the Carthaginian army drawn up to receive them. Undismayed by the sight, they at once joined battle; but, in the midst of the struggle, Hannibal's brother Mago fell upon their rear with a body of men which had been hidden in a reedy ravine near by. The Romans, panic-stricken, broke and fled.

The fierce Gauls now flocked to Hannibal's camp, and remained his active allies during the rest of the war.

The next year Hannibal moved southward.* One day in June, the consul Flaminius was eagerly pursuing him along the banks of the *Lake Trasimenus.* Suddenly, through the mist, the Carthaginians poured down from the heights, and put the Romans to rout.†

Fabius was now appointed dictator. Keeping on the heights where he could not be attacked, he followed Hannibal everywhere,‡ cutting off his supplies, but never hazarding a battle. The Romans became impatient at seeing their country ravaged while their army remained inactive, and Varro, the consul, offered battle on the plain of *Cannæ.* Hannibal drew up the Carthaginians in the shape of a half-moon having the convex side toward the enemy, and tipped

* In the low flooded grounds along the Arno the army suffered fearfully. Hannibal himself lost an eye by inflammation, and, it was said, his life was saved by the last remaining elephant, which carried him out of the swamp.

† So fierce was this struggle that none of the combatants noticed the shock of a severe earthquake which occurred in the midst of the battle.

‡ While Hannibal was ravaging the rich plains of Campania, the wary Fabius seized the passes of the Apennines, through which Hannibal must recross into Samnium with his booty. The Carthaginian was apparently caught in the trap. But his mind was fertile in devices. He fastened torches to the horns of two thousand oxen, and sent men to drive them up the neighboring heights. The Romans at the defiles thinking the Carthaginians were trying to escape over the hills, ran to the defence. Hannibal quickly seized the passes, and marched through with his army.

the horns of the crescent with his veteran cavalry. The massive legions quickly broke through his weak center. But as they pressed forward in eager pursuit, his terrible horsemen fell upon their rear. Hemmed in on all sides, the Romans could neither fight nor flee. Twenty-one tribunes, eighty senators, and over seventy thousand men fell in that horrible massacre. After the battle, Hannibal sent to Carthage a bushel of gold rings—the ornaments of Roman knights. At Rome all was dismay. "One-fifth of the citizens able to bear arms had fallen within eighteen months, and in every house there was mourning." All southern Italy, including Capua, the city next in importance to the capital, joined Hannibal.

Hannibal's Reverses.—The tide of Hannibal's victories, however, ebbed from this time. The Roman spirit rose in the hour of peril, and, while struggling at home for existence, the senate sent armies into Sicily, Greece, and Spain. The Latin cities remained true, not one revolting to the Carthaginians. The Roman generals had learned not to fight in the open field, where Hannibal's cavalry and genius were so fatal to them, but to keep behind walls, since Hannibal had no skill in sieges, and his army was too small to take their strongholds. Hannibal's brother Hasdrubal was busy fighting the Romans in Spain, and could send him no aid. The Carthaginians also were chary of Hannibal, and refused him help.

For thirteen years longer Hannibal remained in Italy, but he was at last driven into Bruttium—the toe of the Italian boot. Never did his genius shine more brightly. He continually sallied out to protect his allies, or to plunder and devastate. Once he went so near Rome that he hurled a javelin over its walls. Nevertheless, and in spite of his efforts, Capua was retaken. Syracuse promised aid, but was

captured by the Roman army.* Hasdrubal finally managed to get out of Spain and cross the Alps, but at the *Metaurus* † (207 B. C.) was routed and slain. The first notice Hannibal had of his brother's approach was when Hasdrubal's head was thrown into the Carthaginian camp. At the sight of this ghastly memorial, Hannibal exclaimed: "Ah Carthage, I behold thy doom!"

Hannibal Recalled.—P. Scipio, who had already expelled the Carthaginians from Spain, now carried the war into Africa. Carthage was forced to summon her great general from Italy. He came to her defence, but met the first defeat of his life in the decisive battle of *Zama*. On that fatal field the veterans of the Italian wars fell, and Hannibal himself gave up the struggle. Peace was granted Carthage on her paying a crushing tribute, and agreeing not to go to war without the permission of Rome. Scipio received the name Africanus, in honor of his triumph.

Fate of Hannibal.—On the return of peace, Hannibal, with singular wisdom, began the reformation of his native city. But his enemies, by false representations at Rome, compelled him to quit Carthage, and take refuge at the court of Antiochus (p. 47). When at length his patron was at the feet of their common enemy, and no longer able to protect him, Hannibal fled to Bithynia, where, finding himself still pursued by the vindictive Romans, he ended his

* The siege of Syracuse (214–212 B. C.) is famous for the genius displayed in its defence by the mathematician Archimedes. He is said to have fired the Roman fleet by means of immense burning-glasses, and to have contrived machines that reaching huge arms over the walls, grasped and overturned the galleys. The Romans became so timid that they would "flee at the sight of a stick thrust out at them." When the city was finally taken by storm, Marcellus gave orders to spare Archimedes. But a soldier rushing into the philosopher's study found an old man, who, not noticing his drawn sword, bade him "Noli turbare circulos meos." Enraged by his indifference, the Roman slew him on the spot.

† This engagement, which decided the issue of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, is reckoned among the most important in the history of the world. See *Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles*, p. 96.

days by taking poison, which he carried with him in a hollow ring.

Third Punic War (149–146 B. C.).—Half a century passed, during which Carthage was slowly recovering her former prosperity. A strong party at Rome, however, was bent upon her destruction.* On a slight pretence war was again declared. The submission of the Carthaginians was abject. They gave up three hundred hostages, and surrendered their arms and armor. But when bidden to leave the city that it might be razed, they were driven to desperation. Old and young toiled at the forges to make new weapons. Vases of gold and silver, even the statues of the gods, were melted. The women braided their long hair into bow-strings. The Romans intrusted the siege to the younger Scipio.† He captured Carthage, after a desperate struggle. Days of conflagration and plunder followed. The city, which had lasted over seven hundred years and numbered seven hundred thousand inhabitants, was utterly wasted. The Carthaginian territory was turned into the province of Africa.‡

* Prominent among these was *Cato the Censor*. This rough, stern man, with his red hair, projecting teeth, and coarse robe, was the sworn foe to luxury, and the personification of the old Roman character. Cruel toward his slaves and revengeful toward his foes, he was yet rigid in morals, devoted to his country, and fearless in punishing crime. In the discharge of his duty as censor, he criticised the income and expenses of all. Rich furniture, jewels, and costly attire fell under his ban. He even removed, it is said, the cold-water pipes leading to the private houses. Jealous of any rival to Rome, he finished every speech with the words, "Delenda est Carthago!"

† (1.) *Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major* (p. 44) was the conqueror of Hannibal. (2.) *Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus Africanus Minor*, the one spoken of in the text as the destroyer of Carthage, was the son of *Lucius Æmilius Paullus*, the conqueror of Macedon (p. 46), and was adopted by P. Scipio, the son of Africanus Major. (3.) *Lucius Cornelius Scipio Asiaticus*, who defeated Antiochus (p. 47), and hence received the last title, was the brother of Africanus Major.

‡ When Scipio beheld the ruin of Carthage, he is said to have burst into tears, and turning to Polybius the historian, quoted the lines of Homer:

"The day will come when Troy shall sink in fire
And Priam's people with himself expire."

And, reflecting on the mutations of time, declared that Hector's words might yet prove true of Rome herself.

Rome was at last victor over her great rival. It was decided that Europe was not to be given over to Punic civilization and the intellectual despotism of the East.

Wars in Macedon and Greece.—While Hannibal was hard-pressed in Italy he made a treaty with Philip, king of Macedon, and a descendant of Alexander. In the *First War* which ensued (214–207 B.C.), not much of importance occurred, but Rome had begun to mix in Grecian affairs, and that, according to her wont, meant conquest by and by.

The Second War (200–197 B.C.) was brought about by Philip's attacking the Roman allies. The consul Flaminius now entered Greece, proclaiming himself the champion of Hellenic liberty. Transported with this thought, nearly all Hellas ranged itself under the eagles of Rome. Philip was overthrown at the battle of *Cynoscephalæ* (197 B.C.), and forced to accept a most degrading peace.

After Philip's death, his son Perseus was indefatigable in his efforts to restore Macedon to its old-time glory.

The Third War (171–168 B.C.) culminated in the battle of *Pydna*, where the famous Roman general Paullus vanquished forever the cumbersome phalanx, and ended the Macedonian monarchy. One hundred and fifty-six years after Alexander's death, the last king of Macedon was led in triumph by a general belonging to a nation of which, probably, the Conqueror had scarcely heard.

The results of these wars were reaped within a brief period. The Federal Unions of Greece were dissolved. Macedon was divided into four commonwealths, and finally, under pretence of a rebellion, made a Roman province (148 B.C.). In the same year that Carthage fell, Corinth,* the great seaport

* Mummius, the consul who took Corinth, which Cicero termed "The eye of Hellas," sent its wealth of statues and pictures to Rome. It is said that, ignorant of the unique value of these works of art, he agreed with the captains of the vessels to furnish others in place of any they might lose on the voyage. One cannot but remem-

of the Eastern Mediterranean, was sacked, and Greece herself, after being amused for a time with the semblance of freedom, was organized into the province of ACHAIA.

Syrian War (192–190 B.C.).—"Macedon and Greece proved easy stepping-stones for Rome to meddle in the affairs of Asia." At this time Anti'ochus the Great governed the kingdom of the Seleucidæ, which then extended from the Ægean, beyond the Tigris. His capital, Antioch on the Orontes, was the seat of Greek culture, and one of the chief cities of the world. He was not unwilling to measure swords with the Romans, and received Hannibal at his court with marked honor. During the interval between the second and third Macedonian wars the Ætolians, thinking themselves badly used by the Romans, invited Antiochus to come over to their help. He despised the wise counsel and military skill of Hannibal, and, appearing in Greece with only ten thousand men, was easily defeated by the Romans at *Thermopylæ*. The next year, L. Scipio (note, p. 45) followed him into Asia, and overthrew his power on the field of *Magnesia* (190 B.C.).

The great empire of the Seleucidæ now shrank to the kingdom of Syria. Though the Romans did not at present assume formal control of their conquest, yet, by a shrewd policy of weakening the powerful states, playing off small ones against one another, supporting one of the two rival factions, and favoring their allies, they taught the Greek cities in Asia Minor to look up to the great central power on the Tiber just as, by the same tortuous course, they had led Greece and Macedon to do. Thus the Romans aided Pergamus, and enlarged its territories, because its king helped them against Antiochus. Finally, when Attalus III. died,

ber, however, that this ignorant plebeian maintained his honesty, and kept none of the rich spoils for himself.

he left that country by will to the Romans. So Rome got her first Asiatic province (133 B. C.).

War in Spain.—After the capture of Carthage and Corinth, Rome continued her efforts to subdue Spain. The rugged nature of the country, and the bravery of the inhabitants, made the struggle a doubtful one. The town of *Numantia* held out long against the younger Scipio (note, p. 45). Finally, in despair, the people set fire to the place and threw themselves into the flames. When the Romans forced an entrance through the walls, they found silence and desolation within. Spain now became a Roman province—the same year of Attalus' bequest, and thirteen years after the fall of Carthage and Corinth.

The Roman Empire (133 B. C.) included southern Europe from the Atlantic to the Bosporus, and a part of northern Africa; while Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor were practically its dependencies. The Mediterranean Sea was a "Roman lake," and *Rome was mistress of the civilized world.* Henceforth her wars were principally with barbarians.

Effect of these Conquests.—Italy had formerly been covered with little farms of a few acres each, which the industrious, frugal Romans cultivated with their own hands. When Hannibal swept the country with fire and sword, he destroyed these comfortable, rural homes throughout entire districts. The people, unable to get a living, flocked to Rome. There, humored, flattered, and fed by every demagogue who wished their votes, they sank into a mere mob. The Roman race itself was fast becoming extinct.* It had

* "At the time when all the kings of the earth paid homage to the Romans, this people was becoming extinguished, consumed by the double action of eternal war, and of a devouring system of legislation; it was disappearing from Italy. The Roman, passing his life in camps, beyond the seas, rarely returned to visit his little field. He had in most cases, indeed, no land or shelter at all, nor any other domestic gods than the eagles of the legions. An exchange was becoming established between Italy and the provinces. Italy sent her children to die in distant lands, and received in

perished on its hundred battle-fields. Rome was inhabited by a motley population from all lands, who poorly filled the place of her ancient heroes.

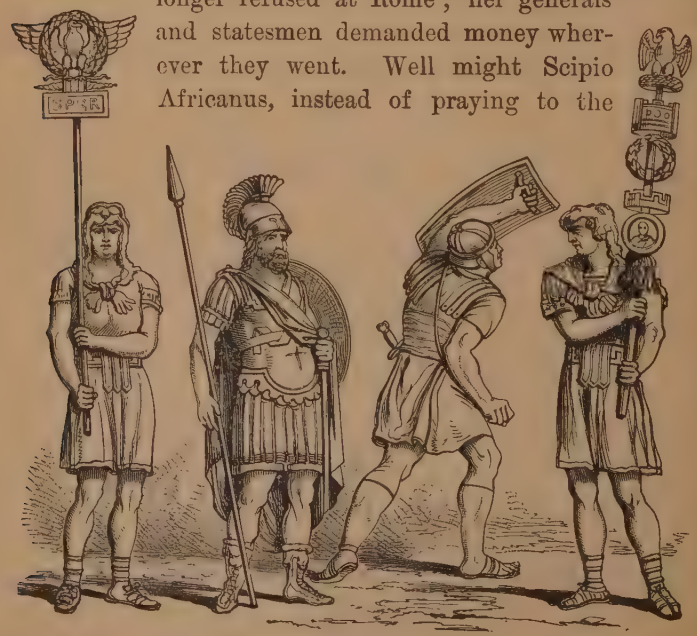
The captives in these various wars had been sold as slaves, and the nobles, who had secured most of the land, worked it by their unpaid labor. Everywhere in the fields were gangs of men, whose only crime was that they had fought for their homes, tied together with chains; and, tending the flocks, were gaunt, shaggy wretches, carrying the goad in hands which had once wielded the sword.

The riches of Syracuse, Carthage, Macedonia, Greece, and Asia poured into Rome. Men who went to foreign wars as poor soldiers came back with enormous riches—the spoils of sacked cities. The nobles were rich beyond every dream of republican Rome. But, meanwhile, the poor grew poorer yet, and the curse of poverty ate deeper into the state.

A few wealthy families governed the senate and filled all the offices. Thus a new nobility, founded on money alone, had grown up and become all-powerful. It was customary for a candidate to amuse the people with costly games, and none but the rich could afford the expense. The consul, at the end of his year of office, was usually appointed governor of a province, where out of an oppressed people he could recompense himself for all his losses. To keep the Roman populace in good humor, he would send back gifts of grain, and, if any complaint was made of his injustice and robbery, he could easily bribe the judges and senators, who were anxious only for the same chance which he had.

compensation millions of slaves. Thus a new people succeeded to the absent or destroyed Roman people. Slaves took the place of masters, proudly occupied the Forum, and in their fantastic saturnalia governed by their decrees the Latins and the Italians, who filled the legions. It was soon no longer a question where were the plebeians of Rome. They had left their bones on every shore. Camps, urns, and immortal roads—these were all that remained of them."—*Michelet.*

In the early days of the republic, the soldier was a citizen who went forth to fight his country's battles, and, returning home, settled down again upon his little farm, contented and happy. Military life had now become a profession. Patriotism was almost a forgotten virtue, and the soldier fought for plunder and glory. In the wake of the army followed a crowd of venal traders, who bought up the booty; contractors, who "farmed" the revenues of the provinces; and usurers, who preyed on the necessities of all. These rich army-followers were known as knights (*equites*), since in the early days of Rome the richest men fought on horseback. They rarely took part in any war, but only reaped its advantages. The presents of foreign kings were no longer refused at Rome; her generals and statesmen demanded money wherever they went. Well might Scipio Africanus, instead of praying to the



ROMAN SOLDIERS.

gods, as was the custom, to *increase* the state, beg them to *preserve* it!

In this general decadence the fine moral fibre of the nation lost its vigor. First, the people left their own gods and took up foreign ones. As the ancients had no idea of a common god of all nations, such a desertion of their patron deities was full of significance. It ended in a general scepticism and neglect of religious rites and worship. In addition, the Romans became cruel and unjust. Nothing showed this more clearly than their refusal to grant the Roman franchise to the Latin cities, which stood by them so faithfully during Hannibal's invasion. Yet there were great men in Rome, and the ensuing centuries were the palmiest of her history.

THE CIVIL WARS.

Now began a century of civil strife, during which the old respect for laws became weak, and parties obtained their end by bribery and bloodshed.

The Gracchi.—The tribune Tiberius Gracchus,* perceiving the peril of the state, secured a new agrarian law (p. 26), directing the public land to be assigned in small farms to the needy, so as to give every man a homestead; and, in addition, he proposed to divide the treasures of Attalus among those who received land, in order to enable them to build houses and buy cattle. But the oligarchs aroused a mob by which Gracchus was assassinated.

* Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder (note, p. 45). Left a widow, she was offered marriage with the king of Egypt, but preferred to devote herself to the education of her children. When a rich friend once exhibited to her a cabinet of rare gems, she called in her two sons, saying, "These are my jewels." Her statue bore the inscription by which she wished to be known, "The mother of the Gracchi."—Tiberius was the grandson of the Conqueror of Hannibal, the son-in-law of Appius Claudius, and the brother-in-law of the Destroyer of Carthage.

About ten years later, his brother Caius tried to carry out the same reform, by distributing grain to the poor at a nominal price (the "Roman poor-law"), by choosing juries from the knights instead of the senators, and by planting in conquered territories colonies of men who had no work at home. All went well until he sought to confer the Roman franchise upon the Latins. Then a riot was raised, and Caius was killed by a faithful slave to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies.

With the Gracchi perished the freedom of the republic; henceforth the corrupt aristocracy was supreme.

Jugurtha (118–104 B. C.) having usurped the throne of Numidia, long maintained his place by conferring lavish bribes upon the senators. His gold conquered every army sent against him, and he declared that Rome itself could be had for money. He was finally overpowered by the consul Caius Marius,* and, after adorning the victor's triumph at Rome, thrown into the Mamertine prison to perish. †

The Cimbri and Teutones (113–101 B. C.), the vanguard of those northern hosts that were yet to overrun the empire, were now moving south, half a million strong, spreading dismay and ruin in their track. Six different Roman armies tried in vain to stay their advance. At Orange alone eighty thousand Romans fell. In this emergency, the senate appealed to Marius, who, contrary to law, was again and again reinstated consul. He annihilated the Teutones at *Aix*, and, the next year, the Cimbri at *Vercellæ*. In the latter engagement, the men composing the outer line of the

* Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the Roman questor (p. 53), captured Jugurtha by treachery. Claiming that he was the real hero of this war, he had a ring engraved which represented Jugurtha's surrender to him. Marius and Sulla were henceforth bitter rivals.

† This famous dungeon is still shown the traveler at Rome. It is an underground vault, built of rough stones. The only opening is by a hole at the top. As Jugurtha, accustomed to the heat of an African sun, was lowered into this dismal grave, he exclaimed, with chattering teeth, "Ah, what a cold bath they are giving me!"

barbarian army were fastened together with chains, the whole making a solid mass three miles square. The Roman broadsword mercilessly hewed its way through this struggling crowd. The Gallic women, in despair, strangled their children, and then threw themselves beneath the wheels of their wagons. The very dogs fought to the death.

Rome was saved in her second great peril from barbarians. Marius was hailed as the "third founder of the city."

Social War (90–88 B. C.).—Drusus, a tribune, having proposed that the Italians should be granted the coveted citizenship, was murdered the very day a vote was to be taken upon the measure. On hearing this, many of the Italian cities, headed by the Marsians, took up arms. The veteran legions, which had conquered the world, now faced each other on the battle-field. The struggle cost three hundred thousand lives. Houses were burned and plantations wasted as in Hannibal's time. In the end, Rome was forced to allow the Italians to become citizens.

First Mithridatic War (88–84 B. C.).—Just before the close of this bloody struggle, news came of the massacre of eighty thousand Romans and Italians residing in the towns of Asia Minor. Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, and a man of remarkable energy and genius, had proclaimed himself the deliverer of Asia from the Roman yoke, and kindled the fires of insurrection as far westward as Greece. The war against the Pontic monarch was confided to Sulla, who stood at the head of the Roman aristocracy. But Marius, the favorite leader of the people, by unscrupulous means wrested the command from his rival. Thereupon Sulla entered Rome at the head of the army. For the first time, civil war raged within the walls of the city. Marius was driven into exile.* Sulla then crossed into

* Marius, after many romantic adventures, was thrown into prison at Min-

Greece. He carried on five campaigns, mainly at his private expense, and finally restored peace on the condition that Mithridates should give up his conquests and his fleet.

Return of Marius.—Meanwhile Cinna, one of the two consuls at Rome, recalled Marius, and together they entered the city with a body of men composed of the very dregs of Italy. The nobles and the friends of Sulla trembled at this triumph of the democracy. Marius now took a fearful vengeance for all he had suffered. He closed the gates, and went about with a body of slaves, who slaughtered every man at whom he pointed his finger. The principal senators were slain. The high-priest of Jupiter was massacred at the altar. The consul Octavius was struck down in his curule-chair. The head of Antonius, the orator, being brought to Marius as he sat at supper, he received it with joy, and embraced the murderer. Finally, the monster had himself declared consul, now the seventh time. Eighteen days after, he died "drunk with blood and wine." (86 B. C.)

Sulla's Proscriptions.—Three years passed, when the hero of the Mithridatic War returned to Italy with his victorious army. His progress was disputed by the remains of the Marian party and the Samnites, who had not laid down their arms after the Social War (p. 53). Sulla, however, swept aside their forces, and soon all Italy was prostrate before him. It was now the turn for the plebeians and the friends of Marius to fear. As Sulla met the senate, cries were heard in the neighboring circus. The senators sprang from their seats in alarm. Sulla bade them be quiet, remark-

turnæ. One day a Cimbrian slave entered his cell to put him to death. The old man turned upon him with flashing eye, and shouted, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius!" The Gaul, frightened at the voice of his nation's destroyer, dropped his sword and fled. Marius was soon set free by the sympathizing people, whereupon he crossed into Africa. Receiving there an order from the prætor to leave the province, he sent back the well-known reply, "Tell Sextilius that you have seen Caius Marius sitting in exile among the ruins of Carthage."

ing, "It is only some wretches undergoing the punishment they deserve." The "wretches" were six thousand of the Marian party, who were butchered in cold blood. "The porch of Sulla's house," says Collier, "was soon full of heads." Daily proscription-lists were made out of those doomed to die, and the assassins were rewarded from the property of their victims. Wealth became a crime when murder was gain. "Alas," exclaimed one, "my villa is my destruction." In all the disaffected Italian cities the same bloody work went on. Whole districts were confiscated to make room for colonies of Sulla's legions. He had himself declared perpetual dictator—an office unused since the Punic Wars. He deprived the tribunes of the right of proposing laws, and sought to restore the good old times when the patricians held power, thus undoing the reforms of centuries. To the surprise of all, however, he suddenly retired to private life, and gave himself up to luxurious ease. The civil wars of Marius and Sulla had cost Italy the lives of one hundred and fifty thousand citizens.

Sertorius, one of the Marian party, betook himself to Spain, gained the respect and confidence of the Lusitanians, established among them a miniature Roman republic, and for seven years defeated every army sent against him. Even Pompey the Great was held in check. Treachery at last freed Rome from its enemy, Sertorius being slain at a banquet.

Gladiatorial War (73–71 B. C.).—A party of gladiators under Spartacus, having escaped from a training-school at Capua, took refuge in the crater of Vesuvius. Thither flocked slaves, peasants, and pirates, until they were strong enough to defeat consular armies, and for two years to ravage Italy from the Alps to the peninsula. Crassus finally killed the rebel leader in a desperate battle, and put his fol-

lowers to flight. A body of five thousand, trying to escape into Gaul, fell in with Pompey the Great as he was returning from Spain, and were cut to pieces.

Pirates in these troublous times infested the Mediterranean, so as to interfere with trade and stop the supply of provisions at Rome. The whole coast of Italy was in continual alarm. Parties of robbers landing dragged rich proprietors from their villas and seized high officials, to hold them for ransom. Pompey, in a brilliant campaign of ninety days, cleared the seas of these buccaneers, and restored order.

Great Mithridatic War (74–63 B. C.).—During Sulla's life the Roman governor in Asia causelessly attacked Mithridates, but being defeated and Sulla peremptorily ordering him to desist, this *Second Mithridatic War* soon ceased. The *Third or Great War* broke out after the dictator's death. The king of Bithynia having bequeathed his possessions to the Romans, Mithridates justly dreaded this advance of his enemies toward his own boundaries, and took up arms to prevent it. The Roman consul, Lucullus, defeated the Pontic king, and drove him to the court of his son-in-law Tigranes, king of Armenia, who espoused his cause. Lucullus next overcame the allied monarchs. Meanwhile this wise general sought to reconcile the Asiatics to the Roman government by legislative reforms, by a mild and just rule, and especially by checking the exactions of the farmers of the revenue. The soldiers of his own army, intent on plunder, and the equites at Rome deprived of their profits, were incensed against him, and secured his recall.

Pompey was now granted the power of a dictator in the East.* He made an alliance with the king of Parthia, thus

* Cicero advocated this measure in the familiar oration, *Pro Lege Manilia.*

threatening Mithridates by an enemy in the rear. Then, forcing the Pontic monarch into a battle, he defeated and, at last, drove him beyond the Caucasus. Pompey, returning, reduced Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine.

The spirit of Mithridates was unbroken, in spite of the loss of his kingdom. He was meditating a march around the Euxine, and an invasion of Italy from the northeast, when, alarmed at the treachery of his son, he took poison, and died a victim of ingratitude. By his genius and courage, he had maintained the struggle with the Romans for twenty-five years.* On reaching Rome, Pompey received a two-days triumph. Before his chariot, walked three hundred and twenty-four captive princes; and twenty thousand talents were deposited in the treasury as the spoils of conquest. Pompey was now at the height of his popularity, and might have usurped supreme power, but he lacked the energy and determination.

Catiline's Conspiracy (63 B. C.).—During Pompey's absence at the East, Catiline, an abandoned young nobleman, had formed a wide-spread plot to murder the consuls, fire the city, and overthrow the government. Cicero, the orator, exposed the conspiracy.† Whereupon, Catiline fled, and was soon after slain, fighting at the head of a band of desperadoes.

The chief men of Rome now were Pompey, Crassus,

* The armor which fitted the gigantic frame of Mithridates excited the wonder alike of Asiatic and Italian. As a runner, he overtook the fleetest deer; as a rider, he broke the wildest steed; as a charioteer, he drove sixteen-in-hand; and, as a hunter, he hit his game with his horse at full gallop. He kept Greek poets, historians, and philosophers at his court, and gave prizes, not only to the greatest eater and drinker, but to the merriest jester and the best singer. He ruled the twenty-two nations of his realm without the aid of an interpreter. He experimented on poisons and sought to harden his system to their effect. One day he disappeared from the palace and was absent for months. On his return, it appeared that he had wandered *incognito* through Asia Minor, studying the people and country.

† The orations which Cicero pronounced at this time against Catiline are masterpieces of impassioned rhetoric, and are still studied by every Latin scholar.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar,* Cicero, and Cato the Stoic—a great grandson of the Censor. The first three formed a league, known as the *Triumvirate* (60 B. C.). To cement this union, Pompey married Julia, Cæsar's only daughter. The triumvirs had everything their own way. Cæsar obtained the consulship, and, afterward, an appointment as governor of Gaul; Cicero was banished, and Cato sent to Cyprus.

* Cæsar was born 100 B. C. (according to Mommsen, 102 B. C.). A patrician, he was yet a friend of the people. His aunt was married to Marius; his wife Cornelia was the daughter of Cinna. During Sulla's proscription, he refused to divorce his wife at the bidding of the dictator, and only the intercession of powerful friends saved his life. Sulla detected the character of this youth of eighteen years, and declared, "There is more than one Marius hid in him." While on his way to Rhodes to study oratory, he was taken prisoner by pirates, but he acted more like their leader than captive, and, on being ransomed, headed a party which crucified them all. Having been elected pontiff during his absence at the East, he returned to Rome. He now became in succession quæstor, ædile, and pontifex maximus. His affable manners and boundless generosity won all hearts. As ædile, a part of his duty was to furnish amusement to the people, and he exhibited three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators, clad in silver armor. His debts became enormous, the heaviest creditor being the rich Crassus, to whom half the senators are said to have owed money. Securing an appointment as prætor, at the termination of that office, according to the custom, he obtained a province. Selecting Spain, he there recruited his wasted fortune, and gained some military prominence. He then came back to Rome, relinquishing a triumph in order to enter the city and stand for the consulship. This gained, his next step was to secure a field where he could train an army, by whose help he might become master of Rome.

It is a strange sight, indeed, to witness this spendthrift, pale and worn with the excesses of the capital, fighting at the head of his legions, swimming rivers, plunging through morasses, and climbing mountains—the hardiest of the hardy and the bravest of the brave. But it is stranger still to think of this great general and statesman as a literary man. Even when riding in his litter or resting, he was still reading or writing, and often at the same time dictating to from four to seven amanuenses. Besides his famous *Commentaries*, published in the very midst of his eventful career, he composed works on rhetoric and grammar, as well as tragedies, lyrics, etc. His style is pure and natural, and the polished smoothness of his sentences gives no hint of the stormy scenes amid which they were formed.

CÆSAR remained in Gaul about nine years. He reduced the entire country, crossed the Rhine, carrying the Roman arms into Germany for the first time, and twice invaded Britain—an island until then unknown in Italy except by name. Not only were the three hundred tribes of Transalpine Gaul thoroughly subdued, but they were made content with Cæsar's rule. He became their civilizer, building roads and introducing Roman laws, institutions, manners and customs. Moreover, he trained an army that knew no mind or will except that of its great general. Meanwhile, Cæsar's friends in Rome, with the Gallic spoils which he freely sent them, bribed and dazzled and intrigued to sustain their master's power, and secure him the next consulship.

CRASSUS was chosen joint-consul with Pompey (56 B.C.); he secured the province of Syria. Eager to obtain the boundless treasures of the East, he set out upon an expedition against Parthia. On the way, he plundered the temple at Jerusalem. While crossing the scorching plains beyond the Euphrates, not far from Charræ (the Haran of the Bible), he was suddenly surrounded by clouds of Parthian horsemen. Roman valor was of no avail in that ceaseless storm of arrows. During the retreat, Crassus was slain. His head was carried to the Parthian king, who, in derision, ordered it to be filled with molten gold. The death of Crassus ended the Triumvirate.

POMPEY, after a time, was elected joint-consul with Crassus, and, later, sole consul; he obtained the province of Gaul, which he governed by legates. He now ruled Rome, but was bent on ruling the empire. The death of his wife had severed the link which bound him to the conqueror of Gaul. He accordingly joined with the nobles, who were also alarmed by Cæsar's brilliant victories, and the strength his success gave the popular party. A law was therefore passed ordering Cæsar to resign his office and disband his army before he appeared to sue for the consulship. The tribunes—Antony and Cassius—who supported Cæsar, were driven from the senate. They fled to his camp, and demanded protection.

Civil War between Cæsar and Pompey (49 B.C.).—Cæsar at once marched upon Rome. Pompey had boasted that he had only to stamp his foot, and an army would spring from the ground; but he now fled to Greece without striking a blow. In sixty days, Cæsar was master of Italy. The decisive struggle between the two rivals took place on the plain of *Pharsalia* (48 B.C.). Pompey was beaten. He sought refuge in Egypt, where he was treacherously slain. His head being brought to Cæsar, the conqueror wept at the fate of his former friend.

Cæsar now placed the beautiful Cleopatra on the throne of the Ptolemies, and, marching into Syria, humbled Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, so quickly that he could write home this laconic despatch, *Veni, Vidi, Vici* (I came, I saw, I conquered). Cato and other Pompeian

leaders had assembled a great force in Africa, whereupon Cæsar hurried his conquering legions thither, and at *Thapsus* broke down all opposition (46 B. C.). Cato, in despair of the republic, fell upon his sword. The sons of Pompey rallied an army in Spain, but, in the desperate conflict at *Munda*, Cæsar blotted the broken remains of their party out of existence (45 B. C.).

Cæsar returned to Rome before this final struggle in Spain. A four-days triumph reddened the sands of the arena with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators. Every citizen received a present, and the populace regaled themselves at a banquet spread on twenty-two thousand tables. The joy was unalloyed by any proscription. The adulation of the senate surpassed all bounds. Cæsar was created dictator for ten years and censor for three, and his statue was placed in the Capitol, opposite to that of Jupiter.

Cæsar's Government.—At Cæsar's magic touch, order and justice sprang into new life. The provinces rejoiced in an honest administration. The Gauls obtained seats in the senate, and it was Cæsar's design to have all the provinces represented in that body by their chief men. The calendar was revised.* The distress among the poor was relieved by sending eighty thousand colonists, to rebuild Corinth and Carthage. The number of claimants upon the public distribution of grain was reduced over one-half. A plan was formed of digging a new channel for the Tiber and draining the Pontine marshes. Nothing was too vast or too small for the comprehensive mind of this mighty statesman. He could guard the boundaries of his vast empire along the Rhine, Danube, and Euphrates; look after the paving of the

* The Roman year contained only three hundred and fifty-five days, and the midsummer and the mid-winter months then came in the spring and the fall. Julius Cæsar introduced the extra day of leap year, and July was named after him. See *Steele's New Astronomy*, p. 269.

Roman streets; and listen to the recitation of pieces for prizes at the theatres, bestowing the wreath upon the victor, with extempore verse.

Cæsar's Assassination (44 B. C.).—Cæsar, now dictator for life, was desirous of being king in name as in fact. While passing through the streets one day, he was hailed king; as the crowd murmured, he cried out, "I am not king, but Cæsar." Still, when Mark Antony, the consul and his intimate friend, at a festival, offered him a crown, Cæsar seemed to thrust it aside reluctantly. The hatred of zealous republicans was excited, and, under the guise of a love of liberty and old Roman virtue, those who were jealous of Cæsar or hated him, formed a conspiracy for his assassination. Brutus and Cassius, the leaders, chose the fifteenth of the ensuing March for the execution of the deed. As the day approached, the air was thick with rumors of approaching disaster. A famous augur warned Cæsar to beware of the Ides * of March. The night before, his wife Calpurnia was disturbed by an ominous dream. On the way to the senate-house he was handed a scroll containing the details of the plot, but in the press he had no chance to read it. When the conspirators crowded about him, no alarm was caused, as they were men who owed their lives to his leniency and their fortunes to his favor.

THE ROMAN EMBLEM. †

* In the Roman calendar, the months were divided into three parts—*Calends*, *Ides*, and *Nones*. The Calends commenced on the first of each month, and were reckoned backward into the preceding month to the Ides. The Nones fell on the seventh of March, May, July, and October, and on the fifth of the other months. The Ides came on the thirteenth of all months except these four, when they were the fifteenth.

† S. P. Q. R. stands for Senatus Populusque Romanus—the Senate and Roman People.

Suddenly, swords gleamed on every hand. For a moment, the great soldier defended himself with the sharp point of his iron pen. Then, catching sight of the loved and trusted Brutus, he exclaimed, "Et tu Brute!" (And thou, too, Brutus!) and, wrapping his mantle about his face, sank dead at the foot of Pompey's statue.*

The result was very different from what the assassins had expected. The senate rushed out horror-stricken at the deed. The reading of Cæsar's will, in which he gave every citizen three hundred sesterces (over ten dollars), and threw open his splendid gardens across the Tiber as a public park, roused the popular fury. When Antony pronounced the funeral eulogy, and, finally, held up Cæsar's rent and bloody toga, the mob broke through every restraint, and ran with torches to burn the houses of the murderers. Brutus and Cassius fled to save their lives.

Second Triumvirate (43 B. C.).—Antony was fast getting power into his hand, when there arrived at Rome, Octavius, Cæsar's great-nephew and heir. He received the support of the senate and of Cicero, who denounced Antony in fiery orations. Antony was forced into exile, and then, twice defeated in battle, took refuge with

* Cæsar's brief public life—for only five stirring years elapsed from his entrance into Italy to his assassination—was full of dramatic scenes. Before marching upon Rome, it is said (though research stamps it as doubtful) that he stopped at the Rubicon, the boundary between his province of Cisalpine Gaul and Italy, and hesitated long. To pass it, was to make war upon the republic. At last, he shouted, "The die is cast!" and plunged into the stream.—When he had crossed into Greece in pursuit of Pompey, he became impatient at Antony's delay in bringing over the rest of the army, and, disguising himself, attempted to return across the Adriatic in a small boat. The sea ran high, and the crew determined to put back, when Cæsar shouted, "Go on boldly, fear nothing, thou bearest Cæsar and his fortune!"—At the battle of Pharsalia, he ordered his men to aim at the faces of Pompey's cavalry. The Roman knights, dismayed at this attack on their beauty, quickly fled; after the victory, Cæsar rode over the field calling upon the men to spare the Roman citizens, and on reaching Pompey's tent put his letters in the fire unread.—When Cæsar learned of the death of Cato, he lamented the tragic fate of such high integrity and virtue, and exclaimed, "Cato, I envy thee thy death, since thou enviest me the glory of saving thy life!"

Lepidus, governor of a part of Spain and Gaul. Octavius returned to Rome, won the favor of the people, and, though a youth of only nineteen, was chosen consul. A triumvirate, similar to the one seventeen years before, was now formed between Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. The bargain was sealed by a proscription more horrible than that of Sulla. Lepidus sacrificed his brother, Antony his uncle, and Octavius his warm supporter, Cicero. The orator's head having been brought to Rome, Fulvia thrust her golden bodkin through the tongue that had pronounced the Philippics against her husband Antony.

Battle of Philippi (42 B.C.).—Brutus and Cassius, who had gone to the East, raised an army to resist this new coalition. The triumvirs pursued them, and the issue was decided on the field of *Philippi*. Brutus* and Cassius were defeated, and, in despair, committed suicide. Octavius and Antony divided the empire between them, the former taking the West, and the latter the East. Lepidus received Africa, but was soon stripped of his share and sent back to Rome.

Antony and Cleopatra.—Antony now went to Tarsus, to look after his new possessions. Here, Cleopatra was summoned to answer for having supported Cassius against the triumvirs. She came, captivated Antony by her charms,†

* Brutus, before this battle, was disheartened. The triumvirs had proved worse tyrants than he could ever have feared Cæsar would become. He and Cassius quarreled bitterly. His wife, Portia, had died (according to some authorities) broken-hearted at the calamities which had befallen her country. One night, as he was sitting alone in his tent, musing over the troubled state of affairs, he suddenly perceived a gigantic figure standing before him. He was startled, but exclaimed, "What art thou, and for what purpose art thou come?" "I am thine evil genius," replied the phantom; "we shall meet again at Philippi!"

† Cleopatra ascended the Cydnus in a galley with purple sails. The oars, inlaid with silver, moved to the soft music of flute and pipe. She reclined under a gold-spangled canopy, attired as Venus, and attended by nymphs, cupids, and graces. The air was redolent with perfumes. As she approached Tarsus, the whole city flocked to witness the magnificent sight, leaving Antony sitting alone in the tribunal.

and carried him to Egypt. They passed the winter in the wildest extravagance. Breaking away, however, for a time from the silken chains of Cleopatra, Antony, upon the death of Fulvia, married the beautiful and noble Octavia, sister of Octavius. But, at the first opportunity, he went back again to Alexandria, where he laid aside the dignity of a Roman citizen and assumed the dress of an Egyptian monarch.* Cleopatra was presented with several provinces, and became the real ruler of the East.

Civil War between Octavius and Antony (31 B.C.).—The senate at last declared war against Cleopatra. Thereupon, Antony divorced Octavia and prepared to invade Italy. The rival fleets met off the promontory of *Ac'tium*. Cleopatra fled with her ships early in the day. Antony, basely deserting those who were dying for his cause, followed her. When Octavius entered Egypt (32 B.C.), there was no resistance. Antony, in despair, stabbed himself. Cleopatra in vain tried her arts of fascination upon the conqueror. Finally, to avoid gracing his triumph at Rome, she put an end to her life, according to the common story, by the bite of an asp, brought in a basket of figs. Thus died the last of the Ptolemies.

Result.—Egypt now became a province of Rome. With the battle of Actium, ended the Roman republic. Cæsar Octavius was the undisputed master of the civilized world. After his return to Italy, he received the title of Augustus, by which name he is known in history. The Civil Wars were over.

* The follies and wasteful extravagance of their mad revels at Alexandria almost surpass belief. One day, in Antony's kitchen, there are said to have been eight wild boars roasting whole, so arranged as to be ready at different times, that his dinner might be served in perfection whenever he should see fit to order it. On another occasion, he and the queen vied as to which could serve the more expensive banquet. Removing a magnificent pearl from her ear, she dissolved it in vinegar, and swallowed the priceless draught.

IMPERIAL ROME.

Establishment of the Empire.—After the clamor of a hundred years, a sweet silence seemed to fall upon the earth. The temple of Janus was closed for the second time since the pious Numa. Warned by the fate of Julius, Augustus did not take the name of king, nor startle the Roman prejudices by any sudden seizure of authority. He

kept up all the forms of the republic. Every ten years, he went through the farce of laying down his rank as chief of the army, or *imperator*—a word since contracted to emperor. He professed himself the humble servant of the senate, while he really exercised absolute power. Gradually, all the offices of trust were centered in him. He became at once proconsul, consul, censor, tribune, and high priest.*

Massacre of Varus (9 A. D.).—Germany, under the vigorous rule of Drusus and Tiberius, stepsons of Augustus, now seemed likely to become as thoroughly Romanized as Gaul had been. (*Brief Hist. France*, p. 11.) Varus, governor of the province, thinking the conquest complete, attempted to introduce the Latin language and laws. Thereupon, Arminius, a noble, freedom-loving German, aroused his countrymen, and in the wilds of the Teutoburg Forest took a terrible revenge for the wrongs they had suffered. Varus and his entire army perished. Dire was the dismay at Rome when news came of this disaster. For days, Augustus wandered through his palace, beating his head against the wall, and crying, "Varus, give me back my legions!" Six years later, the whitened bones of these hapless warriors were buried by Germanicus (the son of Drusus, and step-son of Augustus), but with all his genius he could not restore the Roman authority in Germany.†

The Augustan Age (31 B. C.–14 A. D.) was, however, one of general peace and prosperity. The emperor lived unos-

* As consul, he became chief magistrate; as censor, he could decide who were to be senators; as tribune, he heard appeals, and his person was sacred; as imperator, he commanded the army; and, as pontifex maximus, or chief priest, he was the head of the national religion. These were powers originally belonging to the king, but which, during the republic, from a fear of centralization, had been distributed among different persons. Now the emperor gathered them up again.

† Creasy reckons this among the twelve decisive battles of the world. "Had Arminius been defeated," says Arnold, "our German ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated, and the great English nation would have been struck out of existence."

tentatiously in his house, not in a palace, and his toga was woven by his wife Livia and her maidens. He revived the worship of the gods. His chosen friends were men of letters. He beautified Rome, so that he could truly boast that he "found the city of brick, and left it of marble." There was now no fear of pirates or hostile fleets, and grain came in plenty from Egypt. The people were amused and fed; hence they were contented. The provinces were well governed,* and many gained Roman citizenship. A single language became a universal bond of intercourse, and Rome began her work of civilization and education. Wars having so nearly ceased, and interest in politics having diminished, men turned their thoughts more toward literature, art, and religion.

The Birth of Christ, the central figure in all history, occurred during the wide-spread peace of this reign.

The Empire was, in general, bounded by the Euphrates on the east, the Danube and the Rhine on the north, the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and the deserts of Africa on the south. It comprised about a hundred millions of people, of perhaps a hundred different nations, each speaking its own language and worshipping its own gods. An army of three hundred and fifty thousand men held the provinces in check, while the Prætorian Guard of ten thousand protected the person of the emperor. The Mediterranean, which the Romans proudly called, "Our own sea," served as a natural highway between the widely-sundered parts of this vast region, while the Roman roads, straight as an eagle's flight, bound every portion of the empire to its center. Everywhere, the emperor's will was law. His smile or frown was

* One day when Augustus was sailing in the Bay of Baiæ, a Greek ship was passing. The sailors, perceiving the emperor, stopped their vessel, arrayed themselves in white robes, and going on board his yacht, offered sacrifice to him as a god, saying, "You have given to us happiness. You have secured to us our lives and our goods."

the fortune or ruin of a man, a city, or a province. His character determined the prosperity of the empire.

Henceforth, the history of Rome is not that of the people, but of its emperors.* In the following pages, a brief account is given of the principal monarchs only; a full list of the emperors may be found, however, on page 121. None of the early emperors was followed by his own son, but, according to the Roman law of adoption, they all counted as Cæsars. Nero was the last of them at all connected with Augustus, even by adoption, though the emperors called themselves Cæsar and Augustus to the last. After the death of Augustus,

COIN OF TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

Tiberius (14 A.D.), his step-son, secured the empire by a decree of the senate. The army on the Rhine would have

* "Of the sixty-two emperors from Cæsar to Constantine, forty-two were murdered, three committed suicide, two abdicated or were forced to abdicate, one was killed in a rebellion, one was drowned, one died in war, one died it is not known how, and no more than eleven died in the way of nature. Between the death of Cæsar and the accession of Constantine, three hundred and nineteen years elapsed, giving to each Cæsar an average reign of five years and two months. Comparing this rate of imperial mortality against the usual terms of royal lives, the waste appears most striking. The thirty-five sovereigns of England (omitting Cromwell as not affecting the return) since the Conquest have 'lived in the purple' seven hundred and eighty-seven years—an average of over twenty-two years and five months. The kings of France, from Clovis to Louis Philippe, reigned, on the average, twenty-two years and two months. The German emperors, from the accession of Arnulf to the accession of Francis Joseph, each reigned nineteen years and three months. Even the czars of Russia, from Fedor to Nicholas, ruled for fourteen years and ten months each."—*Ath.*

gladly given the throne to the noble Germanicus, but he declined the honor. Jealous of his kinsman, Tiberius, it is thought, afterward removed him by poison. The new emperor ruled for a time with much ability, yet soon proved to be a gloomy tyrant,* and finally retired to the island of Capreæ, to practice in secret his infamous orgies. His favorite, the cruel and ambitious Sejā'nus, prefect of the Prætorian Guard, remained at Rome as the real ruler, but, having conspired against his master, he was thrown into the Mamertine prison and there strangled. Many of the best citizens fell victims to the emperor's suspicious disposition, and all, even the surviving members of his own family, breathed easier when news came of his sudden death.

The great event of this reign was the crucifixion of Christ† at Jerusalem, under Pilate, Roman procurator of Judea.

Caligula ‡ (37 A. D.) inherited some of his father's virtues, but he was weak-minded, and his history records only a madman's freaks. He made his favorite horse a consul, and provided him a golden manger. Any one at whom the emperor nodded his head or pointed his finger was at once executed. "Would," said he, "that all the people at Rome had but one neck, so I could cut it off at a single blow."

Nero (54 A. D.) assassinated his mother and wife. In the midst of a great fire which destroyed a large part of Rome, he chanted a poem to the music of his lyre, while he watched the flames. To secure himself against the charge of having at least spread the fire, he ascribed the confla-

* His character resembled that of Louis XI. See *Brief History of France*, p. 94.

† Over his cross was an inscription in three languages, significant of the three best developments then known of the human race—ROMAN LAW, GREEK MIND, AND HEBREW FAITH.

‡ Caius, son of Germanicus and Agrippina—grand-daughter of Augustus—received from the soldiers the nickname of Caligula, by which he is always known, because he wore little boots (*caligulæ*) while with his father in camp on the Rhine.

gration to the Christians. These were cruelly persecuted,* St. Paul and St. Peter, according to tradition, being martyred at this time. In rebuilding the city, Nero substituted broad streets for the winding lanes in the hollow between the seven hills, and erected, in place of unsightly piles of brick and wood, handsome stone buildings, each block surrounded by a colonnade.

COIN OF NERO.

Vespasian (69 A.D.) was made emperor by his army in Judea. An old-fashioned Roman, he sought to revive the ancient virtues of honesty and frugality. His son TITUS, after the capture of Jerusalem (p. 234), shared the throne with his father, and finally succeeded to the empire. His generosity and kindness won him the name of the *Delight of Mankind.* He refused to sign a death-warrant, and pronounced any day lost in which he had not done some one a favor. During this happy period, the famous Colosseum at Rome was finished, and Agricola conquered nearly all Britain, making it a Roman province; but Pompeii and

* Some were crucified. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs. Some were thrown to the tigers and lions in the amphitheatre. Gray-haired men were forced to fight with trained gladiators. Worst of all, one night Nero's gardens were lighted by Christians, who, their clothes having been smeared with pitch and ignited, were placed as blazing torches along the course on which the emperor, heedless of their agony, drove his chariot in the races.

Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Domitian * (81 A. D.) was a second Nero or Caligula. His chief amusement was in spearing flies with a pin; yet he styled himself "Lord and God," and received divine honors. He banished the philosophers, and renewed the persecution of the Christians. At this time, St. John was exiled to the isle of Patmos.

The Five Good Emperors (96–180 A. D.) now brought in the palmiest days of Rome. *Nerva*, a quiet, honest old man, distributed lands among the plebs, and taught them to work for a living. *Trajan*, a great Spanish general, conquered the Dacians and many Eastern peoples; founded public libraries and schools in Italy; and tried to restore freedom of speech and simplicity of life.† *Hadrian* traveled almost incessantly over his vast empire, overseeing the government of the provinces, and erecting splendid buildings. *Antoninus Pius* was a second Numa, by his love of justice and religion diffusing the blessings of peace and order over the civilized world. *Aurelius* ‡ was a philosopher and loved quiet. But the time of peace had passed. The Germans, pressed by the Slaves who lived in Russia, fled before them, and crossed the Roman frontiers as in the time of Marius. The emperor was forced to take the field in person, and died during the eighth winter-campaign.

Decline of the Empire.—The most virtuous of men was succeeded by his son Commodus, a weak, vicious boy. An era of military despotism ensued. Murder became

* Domitian is said to have once called together the senate to decide how a fish should be cooked for his dinner.

† Two centuries afterward, at the accession of each emperor, the senate wished that he might be "more fortunate than Augustus, more virtuous than Trajan."

‡ M. Aurelius was the adopted son of Antoninus, and, after the death of his adoptive father, assumed his name, so that this period is known as the *Age of the Antonines*.

domesticated in the palace of the Cæsars. The Prætorian Guards put up the imperial power at auction, and sold it to the highest bidder. The armies in the provinces declared for their favorite officers, and the throne became the stake of battle. Few of the long list of emperors who succeeded to the throne are worthy of mention.

Septim'ius Seve'rus (193 A. D.), a general in Germany, after defeating his rivals, ruled vigorously, though often cruelly. His triumphs in Parthia and Britain renewed the glory of the Roman arms.

Car'acal'lus (211 A. D.) would be remembered only for his ferocity, but that he gave the right of Roman citizenship to all the provinces, in order to tax them for the benefit of his soldiers. This event marked an era in the history of the empire, and greatly lessened the importance of Rome.

Alexander Seve'rus (222 A. D.) delighted in the society of the wise and good. He favored the Christians, and over the door of his palace were inscribed the words, "Do unto others that which you would they should do unto you." He won glorious victories against the Germans and Persians, but, attempting to establish discipline in the army, was slain by his mutinous troops while he was yet only in the bloom of youth.

The Barbarian Goths, Germans, and Persians, who had so long threatened the empire, invaded it on every side. The emperor Decius was killed in battle by the Goths. *Gallus* bought peace by an annual tribute. *Valerian* was taken prisoner by the Persian king, who carried him about in chains, and used him as a footstool in mounting his horse. The temple at Ephesus was burned at this time by the Goths. During the general confusion, so many usurpers sprang up over the empire and established short-lived kingdoms, that this is known as the Era of the Thirty Tyrants.

The Illyrian Emperors (268–284 A. D.), however, rolled back the tide of invasion. *Claudius* vanquished the Goths in a contest which recalled the days of Marius and the Gauls. *Aurelian* drove the Germans into their native wilds, and defeated Zenobia, the beautiful and heroic Queen of Palmyra, bringing her to Rome in chains of gold to grace his triumph. *Probus* triumphed at the East and the West, and, turning to the arts of peace, introduced the vine into Germany, and taught the legions to work in vineyard and field. *Diocle'tian* began a new method of government. To meet the swarming enemies of the empire, he associated with himself his comrade-in-arms, *Maximian;* each emperor took the title of Augustus, and appointed, under the name of Cæsar, a brave general as his successor. War raged at once in Persia, Egypt, Britain, and Germany, but the four rulers vigilantly watched over their respective provinces, and the Roman eagles conquered every foe.

In the year 303 A. D., the joint emperors celebrated the last triumph ever held at Rome. During the same year, also, began the last and most bitter persecution of the Christians,* so that this reign is called the Era of the Martyrs.

Spread of Christianity.—The religion established in Judea by Christ, and preached during the 1st century by Paul and the other Apostles (see *Acts of the Apostles*), had now spread over the western empire. It was largely, however, confined to the cities, as is curiously shown in the fact that the word pagan originally meant only a countryman. While the Romans tolerated the religious belief of every nation which they conquered, they persecuted the Christians alone. This was because the latter opposed the national

* In 305 A. D., both emperors resigned the purple. Diocletian amused himself by working in his garden, and when Maximian sought to draw him out of his retirement, he wrote: "If you could see the cabbages I have planted with my own hand, you would never ask me to remount the throne."

religion of the empire, refused to offer sacrifice to its gods, and to worship its emperors. Moreover, the Christians absented themselves from the games and feasts, and were accustomed to hold their meetings at night, and often in secret. They were therefore looked upon as enemies of the state, and were persecuted by even the best rulers, as Trajan and Diocletian. This opposition, however, served only to strengthen the rising faith. The heroism of the martyrs extorted the admiration of their enemies. Thus, when Polycarp was hurried before the tribunal and urged to curse Christ, he exclaimed "Eighty-six years have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good; how could I curse Him, my Lord and Saviour." And when the flames rose around him he thanked God that he was deemed worthy of such a death. With the decaying empire, heathenism grew weaker, while Christianity gained strength. As early as the reign of Septimius Severus, Tertullian declared that if the Christians were forced to emigrate, the empire would become a desert.

Loss of Roman Prestige.—Men no longer looked to Rome for their citizenship. The army consisted principally of Gauls, Germans, and Britons, who were now as good Romans as any. The emperors were of provincial birth. The wars kept them on the frontiers, and Diocletian, it is said, had never seen Rome until he came there in the twentieth year of his reign to celebrate his triumph. His gorgeous Asiatic court, with its pompous ceremonies and its king wearing the hated crown, was so ridiculed in Rome by song and lampoon that the monarch never returned. His headquarters were kept at Nicomedia (Bithynia) in Asia Minor, and Maximian's at Milan.

Constantine, the Cæsar in Britain, having been proclaimed Augustus by his troops, overthrew five rivals who

contested the throne, and became sole ruler (324 A. D.). His reign marked an era in the world's history. It was characterized by three changes: 1. Christianity became, in a sense, the state-religion.* 2. The capital was removed to Byzantium, a Greek city, afterward known as Constantinople (Constantine's city). 3. The monarchy was made an absolute despotism, the army being remodeled so as to weaken its power, and a court established, with its titled nobility, who received their honors directly from the emperor, and took rank with, if not the place of, the former consul, senator, or patrician.

The First General (Œcumenical) **Council** of the church was held at Nice (325 A. D.), to consider the teachings of Arius, a priest of Alexandria, who denied the divinity of Christ.

Christianity soon conquered the empire. The emperor *Julian,* the Apostate, an excellent man though a pagan philosopher, sought to restore the old religion, but in vain. The best intellects, repelled from political discussion by the tyranny of the government, turned to the consideration of theological questions. This was especially true of the Eastern church, where the Greek mind, so fond of metaphysical subtleties, was predominant.

Barbarian Invasions.—In the latter part of the 4th century, a host of savage Huns,† bursting into Europe, drove

* According to the legend, when Constantine was marching against Maxentius, the rival Augustus at Rome, he saw in the sky at midday a flaming cross, and beneath it the words, IN THIS CONQUER! Constantine accepted the new faith, and assumed the standard of the cross, which was henceforth borne by the Christian emperors.

† The Huns were a Turanian race from Asia. They were short, thick-set, with flat noses, deep-sunk eyes, and a yellow complexion. Their faces were hideously scarred with slashes to prevent the growth of the beard. A historian of the time compared them in their ugliness to the grinning heads clumsily carved on the posts of bridges. They built no cities or houses, and never came under a roof except in superstitious dread. They were clad in skins, which were never changed until they rotted off. They lived on horseback, carrying their families and all their possessions in huge wagons.

the Teutons in terror before them. The frightened Goths* obtained permission to cross the Danube for an asylum, and soon a million of these wild warriors stood sword in hand on the Roman territory. They were assigned lands in Thrace; but the ill-treatment of the Roman officials drove them to arms. They defeated the emperor *Valens* in a terrible battle near Adrianople, the monarch himself being burned to death in a peasant's cottage, where he had been carried wounded. The victorious Goths pressed forward to the very gates of Constantinople.

Theodosius the Great, a Spaniard, raised from a farm to the throne, stayed for a few years the inevitable progress of events. He pacified the Goths, and enlisted forty thousand of their warriors under the eagles of Rome. He forbade the worship of the old gods, and tried to put down the Arian heresy, so prevalent at Constantinople. At his death (395 A.D.), the empire was divided between his two sons.

Henceforth, the histories of the Eastern or Byzantine and the Western Empire are separate. The former is to go on at Constantinople for one thousand years, while Rome is soon to pass into the hands of the barbarians.

The 5th Century is known as the *Era of the Great Migration*. During this period, Europe was turbulent with the movements of the restless Germans. Pressed by the Huns, the different tribes—the East and West Goths, Franks, Alans, Vandals, Burgundians, Longobards (Lombards), Allemanns, Angles, Saxons—poured south and west with irre-

* The Goths were already somewhat advanced in civilization through their intercourse with the Romans, and we read of Gothic leaders who were "judges of Homer, and carried well-chosen books with them on their travels." Under the teachings of their good bishop Ul'philas, many accepted Christianity, and the Bible was translated into their language. They, however, became Arians, and so a new element of discord was introduced, as they hated the Catholic Christians of Rome. See *Brief History of France*, p. 14.

sistible fury, arms in hand, seeking new homes in the crumbling Roman empire. It was nearly two centuries before the turmoil subsided enough to note the changes which had taken place.

Three Great Barbaric Leaders, Alaric the Goth, Attila the Hun, and Genseric the Vandal, were conspicuous in the grand catastrophe.

1. *Al'aric* having been chosen prince of the Goths, after the death of Theodosius, passed the defile of Thermopylæ, and devastated Greece, destroying the precious monuments of its former glory. Sparta and Athens, once so brave, made no defence. He was finally driven back by Stilicho, a Vandal, but the only great Roman general. Alaric next moved upon Italy, but was repeatedly repulsed by the watchful Stilicho. The Roman emperor Honorius, jealous of his successful general, ordered his execution. When Alaric came again, there was no one to oppose his progress. All the barbarian Germans, of every name, joined his victorious arms. Rome * bought a brief respite with a ransom of "gold, silver, silk, scarlet cloth, and pepper"; but the Eternal City, which had not seen an enemy before its walls since the day when it defied Hannibal, soon fell without a blow (410 A. D.). No Horatius was there to hold the bridge in this hour of peril. The gates were thrown open, and at midnight the Gothic trumpet awoke the inhabitants. For six days the barbarians held high revel, and then their clumsy

* "Rome, at this time, contained probably a million of inhabitants, and its wealth might well attract the cupidity of the barbarous invader. The palaces of the senators were filled with gold and silver ornaments—the prize of many a bloody campaign. The churches were rich with the contributions of pious worshippers. On the entrance of the Goths, a fearful scene of pillage ensued. Houses were fired to light the streets. Great numbers of citizens were driven off to be sold as slaves; while others fled to Africa, or the islands of the Mediterranean. Alaric being an Arian, tried to save the churches, as well as the city, from destruction. But now began that swift decay which soon reduced Rome to heaps of ruins, and rendered the title 'The Eternal City' a sad mockery."—*Smith.*

wagons, heaped high with priceless plunder, moved south along the Appian Way. Alaric died soon after.* His successor married the sister of the emperor,† and was styled an officer of Rome. Under his guidance, the Goths and Germans turned westward into Spain and southern Gaul. There they founded a powerful Visigothic kingdom, with Toulouse as its capital.

ATTILA.

2. *Attila*, king of the hideous Huns, gathering a half million savages, set forth westward from his wooden palace in Hungary, vowing not to stop till he reached the sea. He called himself the Scourge of God, and boasted that where his horse set foot grass never grew again. On the field of *Chalons* (451 A.D.), Æ'tius the Roman general in Gaul, and Theodoric king of the Goths, arrested this Turanian horde, and saved Europe to Christianity and Aryan civilization. Burning with revenge, Attila crossed the Alps and descended

* The Goths, in order to hide his tomb, turned aside a stream, and, digging a grave in its bed, placed therein the body, clad in richest armor. They then let the water back, and slew the prisoners who had done the work.

† During this disgraceful campaign, Honorius lay hidden in the inaccessible morasses of Ravenna, where he amused himself with his pet chickens. When some one told him Rome was lost, he replied, "That cannot be, for I fed her out of my hand a moment ago," alluding to a hen which he called Rome.

into Italy. City after city was spoiled and burned.* Just as he was about to march upon Rome, Pope Leo came forth to meet him, and the barbarian, awed by his majestic mien and the glory which yet clung to that seat of empire, agreed to spare the city. Attila returned to the banks of the Danube, where he died shortly after, leaving behind him in history no mark save the ruin he had wrought.

3. *Gen'seric,* leading across into Africa the Vandals, who had already settled the province of *Vandal*usia in southern Spain, founded an empire at Carthage. Wishing to revive its former maritime greatness, he built a fleet and gained control of the Mediterranean. His ships cast anchor in the Tiber, and the intercessions of Leo were now fruitless to save Rome. For fourteen days, the pirates plundered the city of the Cæsars. Works of art, bronzes, precious marbles, were ruthlessly destroyed, so that the word Vandal became synonymous with wanton devastation.

Fall of the Roman Empire (476 A. D.).—The commander of the barbarian troops in the pay of Rome now set up at pleasure one puppet-emperor after another. The last of these phantom monarchs, Romulus Augustulus, by a singular coincidence, bore the names of the founder of the city, and of the empire. Finally, at the command of Odo'acer, German chief of the mercenaries, he laid down his useless sceptre. The senate sent the tiara and purple robe to Constantinople, and Zeno, the Eastern emperor, appointed Odoacer *Patrician of Italy.* So the Western empire passed away, and only this once proud title remained to recall its former glory.

* The inhabitants of Aquileia and other cities, seeking a refuge in the islands of the Adriatic, founded the city of Venice, fitly named The Eldest Daughter of the Empire.

ROMAN CONSUL AND LICTORS.

2. THE CIVILIZATION.

Society.—The early Roman social and political organization was similar to that of Athens. The true Roman people comprised only the *patricians* and their *clients.* The patricians formed the ruling class, and, even in the time of the republic, gave to Roman history an aristocratic character. Several clients were attached to each patrician, serving his interests, and in turn, being protected by him.

The three original tribes of patricians (Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres) were each divided into ten *curiæ*, and each *curia* theoretically into ten *gentes* (houses, or clans). The members of a Roman curia, or ward, like those of an Athenian *phratry*, possessed many interests in common, each curia having its own priest and lands. A gens comprised several families,* united usually by kinship and

* Contrary to the custom in Greece, where family-names were seldom used, and a man was generally known by a single name having reference to some personal peculiarity or private circumstance, every Roman was given three names: the *prænomen* or individual name, the *nomen* or clan-name, and the *cognomen* or family-name. Sometimes a fourth name was added to commemorate some exploit. Thus, in the case of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus and his brother, Lælius Cornelius Scipio Asiaticus (note, p. 45), we recognize all these titles.

intermarriage, and bearing the same name. Besides this general organization, each family formed a little community by itself, governed by its "paterfamilias," who owned all the property and held the life of his children at will. The sons dwelt under the paternal roof, often long after they were married, and cultivated the family estate in common.

MAGISTRATES.—*The consuls* commanded the army, and executed the decrees of the senate and the people. They were chosen annually. They wore a white robe with a purple border, and were attended by twelve lictors bearing the axe and rods, emblems of the consular power. At the approach of a consul, all heads were uncovered, seated persons arose, and those on horseback dismounted. No one was eligible to the consulship until he was forty-three years of age, and had held the offices of questor, ædile, and prætor.

The questors received and paid out the moneys of the state.

The ædiles, two (and, afterward, four) in number, took charge of the public buildings, the cleaning and draining of the streets, and the superintendence of the police and the public games.

The prætor was a sort of judge. At first there was only one, but, finally, owing to the increase of Roman territory, there were sixteen of these officers. In the later days of the republic it became customary for the consuls and the prætors, after serving a year in the city, to take command of provinces, and to assume the title of proconsul or proprætor.

The two censors were elected for five years. They took the census, not only of the names but of the property of the Roman citizens; arranged the different classes (p. 22); corrected the lists of senators and equites, striking out those who were unworthy, and filling vacancies in the senate; punished extravagance and immorality; levied the taxes; and repaired and constructed public works, roads, etc.

The Army.—Every citizen between the ages of seventeen and fifty was subject to military service, unless he was of the lowest class, or had served twenty campaigns in the infantry or ten in the cavalry. The drill was severe, and included running, jumping, swimming in full armor, and marching long distances at the rate of four miles per hour. The order of battle, equipment, etc., varied at different times. Among the peculiarities were the four classes of foot-soldiers, viz., the *velites*, or light armed, who hovered in front; the *hastati*, so-called because they anciently carried spears, and who formed the first line of battle; the *principes*, so-named because in early times they were put in front, and who formed the second line; and the *triarii*, veterans who composed the third line. Each legion contained from

three to six thousand men. The legions were divided and subdivided into cohorts, companies (manipuli), and centuries.

Arms and Mode of Warfare.—The national arm of the Romans was the *pilum*, a heavy iron-pointed spear, six feet long, and weighing ten or eleven pounds. This was thrown at a distance of ten to fifteen paces, after which the legionary quickly came to blows with his stout, short sword. The velites began the battle with their light javelins, and then retired behind the rest. The hastati, the principes, and the triarii, each, in turn, bore the brunt of the fight, and, if defeated, passed through intervals between the manipuli of the other lines, and rallied in the rear.*

SIEGE OF A CITY.

* Later in Roman history the soldier ceased to be a citizen, and remained constantly with the eagles until discharged. Marius arranged his troops in two lines,

The Romans learned from the Greeks the use of military engines, and finally became experts in the art of sieges. Their principal machines were the *ballista* for throwing stones; the *catapult* for hurling darts; the *battering ram* (so called from the shape of the metal head) for breaching walls; and the *movable tower*, which could be pushed close to the fortifications and so overlook them.

On the march each soldier had to carry, besides his arms, grain enough to last from seventeen to thirty days, one or more wooden stakes, and, often, intrenching tools. When the army halted, even for a single night, a ditch was dug about the site for the camp, and a stout palisade made of the wooden stakes, to guard against a sudden attack. The exact size of the camp, and the location of every tent, street, etc., were fixed by a regular plan common to all the armies.

Literature.—For about five centuries after the founding of Rome, there was not a Latin author. When a regard for letters at last arose, the tide of imitation set irresistibly toward Greece. Over two centuries after Æschylus and Sophocles contended for the Athenian prize, *Livius Andronicus*, a Grecian-born slave (brought to Rome about 250 B. C.), made the first Latin translation of Greek classics, and himself wrote and acted * plays whose inspiration was caught from the same source. His works soon became text-books in Roman schools, and were used till the time of Virgil. *Nævius*, a soldier-poet, "the last of the native minstrels," patterned after Euripides in tragedy, and Aristophanes in comedy. The Romans resented the exposure of their national and individual weaknesses on the stage, sent the bold satirist to prison, and finally banished him. *Ennius*, "the father of Latin song," who called himself the Roman "Homer," and who unblushingly borrowed from his great model, decried the native fashion of ballad-writing, introduced hexameter verse, and built up a new style of literature, closely

and Cæsar generally in three, but the terms hastati, principes, and triarii lost their significance. The place of the velites was taken by Cretan archers, Balearic slingers, and Gallic and German mercenaries. In time, the army was filled with foreigners; the heavy pilum and breastplate were thrown aside; all trace of Roman equipment and discipline disappeared, and the legion became a thing of the past.

* For a long time, he was the only performer in these dramas. He recited the dialogues and speeches, and sung the lyrics to the accompaniment of a flute. So favorably was the new entertainment received by Roman audiences, and so often was the successful actor *encored*, that he lost his voice, and was obliged to hire a boy, who, hidden behind a curtain, sung the canticas, while Livius, in front, made the appropriate gestures. This custom afterward became common on the Roman stage.

founded on the Grecian.* His *Annals*, a poetical Roman history, was for two centuries the national poem of Rome. Ennius, unlike Nævius, flattered the ruling powers, and was rewarded by having his bust placed in the tomb of the Scipios. *Plautus* (254–184 B. C.), who pictured with his coarse, vigorous, and brilliant wit the manners of his day, and *Terence* (195–159 B. C.), a learned and graceful humorist, were the two great comic poets of Rome.† They were succeeded by *Lucilius* (148–103 B. C.), a brave soldier and famous knight, whose sharp, fierce satire was poured relentlessly on Roman vice and folly.

Among the early prose writers was *Cato the Censor* (234–149 B. C.), son of a Sabine farmer, who became famous as lawyer, orator, soldier, and politician (p. 45). His hand-book on agriculture, *De Re Rustica*, is still studied by farmers, and over one hundred and fifty of his strong, rugged orations find a place among the classics. His chief work, *The Origines*, a history of Rome, is lost.

Varro (116–28 B. C.), "the most learned of the Romans," first soldier, then farmer and author, wrote on theology, philosophy, history, agriculture, etc. He founded large libraries and a museum of sculpture, cultivated the fine arts, and sought to awaken literary tastes among his countrymen.

To the last century B. C. belong the illustrious names of Virgil and Horace, Cicero, Livy, and Sallust. First in order of birth was *Cicero*,‡ orator, essayist, and delightful letter-writer. Most elo-

* Ennius claimed that the soul of the old Greek bard had in its transmigration entered his body from its preceding home in a peacock. He so impressed his intellectual personality upon the Romans that they were sometimes called the "Ennian People." Cicero greatly admired his works, and Virgil borrowed as unscrupulously from Ennius, as Ennius had filched from Homer.

† It is noticeable that of all the poets we have mentioned, not one was born at Rome. Livius was a slave from Magna Græcia; Nævius was a native of Campania; Ennius was a Calabrian, who came to Rome as a teacher of Greek; Plautus (meaning flat-foot—his name being, like Plato, a sobriquet) was an Umbrian, the son of a slave, and served in various menial employments before he began play-writing; and Terence was the slave of a Roman senator. To be a Roman slave, however, was not incompatible with the possession of talents and education, since, by the pitiless rules of ancient warfare, the richest and most learned citizen of a captured town might become a drudge in a Roman household, or be sent to labor in the mines.

‡ Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B. C.), son of a book-loving, country gentleman, was educated at Rome, studied law and philosophy at Athens, traveled two years in Asia Minor, and then settled in Rome as an advocate. Plunging into the politics of his time, he soon became famous for his thrilling oratory, and was made, in succession, questor, ædile, prætor, and consul. For his detection of Catiline's conspiracy, he received the title of Pater Patriæ. His subsequent banishment, recall, and tragic death are historical (p. 63). Cicero was accused of being vain, vacillating, unamiable, and extravagant. He had an elegant mansion on the Palatine Hill and

quent of all the Romans, his genius was not exhausted in the rude contests of the forum and basilica, but his thoughtful political essays, and his gossipy letters, are esteemed as highly as his brilliant orations. He studied Greek models, and his four orations on the *Conspiracy of Catiline* rank not unfavorably with the Philippics of Demosthenes. His orations were used for lessons in Roman schools before he died, and, with his essays, *De Republica*, *De Officiis*, and *De Senectute*, are familiar Latin text-books of to-day.

Sallust,* a polished historian after the style of Thucydides, holds his literary renown by two short works—*The Conspiracy of Catiline* and *The Jugurthine War*, which are remarkable for their condensed vigor and vivid portrayal of character.

Virgil† and Horace, poet-friends of the Augustan Age, are well-known to us. Virgil left ten *Eclogues* or *Bucolics*, in which he patterned after Theocritus, a celebrated Sicilian poet of the Alexandrian Age; *The Georgics*, a work on Roman agriculture and stock-breeding, in confessed imitation of Hesiod's *Works and Days;* and the *Æneid*, modeled upon the Homeric poems. His tender,

numerous country villas, his favorite one at Tusculum being built on the plan of the Academy at Athens. Here he walked and talked with his friends in a pleasant imitation of Aristotle, and here he had a magnificent library of handsomely-bound volumes, to which he continually added rare works, copied by his skillful Greek slaves. His favorite poet was Euripides, whose *Medea*, it is said, he was reading when he was overtaken by his assassinators.

* *Caius Sallustius Crispus* (86–34 B. C.), who was expelled from the senate for immorality, served afterward in the civil war, and was made governor of Numidia by Julius Cæsar. He grew enormously rich on his provincial plunderings, and returned to Rome to build a magnificent palace on the edge of the Campus Martius, where, in the midst of beautiful gardens, groves, and flowers, he devoted his remaining years to study and friendship.

† The small paternal estate of *Publius Virgilius Maro* (70–19 B. C.), which was confiscated after the fall of the republic, was restored to him by Augustus. The young country poet, who had been educated in Cremona, Milan, and Naples, expressed his gratitude for the imperial favor in a Bucolic (shepherd-poem), one of several addressed to various friends. Their merit and novelty—for they were the first Latin pastorals—attracted the notice of Mæcenas, the confidential adviser of the emperor; and, presently, "the tall, slouching, somewhat plebeian figure of Virgil was seen among the brilliant crowd of courtiers, statesmen, artists, poets, and historians who thronged the audience-chamber of the popular minister," in his sumptuous palace on the Esquiline Hill. Mæcenas, whose wealth equaled his luxurious tastes, took great delight in encouraging men of letters, being himself well versed in Greek and Roman literature, the fine arts, and natural history. Acting upon his advice, Virgil wrote the *Georgics*, upon which he spent seven years. The *Æneid* was written to please Augustus, whose ancestry it traces back to the "pious Æneas" of Troy, the hero of the poem. In his last illness, Virgil, who had not yet polished his great work to suit his fastidious tastes, would have destroyed it but for the entreaties of his friends. In accordance with his dying request, he was buried near Naples, where his tomb is still shown above the Posilippo Grotto.

brilliant, graceful, musical lines are on the tongue of every Latin student. The *Æneid* became a text-book for the little Romans within fifty years after its author's death, and has never lost its place in the school-room.

CICERO, VIRGIL, HORACE, AND SALLUST.

Horace,* in his early writings, imitated Archilochus and Lucilius, and himself says:

> "The shafts of my passion at random I flung,
> And, dashing headlong into petulant rhyme,
> I recked neither where nor how fiercely I stung."
>
> —*Ode* I. 15.

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* *Quintus Horatius Flaccus* (65–8 B. C.), "the wit who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed," was the son of a freedman, who gave his boy a thorough Roman education, and afterward sent him to Athens—still the school of the world. Here he joined the army of Brutus, but after the defeat at Philippi—where his want of bravery was only too conspicuous—he returned to Rome to find his father dead, and all his little fortune confiscated. Of this time, he afterward wrote:

> "Want stared me in the face; so then and there
> I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair."

The proceeds of his poems and the gifts of friends bought him a clerkship in the questor's department, and made him modestly independent. Virgil introduced him

But his kind, genial nature soon tempered this "petulant rhyme." His *Satires* are rambling, sometimes ironical, and always witty, discourses. Like Virgil, he loved to sing of country life. He wrote laboriously, and carefully studied all his metaphors and phrases. His *Odes* have a consummate grace and finish.

Livy,* who outlived Horace by a quarter of a century, wrote one hundred and forty-two volumes of *Roman History*, beginning with the fabulous landing of Æneas, and closing with the death of Drusus (8 B. C.). Thirty-five volumes remain. His grace, enthusiasm, and eloquence make his pages delightful to read, though he is no longer accepted as an accurate historian.

The First Century A. D. produced the two Plinys, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Seneca.

Pliny the Elder† is remembered for his *Natural History*, a work of thirty-seven volumes, covering the whole range of the scientific knowledge of his time.

Pliny the Younger, the charming letter-writer, and *Tacitus*, the orator and historian, two rich, eloquent, and distinguished noblemen, were among the most famous intellectual men of their time.‡

to Mæcenas, who took him into an almost romantic friendship, lasting through life. From this generous patron, he received the gift of the "Sabine Farm," to which he retired, and which he has immortalized by his descriptions. He died a few months after his "dear knight Mæcenas," to whom he had declared nearly a score of years before,

"Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,"
"Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath,
For we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, where'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below."

He was buried on the Esquiline Hill, by the side of his princely friend.

* *Titus Livius* (59 B. C.–17 A. D.). Little is known of his private life except that he was the friend of the Cæsars. So great was his renown in his own time that, according to legend, a Spaniard traveled from Cadiz to Rome to see him, looked upon him, and contentedly retraced his journey.

† Of this Pliny's incessant research, his nephew (Pliny the Younger) writes: "From the twenty-third of August he began to study at midnight, and through the winter he rose at one or two in the morning. During his meals a book was read to him, he taking notes while it went on, for he read nothing without making extracts. In fact he thought all time lost which was not given to study." Besides his Natural History, Pliny the Elder wrote over sixty books on History, Rhetoric, Education, and Military Tactics; he also left "one hundred and sixty volumes of Extracts, written on both sides of the leaf, and in the minutest hand." His eagerness to learn cost him his life, for he perished in approaching too near Vesuvius, in the great eruption which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum (79 A. D.).

‡ Tacitus was sitting one day in the circus watching the games, when a stranger entered into a learned disquisition with him, and, after a while, inquired, "Are you

They scanned and criticised each other's manuscript, and became by their intimacy so linked with each other that they were jointly remembered in people's wills, legacies to friends being the fashion of the day. Of the writings of Tacitus, there remain a part of the *Annals* and the *History of Rome*, a treatise on *Germany*, and a *Life of Agricola*. Of Pliny, we have only the *Epistles* and an *Eulogium upon Trajan*. The style of Tacitus was grave and stately, sometimes sarcastic or ironical; that of Pliny was vivid, graceful, and circumstantial.

Seneca (7 B. C.–65 A. D.), student, poet, orator, and stoic philosopher, employed his restless intellect in brilliant ethical essays, tragedies, and instructive letters written for the public eye.* His teachings were remarkable for their moral purity, and the Christian Fathers called him "The Divine Pagan."

Juvenal, the mocking, eloquent, cynical satirist, belongs to the close of the century. His writings are unsurpassed in scathing denunciations of vice.†

Libraries and Writing Materials.—The Roman stationery differed little from the Grecian. The passion for collecting books was now so great that private libraries sometimes contained over sixty thousand volumes.‡ The *scribæ* and *librarii*, slaves who were attached to library service, were an important part of a Roman gentleman's household. Fifty or a hundred copies of a book were often made at the same time, one scribe reading while the others

of Italy or from the provinces?" "You know me from your reading," replied the historian. "Then," rejoined the other, "you must be either Tacitus or Pliny."

* Seneca was the tutor and guardian of the young Nero, and in later days carried his friendship so far as to write a defence of the murder of Agrippina. But Nero was poor and in debt; Seneca was immensely rich. To charge him with conspiracy, sentence him to death, and seize his vast estates, was a policy characteristic of Nero. Seneca, then an old man, met his fate bravely and cheerfully. His young wife resolved to die with him, and opened a vein in her arm with the same weapon with which he had punctured his own, but Nero ordered her wound to be ligatured. As Seneca suffered greatly in dying, his slaves, to shorten his pain, suffocated him in a vapor bath.

† Juvenal's style is aptly characterized in his description of another noted satirist:

"But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
Waves his keen falchion o'er a guilty age,
The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
And burning blushes speak the pangs within;
Cold drops of sweat from every member roll,
And growing terrors harrow up his soul."

‡ Seneca ridiculed the fashionable pretensions of illiterate men who "adorn their rooms with thousands of books, the titles of which are the delight of the yawning owner."

wrote.* Papyrus, as it was less expensive than parchment, was the favorite writing material. The thick black ink used in writing was prepared from soot and gum; red ink was employed for ruling the columns. The Egyptian reed-pen (*calamus*) was still in vogue.

ROMAN LIBRARY.

* A book was written upon separate strips of papyrus. When the work was completed, the strips were glued together; the last page was fastened to a hollow reed, over which the whole was wound; the bases of the roll were carefully cut, smoothed, and dyed; a small stick was passed through the reed, the ends of which were adorned with ivory, golden, or painted knobs (*umbilici*); the roll was wrapped in parchment, to protect it from the ravages of worms, and the title-label was affixed:—the book was then ready for the library shelf or circular case (*scrinium*). The portrait of the author usually appeared on the first page, and the title of the book was written both at the beginning and the end. Sheets of parchment were folded and sewed in different sizes, like modern books.—An author read the first manuscript of his new work before as large an audience as he could command, and judged from its reception whether it would pay to publish. "If you want to recite," says Juvenal, "Maculonus will lend you his house, will range his freedmen on the furthest benches, and will put in the proper places his strong-lunged friends (these corresponded to our modern *claqueurs* or hired applauders); but he will not give what it costs to hire the benches, set up the galleries, and fill the stage with chairs." These readings often became a bore, and Pliny writes: "This year has brought us a great crop of poets. Audiences come slowly and reluctantly; even then they do not stop, but go away before the end; some indeed by stealth, others with perfect openness."

There were twenty-nine public libraries at Rome, of which the Ulpian, founded by Trajan, was the most important.

Education.—As early as 450 B. C. Rome had elementary schools, where boys and girls were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and music. The Roman boy mastered his alphabet at home, as most children do now, by playing with lettered blocks. At school, he chanted the letters, syllables, and words in class, after the teacher's dictation. His arithmetical calculations were carried on by the aid of his fingers, or with stone counters and a tablet ruled in columns—the counters expressing certain values according to the columns on which they were placed. He learned to write first on wax tablets, his little fingers being guided by the firm hand of the master; afterward he used pen and ink, and the blank side of second-hand slips of papyrus.* Boys of wealthy parents were accompanied to school by a slave, who carried their books, writing tablets, and counting boards, and also by a Greek pedagogue, who, in addition to other duties, practised them in his native language. Girls were attended to and from school by female slaves.

Livius Andronicus opened a new era in school education. Ennius, Nævius, and Plautus added to the text-books introduced by him, and the study of Greek became general. In later times, there were excellent higher schools where the master-pieces of Greek and Latin literature were carefully analyzed. National jurisprudence was not neglected, and every school-boy was expected to repeat the Twelve Tables from memory. Rhetoric and declamation were given great importance, and boys twelve years old delivered set harangues on the most solemn occasions.† As at Athens, the boy of sixteen years

* The copies set for him were usually some moral maxim, and, doubtless, many a Roman school-boy labored over that trite proverb quoted from Menander by Paul, and which still graces many a writing-book: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."—Roman schoolmasters were very severe in the use of the *ferula*. Plautus says that for missing a single letter in his reading, a boy was "striped like his nurse's cloak" with the black and blue spots left by the rod. Horace, two centuries later, anathematized his teacher as *Orbilius plagosus* (Orbilius of the birch); and Martial, the witty epigrammatist and friend of Juvenal, declares that in his time "the morning air resounded with the noise of floggings and the cries of suffering urchins."

† Julius Cæsar pronounced in his twelfth year the funeral oration of his aunt, and Augustus performed a similar feat. The technical rules of rhetoric and declamation were so minute, that, while they gave no play for genius, they took away the risk of failure. Not only the form, the turns of thought, the cadences, everything except the actual words, were modeled to a pattern, but the manner, the movements, the arrangement of the dress, and the tones of the voice, were subject to rigid rules. The hair was to be sedulously coifed; explicit directions governed the use of the handkerchief; the orator's steps in advance or retreat, to right or to left, were all numbered. He might rest only so many minutes on each foot, and place one only so

formally entered into manhood, the event being celebrated with certain ceremonies at home and in the Forum, and by the assumption of a new style of toga, or robe. He was now allowed to attend the instruction of any philosopher or rhetorician he chose, and to visit the Forum and Tribunals, being generally escorted by some man of note selected by his father. He finished his education by a course in Athens.

ROMAN TOGA.

Monuments and Art.—The early *Italian Temples* were copied from the Etruscans; the later ones were modifications of the Grecian. Round temples (Etruscan) were commonly dedicated to Vesta or Diana; sometimes a dome* and portico were added, as in the Pantheon.

The Basilica, or Hall of Justice, was usually rectangular, and divided into three or five aisles by rows of columns, the middle aisle being widest. At the extremity, was a semicircular, arched recess (*apse*) for the tribunal, in front of which was an altar—all important public business being preceded by sacrifice.

Magnificent Palaces were built by the Cæsars, of which the Golden House of Nero, begun on the Palatine and extending by means of intermediate structures to the Esquiline, is a familiar example.† At Tibur (the modern Tivoli), Hadrian had a variety of

many inches before the other; the elbow must not rise above a certain angle; the fingers should be set off with rings, but not too many or too large; and, in raising the hand to exhibit them, care must be taken not to disturb the head-dress. Every emotion had its prescribed gesture, and the heartiest applause of the audience was for the perfection of the pantomime. To run smoothly in all these physical as well as mental grooves of fashion, required incessant practice, and Augustus, it is said, "never allowed a day to pass without spending an hour in declamation, to keep his lungs in regular exercise and maintain the armory of dialectics furbished for ready use."—*Merivale's Romans.*

* Vaulted domes and large porticoes are characteristic of Roman architecture. The favorite column was the Corinthian, for which a new composite capital was invented. The foundation stone of a temple was laid on the day consecrated to the god to whom it was erected, and the building was made to face the point of the sun's rising on that morning. The finest specimens of Roman temple architecture are at Palmyra and Baalbec in Syria.

† A court in front, surrounded by a triple colonnade a mile long, contained the

structures, imitating and named after the most celebrated buildings of different provinces, such as the temple of Serapis at Canopus in Egypt, and the Lyceum and Academy at Athens. Even the valley of Tempe, and Hades itself, were here typified in a labyrinth of subterranean chambers.

In Military Roads, Bridges, Aqueducts, and Harbors, the Romans displayed great genius. Even the splendors of Nero's golden house dwindles into nothing compared with the harbor of Ostia, the drainage works of the Fucinine Lake, and the two large aqueducts, Aqua Claudia and Anio Nova.*

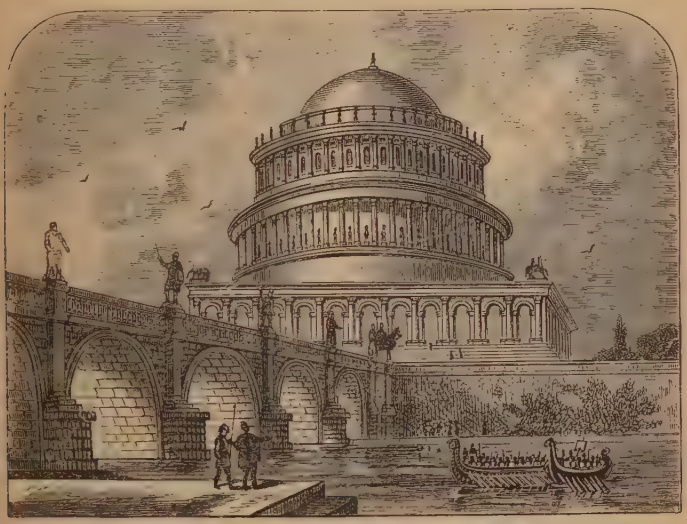
Military Roads.—Unlike the Greeks, who generally left their roads where chance or custom led, the Romans sent out their strong highways in straight lines from the capital, overcoming all natural difficulties as they went; filling in hollows and marshes, or spanning them with viaducts; tunneling rocks and mountains; bridging streams and valleys; sparing neither time, labor, nor money to make them perfect.† Along the principal ones were placed temples,

emperor's statue, one hundred and twenty feet high. In other courts were gardens, vineyards, meadows, great artificial ponds with rows of houses on their banks, and woods inhabited by tame and ferocious animals. The walls of the rooms were covered with gold and jewels; and the ivory with which the ceiling of the dining-halls was inlaid was made to slide back, so as to admit a rain of roses or fragrant waters on the heads of the carousers. Under Otho, this gigantic building was continued at an expense of over $2,500,000, but only to be pulled down for the greater part by Vespasian. Titus erected his Baths on the Esquiline foundation of the Golden Palace, and the Colosseum covers the site of one of the ponds.

* The Lacus Fucinus in the country of the Marsi was the cause of dangerous inundations. To prevent this, and to gain the bed of the lake for agricultural pursuits, a shaft was cut through the solid rock from the lake down to the River Liris, whence the water was discharged into the Mediterranean. The work occupied thirty thousand men for eleven years. The Aqua Claudia was fed by two springs in the Sabine mountain, and was forty-five Roman miles in length; the Anio Nova, fed from the River Anio, was sixty-two miles long. These aqueducts extended partly above and partly under ground, until about six miles from Rome, where they joined and were carried one above the other on a common structure of arches—in some places one hundred and nine feet high—into the city.

† In building a road, the line of direction was first laid out, and the breadth, which was usually from thirteen to fifteen feet, marked by trenches. The loose earth between the trenches having been excavated till a firm base was reached, the space was filled up to the proposed height of the road—which was sometimes twenty feet above the solid ground. First was placed a layer of small stones; next, broken stones cemented with lime; then, a mixture of lime, clay, and beaten fragments of brick and pottery; and finally, a mixture of pounded gravel and lime, or a pavement of hard, flat stones, cut into rectangular slabs or irregular polygons. All along the roads milestones were erected. Near the Arch of Septimius Severus in the Roman Forum may still be seen the remains of the "Golden Milestone" (erected by Augustus)—a gilded marble pillar on which were recorded the names of the roads and their length from the metropolis.

triumphal arches, and sepulchral monuments. The Appian Way—called also *Regina Viarum* or Queen of Roads—was famous for the number, beauty, and richness of its tombs. Its foundations were laid 312 B. C. by the censor Appius Claudius, from whom it was named.



BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, AND HADRIAN'S TOMB (RESTORED).

The Roman *Bridges* and *Viaducts* are among the most remarkable monuments of antiquity. In Greece, where the streams were narrow, little attention was paid to bridges, which were usually of wood, resting at each extremity upon stone piers. The Romans applied *the arch*, of which the Greeks knew little or nothing, to the construction of massive stone bridges* crossing the wide rivers of their various provinces. In like manner, marshy places or valleys liable to inundation were spanned by viaducts resting on solid arches. Of these bridges, which may still be seen in nearly every corner of the old Roman Empire, one of the most interesting is the Pons

* In early times, the bridges across the Tiber were regarded as sacred, and their care was confided to a special body of priests, called *pontifices* (bridge-makers). The name of *Pontifex Maximus* remained attached to the High Priest, and was worn by the Roman emperor. It is now given to the Pope. Bridges were sometimes made of wood-work and masonry combined.

Ælius, now called the Bridge of St. Angelo, built by Hadrian across the Tiber in Rome.

Aqueducts were constructed on the most stupendous scale, and at one time no less than twenty stretched their long lines of arches * across the Campagna, bringing into the heart of the city as many streams of water from scores of miles away.

In their stately *Harbors* the Romans showed the same defiance of natural difficulties. The lack of bays and promontories was supplied by dams and walls built far out into the sea; and even artificial islands were constructed to protect the equally artificial harbor. Thus, at Ostia, three enormous pillars, made of chalk, mortar, and Pozzuolan clay, were placed upright on the deck of a colossal ship, which was then sunk; the action of the salt water hardening the clay, rendered it indestructible, and formed an island foundation. Other islands were made by sinking flat vessels, loaded with huge blocks of stone. Less imposing, but no less useful were the *canals* and *ditches*, by means of which swamps and bogs were transformed into arable land; and the subterranean *sewers* in Rome, which, built twenty-five hundred years ago, still serve their original purpose.

Triumphal Arches,† erected at the entrance of cities, and across streets, bridges, and public roads, in honor of victorious generals or emperors, or in commemoration of some great event, were peculiar to the Romans; as were also the

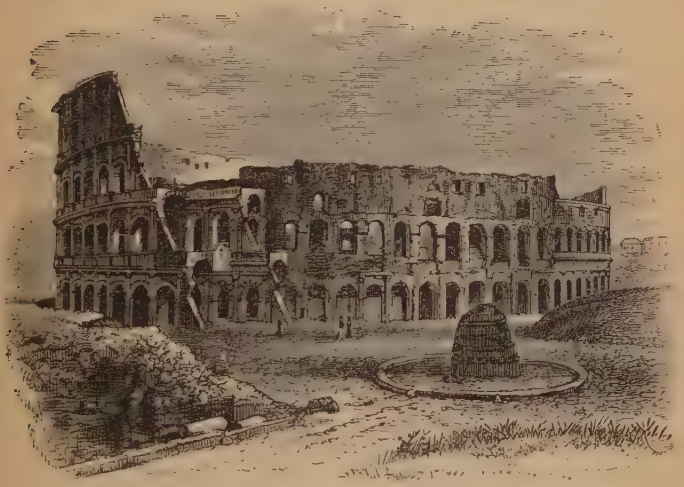
Amphitheatres,‡ of which the Flavian, better known as the Colosseum, is the most famous. This structure was built mostly of blocks

* Their remains, striking across the desolate Campagna in various directions and covered with ivy, maiden-hair, wild flowers, and fig-trees, form one of the most picturesque features in the landscape about Rome. "Wherever you go, these arches are visible; and toward nightfall, glowing in the splendor of a Roman sunset, and printing their lengthening sun-looped shadows upon the illuminated slopes, they look as if the hand of Midas had touched them, and changed their massive blocks of cork-like travertine into crusty courses of molten gold."—*Story's Roba di Roma.*

† Many of these arches still remain. The principal ones in Rome are those of Titus and Constantine, near the Colosseum, and that of Septimius Severus in the Roman Forum. The Arch of Titus, built of white marble, commemorates the destruction of Jerusalem. On the bas-reliefs of the interior are represented the golden table, the seven-branched candlestick, and other precious spoils from the Jewish Temple, carried in triumphal procession by the victors. To this day, no Jew will walk under this Arch.

‡ The Roman theatre differed little from the Grecian. The first amphitheatre, made in the time of Julius Cæsar, consisted of two wooden theatres, so placed upon pivots that they could be wheeled around, spectators and all, and either set back to back, for two separate dramatic performances, or face to face, making a closed arena for gladiatorial shows.

of travertine, clamped with iron and faced with marble; it covered about five acres, and seated eighty thousand persons. At its dedication by Titus (A. D. 80), which lasted a hundred days, five thousand wild animals were thrown into the arena. It continued to be used for gladiatorial and wild-beast fights for nearly four hundred years. On various public occasions it was splendidly fitted up with gold, silver, or amber furniture.



THE RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM.

The *Thermæ* (public baths, literally *warm waters*) were constructed on the grandest scale of refinement and luxury. The Baths of Caracalla, at Rome, contained sixteen hundred rooms, adorned with precious marbles. Here were painting and sculpture galleries, libraries and museums, porticoed halls, open groves, and an imperial palace.

The arts of *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Pottery* were borrowed first from the Etruscans, and then from the Greeks;* in *mosaics*, the

* "Roman art," says Zerffi, "is a misnomer; it is Etruscan, Greek, Assyrian, and Egyptian art, dressed in an eclectic Roman garb by foreign artists. The Pantheon contained a Greek statue of Venus, which, it is said, had in one ear the half of the pearl left by Cleopatra. To ornament a Greek marble statue representing a goddess with part of the earring of an Egyptian princess, is highly characteristic of Roman taste in matters of art."

Romans excelled.* In later times, Rome was filled with the magnificent spoils taken from conquered provinces, especially Greece. Greek artists flooded the capital, bringing their native ideality to serve the ambitious desires of the more practical Romans, whose dwellings grew more and more luxurious, until exquisitely-frescoed walls, mosaic pavements, rich paintings, and marble statues became common ornaments in hundreds of elegant villas.

3. THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

General Character.—However much they might come in contact, the Roman and the Greek character never assimilated. We have seen the Athenian quick at intuition, polished in manner, art-loving, beauty-worshipping; fond of long discussions and philosophical discourses, and listening all day to sublime tragedies. We find the Roman grave, steadfast, practical, stern, unsympathizing;† too loyal and sedate to indulge in much discussion; too unmetaphysical to relish philosophy; and too unideal to enjoy tragedy. The Spartan deified endurance; the Athenian worshipped beauty; the Roman was embodied dignity. The Grecks were proud and exclusive, but not uncourteous to other nations; the Romans had but one word (*hostis* for strangers and enemies. Ambitious, determined, unflinching, they pushed their armies in every direction of the known world, and, appropriating every valuable achievement of the peoples they conquered,

* The mosaic floors, composed of bits of marble, glass, and valuable stones, were often of most elaborate designs. One discovered in the so-called House of the Faun, at Pompeii, is a remarkable battle scene, supposed to represent Alexander at Issus. It is preserved, somewhat mutilated, in the museum at Naples.

† What we call *sentiment* was almost unknown to the Romans. The Greeks had a word to express affectionate family love; the Romans had none. Cicero, whom his countrymen could not understand, was laughed at for his grief at the death of his daughter. The exposure of infants was sanctioned as in Greece—girls, especially, suffering from this unnatural custom—and the power of the Roman father over the life of his children was paramount. Yet, Roman fathers took much pains with their boys, sharing in their games and pleasures, directing their habits, and taking them about town. Horace writes gratefully of his father, who remained with him at Rome during his school-days and was his constant attendant. (*Sat.* I. 4.)

It is not strange, considering their indifference to their kindred, that the Romans were cruel and heartless to their slaves. In Greece, even the helot was granted some little consideration as a human being, but in Rome the unhappy captive—who may have been a prince in his own land—was but a chattel. The lamprey eels in a certain nobleman's fish-pond were fattened on the flesh of his bondmen; and, if a Roman died suspiciously, all his slaves—who sometimes were numbered by thousands—were put to the torture. The women are accused of being more pitiless than the men, and the faces of the ladies' maids bore perpetual marks of the blows, scratches, and pin-stabs of their petulant mistresses.

made all the borrowed arts their own, lavishing the precious spoils upon their beloved Rome. Their pride in Roman citizenship amounted to a passion, and for the prosperity of their capital they were ready to renounce the dearest personal hope, and to cast aside all mercy or justice toward every other nation.

Religion.—The Romans, like the Greeks, worshipped the powers of Nature. But the Grecian gods and goddesses were living, loving, hating, quarrelsome beings, with a history full of romantic incident and personal adventure; the Roman deities were solemn abstractions mysteriously governing every human action,* and requiring constant propitiation with vows, prayers, gifts, and sacrifices. A regular system of bargaining existed between the Roman worshipper and his gods. If he performed all the stipulated religious duties, the gods were bound to confer a reward; if he failed in the least, the divine vengeance was sure. At the same time, if he could detect a flaw in the letter of the law, or shield himself behind some doubtful technicality, he might cheat the gods with impunity.† There was no room for faith, or hope, or love—only the binding nature of legal forms. Virtue, in our modern sense, was unknown, and piety consisted, as Cicero declares, in "justice toward the gods."

In religion, as in everything else, the Romans were always ready to borrow from other nations. Their image worship came from the Etruscans; their only sacred volumes‡ were the purchased "Sibylline Books"; they drew upon the gods of Greece, until, in time, they had transferred and adopted nearly the entire Greek Pantheon;§ Phœnicia

* The farmer had to satisfy "the spirit of breaking up the land and the spirit of ploughing it crosswise, the spirit of furrowing and the spirit of harrowing, the spirit of weeding and the spirit of reaping, the spirit of carrying the grain to the barn and the spirit of bringing it out again." The little child was attended by over forty gods. Vaticanus taught him to cry; Fabulinus, to speak; Edusa, to eat; Potina, to drink; Abeona conducted him out of the house; Interduca guided him on his way; Domidŭca led him home, and Adeona brought him in. So, also, there were deities controlling health, society, love, anger, and all the passions and virtues of men.

† "If a man offered wine to Father Jupiter, and did not mention very precisely that it was only the cup-full which he held in his hand, the god might claim the whole year's vintage. On the other hand, if the god required so many heads in sacrifice, by the letter of the bond he would be bound to accept garlic-heads; if he claimed an animal, it might be made out of dough or wax."—*Wilkins's Rom. Antig.*

‡ "Neither Romans nor Greeks had any sacred books. They have left poetry of the highest order, but no psalms or hymns, litanies or prayers, as the Egyptians have so largely done."—*Renouf.*

§ Jupiter (Zeus) and Vesta (Hestia) were derived by Greeks and Romans from their common ancestors. Among the other early Italian gods were Mars (afterward identified with the Greek Ares), Hercules (Herakles), Juno (Hera), Minerva (Athena), and Neptune (Poseidon). The union of the Palatine Romans with the Quirinal Sabines was celebrated by the mutual worship of Quirinus, and a gate called the Janus was erected in the valley, afterward the site of the Forum. This gate was

ROMAN AUGUR.

and Phrygia lent their deities to swell the list; and, finally, our old Egyptian friends, Isis, Osiris, and Serapis, became as much at home upon the Tiber as they had been for ages on the Nile. The original religious ideas of the Romans can only be inferred from a few peculiar rites which characterized their worship. The Chaldeans had astrologers; the Persians had magi; the Greeks had sibyls and oracles; the Romans had

Augurs. Practical and unimaginative, the Latins would never have been content to learn the divine will through the ambiguous phrases of a human prophet; they demanded a direct yes or no from the gods themselves. Augurs existed from the time of Romulus. Without their assistance no public act or ceremony could be performed. Lightning and the flight of birds were the principal signs by which the gods were supposed to make known their will;* some birds of omen communicated by their cry, others by their manner of flight.

The *Haruspices*, who also expounded lightnings and natural phenomena, made a specialty of divination by inspecting the internal organs of sacrificed animals, a custom we have seen common in Greece.

always open in time of war, and closed in time of peace. All gates and doors were sacred to the old Latin god Janus, whose key fitted every lock. He wore two faces, one before and one behind, and was the god of all beginnings and endings, all openings and shuttings.—With the adoption of the Greek gods, the Greek ideas of personality and mythology were introduced, the Romans being too unimaginative to originate any myths for themselves. But, out of the hardness of their own character, they disfigured the original conception of every borrowed god, and made him more jealous, threatening, merciless, revengeful, and inexorable than before. "Among the thirty thousand deities with which they peopled the visible and invisible worlds, there was not one divinity of kindness, mercy, or comfort."

* In taking the auspices, the augur stood in the center of a consecrated square, and divided the sky with his staff into quarters (cut); he then offered his prayers and, turning to the south, scanned the heavens for a reply. Coming from the left, the signs were favorable; from the right, unfavorable. If the first signs were not desirable, the augurs had only to wait until the right ones came. They thus compelled the gods to sanction their decisions, from which there was afterward no appeal. In the absence of an augur, the "Sacred Chickens," which were carried about in coops during campaigns, were consulted. If they ate their food greedily, especially if they scattered it, the omen was favorable; if they refused to eat, or moped in the coop, evil was anticipated!

Their art was never much esteemed by the more enlightened classes, and Cato, who detested their hypocrisy, said that "one haruspex could not even look at another in the streets without laughing."

The *family worship of Vesta,* Goddess of the Hearth, was more exclusive in Rome than in Greece, where slaves joined in the home devotions. A Roman father, himself the Priest at this ceremony, would have been shocked at allowing any but a kinsman to be present, for it included the worship of the *Lares and Penates,* the spirits of his ancestors and the guardians of his house. So, also, in the public service at the Temple of Vesta, the national hearth-stone, the patricians felt it a sacrilege for any but themselves to join. The worship of Vesta, Saturnus (the god of seed-sowing), and Opo (the harvest-goddess), was under the direction of the

College of Pontifices, of which, in regal times, the king was high-priest. Attached to this priestly college—the highest in Rome—were the *Flamens** (*flare,* to blow the fire), who were Priests of Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus; and the *Vestal Virgins,* who watched the eternal fire in the Temple of Vesta.†

The *Salii,* or "leaping priests," received their name from the war-like dance which, dressed in full armor, they performed every March before all the temples. They had the care of the Sacred Shields, which they carried about in their annual processions, beating them to the

* The *Flamen Dialis* (Priest of Jupiter) was forbidden to take an oath, mount a horse, or glance at an army. His hand could touch nothing unclean, and he never approached a corpse or a tomb. As he must not look at a fetter, the ring on his finger was a broken one, and, as he could not wear a knot, his thick woolen toga, woven by his wife, was fastened with buckles. He was not allowed to approach a trailed vine, or to touch ivy. If his head-dress (a sort of circular pillow, on the top of which an olive-branch was fastened by a white woolen thread) chanced to fall off, he was obliged to resign his office. In his belt he carried the sacrificial knife, and in his hand he held a rod to keep off the people on his way to sacrifice. As he might not look on any secular employment, he was preceded by a lictor, who compelled every one to lay down his work till the Flamen had passed. His duties were continuous, and he could not remain for a night away from his house on the Palatine. His wife was subject to an equally rigid code. She wore long woolen robes, and shoes made of the leather of sacrificed animals. Her hair was tied with a purple woolen ribbon, over which was a kerchief, fastened with the bough of a lucky tree. She also carried a sacrificial knife.

† *The Vestal* always dressed in white, with a broad band, like a diadem, round her forehead. During sacrifice or in processions, she was covered with a white veil. She was chosen for the service when from six to ten years old, and her vows held for thirty years, after which time, if she chose, she was released and might marry. Any offence offered her was punished with death. In public, every one, even the consul, made way for the lictor preceding the maiden, and she had the seat of honor at all public games and priestly banquets. If, however, she accidentally suffered the sacred fire to go out, she was liable to corporeal punishment by the pontifex maximus; if she broke her vows, she was carried on a bier to the Campus Sceleratus, beaten with rods, and buried alive. The number of vestal virgins never exceeded six at any one time.

measure of an old-time song in praise of Janus, Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Mars. One of the shields was believed to have fallen from Heaven. To mislead a possible pillager of so precious a treasure, eleven more were made exactly like it, and twelve priests were appointed to watch them all.

The *Fetiales* had charge of the sacred rites accompanying declarations of war, or treaties of peace. War was declared by throwing a bloody spear across the enemy's frontier. A treaty was concluded by the killing of a pig with a sacred pebble.

Altars were erected to the Emperors, where vows and prayers were daily offered.* In the times of Roman degeneracy, the city was flooded with quack Chaldean astrologers, Syrian seers, and Jewish fortune-tellers. The women, especially, were ruled by these corrupt impostors, whom they consulted in secret and by night, and on whom they squandered immense sums. Under these debasing influences, profligacies and enormities of every kind grew and multiplied. The old Roman law which commanded that the parricide should be "sewn up in a sack with a viper, an ape, a dog, and a cock, and then cast into the sea," was not likely to be rigidly enforced when a parricide sat on the throne, and poisonings were common in the palace. That the pure principles of Christianity, which were introduced at this time, should meet with contempt, and its disciples with bitter persecution, was inevitable.

Games and Festivals.—The Roman public games were a degraded imitation of the Grecian, and, like them, connected with religion. When a divine favor was desired, a vow of certain games was made, and, as the gods regarded promises with suspicion, the expenses were at once raised. Each of the great gods had his own festival-month and day.

The *Saturnalia*, which occurred in December, and which, in later times, lasted seven days, was the most remarkable. It was a time of general mirth and feasting; schools were closed; the senate adjourned; presents were made; wars were forgotten; criminals had certain privileges; and the slaves, whose lives were ordinarily at the mercy of their masters, were permitted to jest with them, and were even waited upon by them at table;—all this in memory of the free and golden rule of ancient Saturn.

The gymnastic and musical exercises of the Greeks never found much favor in Rome: tragedies were tolerated only for the splendor of the costumes and the scenic wonders; and even comedies failed to

* "Not even the Egyptians, crouching in grateful admiration before a crocodile, so outraged humanity as did those polite Romans, rendering divine honors to an emperor like Aurelius Commodus, who fought seven hundred and thirty-five times as a common gladiator in the arena before his enervated people."—*Zerffi.*

satisfy a Roman audience. Farces and pantomimes won great applause; horse and chariot races were exciting pleasures from the time of the kings; but, of all delights, nothing could stir Rome like a gladiatorial or wild-beast fight. At first connected with the Saturnalia, the sports of the arena soon became too popular to be restricted, and mourning sons in high life paid honors to a deceased father by furnishing a public fight, in which from twenty-five to seventy-five gladiators were hired to take part, the contest often lasting for days.

THE GLADIATORS ("POLLICE VERSO," PAINTING BY GEROME).

Gladiatorial Shows were advertised by private circulars or public announcements. On the day of the performance, the gladiators marched in solemn procession to the arena, where they were matched in pairs,*

* The gladiators fought in pairs or in matched numbers. A favorite duel was between a man without arms, but who carried a net in which to ensnare his opponent and a three-pronged fork with which to spear him when caught, and another man in full armor, whose safety lay in evading his enemy while he pursued and killed him. "It is impossible to describe the aspect of an amphitheatre when gladiators fought. The audience became frantic with excitement; they rose from their seats; they yelled; they shouted their applause as a ghastly blow was dealt which sent the life-blood spouting forth. '*Hoc habet*'—'he has it'—'he has it,' burst from ten thousand throats, and was re-echoed, not only by a brutalized populace, but by

and their weapons formally examined. "An awning gorgeous with purple and gold excluded the rays of the midday sun; sweet strains of music floated in the air, drowning the cries of death; the odor of Syrian perfumes overpowered the scent of blood; the eye was feasted by the most brilliant scenic decorations, and amused by elaborate machinery." At the sound of a bugle and the shout of command, the battle opened. When a gladiator was severely wounded, he dropped his weapons, and held up his forefinger as a plea for his life. This was sometimes in the gift of the people; often the privilege of the vestal virgins; in imperial times, the prerogative of the emperor. A turned-down thumb or the waving of a handkerchief extended mercy; a clenched and upright fist forbade all hope. Cowards had nothing to expect, and were whipped or branded with hot irons till they resumed the fight. The killed and mortally wounded were dragged out of the arena with a hook.

The *Wild-Beast Fights* were still more revolting, especially when untrained captives or criminals were forced to the encounter. Many Christian martyrs, some of whom were delicate women, perished in the Colosseum. We read of twenty maddened elephants turned in upon six hundred war captives, and, in Trajan's games, which lasted over one hundred and twenty days, ten thousand gladiators fought, and over that number of wild beasts were slain. Sometimes, the animals, made furious by hunger or fire, were let loose at one another. Great numbers of the most ferocious beasts were imported from distant countries for these combats. Strange animals were sought after, and camelopards, white elephants, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, goaded to fury, delighted the assembled multitudes. Noble game became scarce, and at last it was forbidden by law to kill a Getulian lion out of the arena, even in self-defence.

Naval Fights, in flooded arenas, were also popular. The Colosseum was sometimes used for this purpose, as many as thirty vessels taking part. At an entertainment given by Augustus in the flooded arena of the Flaminian circus, thirty-six crocodiles were pursued and killed.

Marriage was of two kinds. In one, the bride passed from the control of her father into that of her husband; in the other, the

imperial lips, by purple-clad senators and knights, by noble matrons and consecrated maids."—*Sheppard's Fall of Rome*. So frenzied with the sight of blood did the spectators become that they would rush into the arena and slay on every side; and so sweet was the applause of the mob that captives, slaves, and criminals were envied the monopoly of the gladiatorial contest, and laws were required to restrict knights and senators from entering the lists. Some of the emperors fought publicly in the arena, and even women thus debased themselves. Finally, such was the mania, that no wealthy or patrician family was without its gladiators, and no festival was complete without a contest. Even at banquets, blood was the only stimulant that roused the jaded appetite of a Roman.

parental power was retained. The former kind of marriage could be contracted in any one of three different ways. Of these, the religious form was confined to the patricians; the presence of the pontifex maximus, the priest of Jupiter, and ten citizens was necessary as witnesses; a sacred cake (*far*) was broken and solemnly tasted by the nuptial pair, whence this ceremony was termed *confarreatio*. A second manner was by purchase (*coemptio*), in which the father formally sold his daughter to the groom, she signifying her consent before witnesses. The third form, by prescription (*usus*), consisted simply in the parties having lived together for a year without being separated for three days at any time.

DRESSING A ROMAN BRIDE.

The marriage ceremony proper differed little in the various forms. The betrothal consisted of the exchange of the words *spondesne* (do you promise?) and *spondeo* (I promise), followed by the gift of a ring from the groom. On the wedding morning, the guests assembled at the house of the bride's father, where the auspices—which had been taken before sunrise by an augur or a haruspex—were declared, and the solemn marriage contract was spoken. The bride's attendant then laid her hands upon the shoulders of the newly-married pair, and led them to the family altar, around which they walked hand-in-hand, while a cow, a pig, and a sheep were offered in sacrifice—the gall having been first extracted and thrown away, to signify the removal of all bitterness from the occasion. The guests having made their congratulations, the feast began. At nightfall, the bride was torn with a show of force from her mother's arms (in memory of the seizure of the Sabine women, (p. 16); two boys, whose parents were both alive, supported her by the arms; torches were lighted, and a gay procession, as in Greece, accompanied the party to the house of the groom. Here the bride, having repeated to her spouse the formula, "*Ubi tu Caius, ibi ego Caia*" (Where thou art Caius, I am Caia), anointed the door-posts and wound them with wool, and was lifted over the threshold. Having been formally welcomed into the *atrium* by her husband, they both touched fire and water, and she was given the keys to the house. The next day, at the second marriage feast, the wife brought her offerings to the gods of her husband's family, of which she was now a member, and a Roman matron.

Burial.*—When a Roman died it was the duty of his nearest relative to receive his last breath with a kiss, and then to close his eyes and mouth (compare *Æneid*, iv. 684). His name was now called several times by all present, and there being no response the last farewell (*vale*) was said. The necessary utensils and slaves having been hired at the temple where the death-registry was kept, the body was laid on the ground, washed in hot water, anointed with rich perfumes, clad in its best garments, placed on an ivory bedstead, and covered with blankets of purple, embroidered with gold.† The couch was decorated with flowers and foliage, but upon the body itself were placed only the crowns of honor fairly earned during its lifetime; these accompanied it into the tomb. By the side of the funereal bed, which stood in the *atrium* facing the door, as in Greece, was placed a pan of incense. The body was thus exhibited for seven days, branches of cypress and fir fastened in front of the house announcing a mourning household to all the passers-by. On the eighth morning, while the streets were alive with bustle, the funeral took place. Behind the hired female mourners, who sang wailing dirges, walked a band of actors, who recited scraps of tragedy applicable to the deceased, or acted comic scenes in which were sometimes mimicked his personal peculiarities.‡ In front of the bier marched those who personated the prominent ancestors of the dead person. They wore waxen masks (p. 113), in which and in their dress were reproduced the exact features and historic garb of these long-defunct personages.§ The bier, carried by the nearest relatives, or by slaves freed by the will of the deceased, and surrounded by the family friends dressed in black (or, in imperial times, in white), was thus escorted to the Forum. Here the mask-wearers seated themselves about it, and one of the relatives mounted the rostrum to eulogize the deceased and his ancestors. After the eulogy, the procession reformed, and the body was taken to the

* The Romans, like the Greeks, attached great importance to the interment of their dead, as they believed that the spirit of an unburied body was forced to wander for a hundred years. Hence it was deemed a religious duty to scatter earth over any corpse found uncovered by the wayside, a handful of dust being sufficient to appease the infernal gods. If the body of a friend could not be found, as in shipwreck, an empty tomb was erected, over which the usual rites were performed.

† We are supposing the case of a rich man. The body of a poor person was, after the usual ablutions, carried at night to the common burial-ground outside the Esquiline gate, and interred without ceremony.

‡ At Vespasian's obsequies an actor ludicrously satirized his parsimony. "How much will this ceremony cost?" he asked, in the assumed voice of the deceased emperor. A large sum having been named in reply, the actor extended his hand and greedily cried out, "Give me the money and throw my body into the Tiber."

§ Frequently, the masks belonging to the collateral branches of the family were borrowed, that a brilliant show might be made. Parvenus, who belong to all time, were wont to parade images of fictitious ancestors.

spot where it was to be buried or burned, both forms being used as in Greece. If it were burned, the nearest relative, with averted face, lighted the pile. After the burning, the hot ashes were drenched with wine, and the friends collected the bones in the folds of their robes, amid acclamations to the *manes* of the departed. The remains, sprinkled with wine and milk, were then—with sometimes a small glass vial filled with tears—placed in the funeral urn; a last farewell was spoken, the lustrations were performed, and the mourners separated. When the body was not burned, it was buried with all its ornaments in a coffin, usually of stone.* The friends, on returning home from the funeral, were sprinkled with water, and then they stepped over fire, as a purification. The house also was ceremoniously purified. An offering and banquet took place on the ninth day after burial, in accordance with Greek custom.

Dress.—The *toga*, worn by a Roman gentleman, was a piece of white woolen cloth about five yards long and three and a half wide, folded lengthways, so that one edge fell below the other. It was thrown over the left shoulder, brought around the back and under the right arm, then, leaving a loose fold in front, thrown again over the left shoulder, leaving the end to fall behind. Much pains was taken to drape it gracefully, according to the exact style required by fashion. A tunic, with or without sleeves, and in cold weather a vest, or one or more extra tunics, were worn under the toga. Boys under seventeen years of age wore a toga with a purple hem; the toga of a senator had a broad purple stripe, and that of a knight had two narrow stripes. The use of the toga was forbidden to slaves, strangers, and, in imperial times, to banished Romans.

The *pænula*, a heavy, sleeveless cloak, with sometimes a hood attached, and the *lacerna*, a thinner, bright-colored one arranged in folds, were worn out of doors over the toga. The *paludamentum*, a rich, red cloak draped in picturesque folds, was permitted only to the military general-in-chief, who, in imperial times, was the emperor himself. The *sagum* was a short military cloak. The *synthesis*, a gay-colored easy robe, was worn over the tunic at banquets, and by the nobility during the Saturnalia. Poor people had only the tunic, and in cold weather a tight-fitting wool or leather cloak. When not on a journey the Roman, like the Greek, left his head uncovered, or protected it with his toga. Rank decided the style of shoe; a consul used a red one, a senator a black one with a silver crescent, ordinary folk a plain black, slaves and poorest people wooden clogs. In the house, sandals only were worn, and at dinner even these were laid aside.

* That from Assos in Lycia was said to consume the entire body, except the teeth, in forty days: hence it was called *sarcophagus* (flesh-eating), a name which came to stand for any coffin.

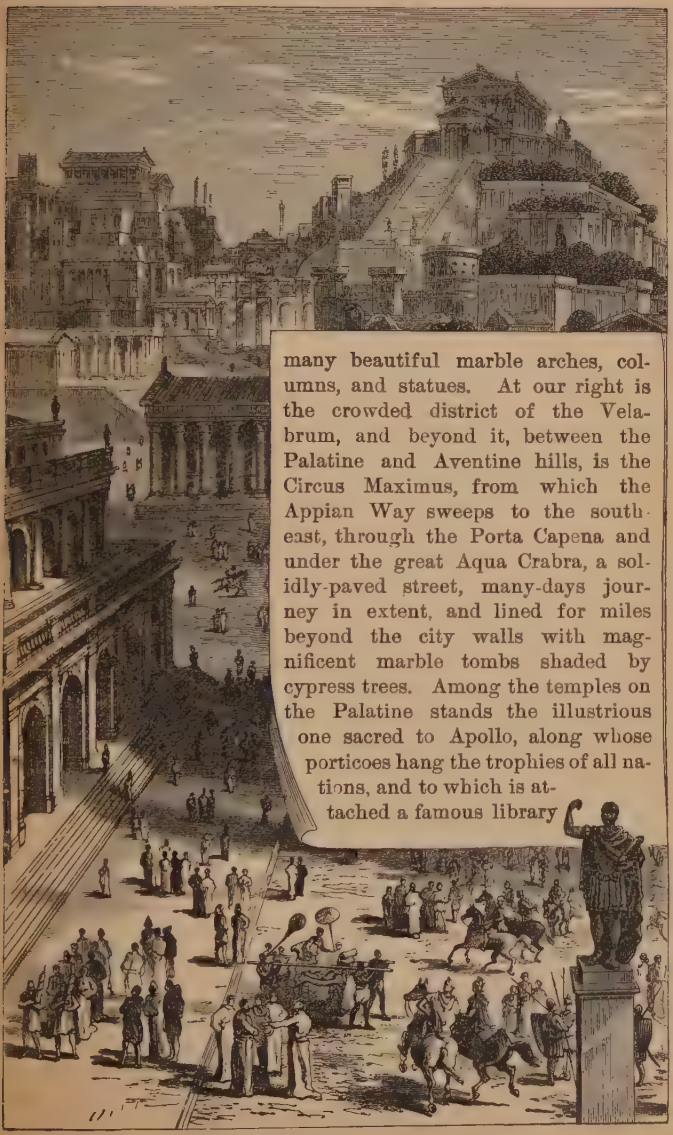
A Roman matron dressed in a linen under-tunic, a vest, and the *stola*, a long, short-sleeved garment, girdled at the waist and flounced or hemmed at the bottom. Over this, when she went out, she threw a *palla*, cut and draped like her husband's toga, or like the Greek himation. Girls and foreign women, who were not permitted the stola, wore over the tunic a palla, arranged like the old Doric chiton. Women—who, like the men, went hatless—protected their heads with the palla, and wore veils, nets, and various light head-coverings. This led to elaborate fashions in hair-dressing. A caustic soap imported from Gaul was used for hair dyeing, and wigs were not uncommon. Bright colors, such as blue, scarlet, violet, and especially yellow—the favorite tint for bridal veils—enlivened the feminine wardrobe. Finger-rings were worn in profusion by both sexes, and a Roman lady of fashion luxuriated in bracelets, necklaces, and various ornaments set with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and other jewels, whose purchase frequently cost her husband his fortune.

SCENES IN REAL LIFE.

Scene I.—A Day in Rome.—Let us imagine ourselves on some bright, clear morning, about eighteen hundred years ago, looking down from the summit of the Capitoline hill upon the "Mistress of the World." As we face the rising sun, we see clustered about us a group of hills crowned with a vast assemblage of temples, colonnades, palaces, and sacred groves. Densely packed in the valleys between are towering tenements,* shops with extending booths, and here and there a templed forum, amphitheatre, or circus. In the valley at our feet, between the Via Sacra and the Via Nova—the only paved roads in the whole city fit for the transit of heavy carriages—is the Forum Romanum, so near us that we can watch the storks that stalk along the roof of the Temple of Concord † This Forum is the great civil and legislative heart of the city. Here are the Regia or palace of the chief pontiff, with its two adjoining basilicas; the Temple of Vesta, on whose altar burns the sacred flame; the Senate House, fronted by the Rostra, from which Roman orators address assembled multitudes; various temples, including the famous one of Castor and Pollux; and

* Ancient authors frequently mention the extreme height of Roman houses, which Augustus finally limited to seventy feet. Cicero says of Rome that "it is suspended in the air"; and Aristides, comparing the successive stories to the strata of the earth's crust, affirms that if they were laid out on one level they "would cover Italy from sea to sea." To economize lateral space, the exterior walls were forbidden to exceed a foot and a half in thickness.

† Storks were encouraged to build in the roof of this temple, as peculiar social instincts were attributed to them. (See *Steele's Zoology*, p. 147.)



many beautiful marble arches, columns, and statues. At our right is the crowded district of the Velabrum, and beyond it, between the Palatine and Aventine hills, is the Circus Maximus, from which the Appian Way sweeps to the south-east, through the Porta Capena and under the great Aqua Crabra, a solidly-paved street, many-days journey in extent, and lined for miles beyond the city walls with magnificent marble tombs shaded by cypress trees. Among the temples on the Palatine stands the illustrious one sacred to Apollo, along whose porticoes hang the trophies of all nations, and to which is attached a famous library

ROME IN THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

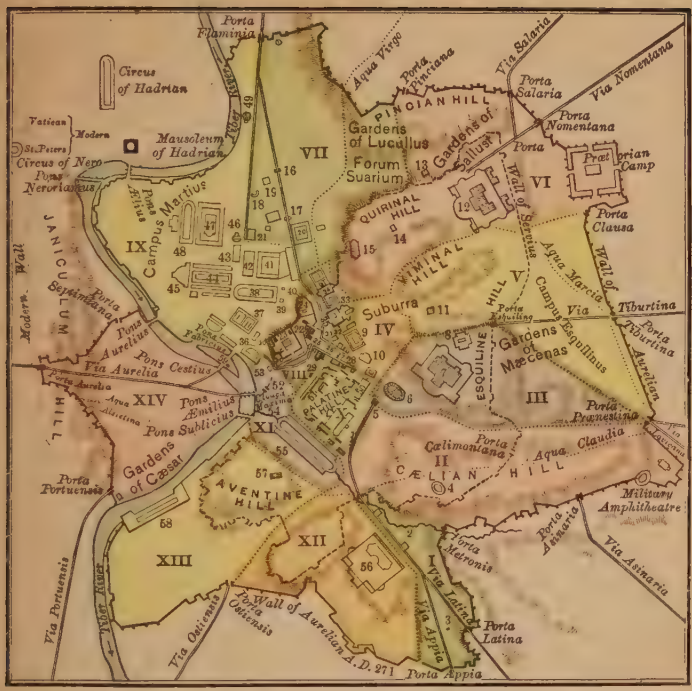
of Greek and Roman books; near it is the Roma Quadrata, a square mass of masonry believed to be mysteriously connected with the fortunes of the city, and beneath which certain precious amulets are deposited. Interspersed among these public buildings on the Palatine are many isolated mansions surrounded by beautiful gardens fragrant with the odors of roses and violets, in which the Romans especially delight. There is no arrangement of streets upon the hills; that is a system confined to the crowded Suburra, which adjoins the Roman Forum at our front and lies at the foot of the Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline hills. This district, which was once a swampy jungle and afterward a fashionable place for residences (Julius Cæsar was born in the Suburra), is now the crowded abode of artificers of all kinds, and is the most profligate as well as most densely populated part of Rome.

Turning about and facing the west, we see, toward the north, the Campus Martius, devoted from the earliest period to military exercises and the sports of running, leaping, and bathing. On this side of the open meadows stand some of the principal temples, the great Flaminian Circus, and the theatres of Pompeius and Marcellus with their groves, porticoes, and halls. Precisely in the center of the plain rises the Pantheon of Agrippa, and, further on, we see the Amphitheatre of Taurus,* and the Mausoleum of Augustus. At our front, beyond the curving, southward-flowing Tiber, is a succession of terraces, upon whose heights are many handsome residences. This quarter, the Janiculum, is noted for its salubrity, and here are the Gardens of Cæsar, and the Naumachia (a basin for exhibiting naval engagements) of Augustus, fed by a special aqueduct, and surrounded by walks and groves. Glancing down the river we see the great wharf called the Emporium, with its immense store-houses, in which grain, spices, candles, paper, and other commodities are stored; and, just beyond it, the Marmorata, a special dock for landing building-stone and foreign marbles. It is yet early morning, and the streets of Rome are mainly filled with clients and their slaves hurrying to the atria (p. 114) of their wealthy patrons to receive the customary morning dole.† Here and

* The whole of this northern district comprehends the chief part of modern Rome, and is now thronged with houses.

† In early times the clients were invited to feast with their patron in the atrium of his mansion, but in later days it became customary, instead, for stewards to distribute small sums of money or an allowance of food, which the slaves of the clients carried away in baskets or in small portable ovens, which kept the cooked meats hot.

> "Wedged in thick ranks before the donor's gates,
> A phalanx firm of chairs and litters waits.
> *Once*, plain and open was the feast,
> And every client was a bidden guest;
> *Now*, at the gate a paltry largess lies,
> And eager hands and tongues dispute the prize."—*Juvenal.*



PLAN OF ANCIENT ROME.

SHOWING THE DIVISION INTO

THE XIV REGIONS OF AUGUSTUS

AND THE POSITION OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

I. PORTA CAPENA.
1. Porta Capena.
2. Valley of Egeria.
3. Tomb of Scipio.

II. CÆLIMONTIUM.
4. Temple of Divus Claudius
5. Arch of Constantine.

III. ISIS ET SERAPIS.
6. Colisseum.
7. Baths of Titus.
8. Baths of Trajan.

IV. VIA SACRA.
9. Forum of Vespasian.
10. Basilica of Constantine.

V. ESQUILINA CUM VIMINALI.
11. Temple of Juno.

VI. ALTA SEMITA.
12. Baths of Diocletian.
13. Temple of Flora.
14. Temple of Quirinus.
15. Baths of Constantine.

VII. VIA LATA.
16. Arch of Aurelius.
17. Arch of Claudius.
18. Amphitheatre of Taurus.
19. Column of Antoninus.
20. Camp of Agrippa.
21. Temple of Isis and Serapis.

VIII. FORUM ROMANUM.
22. Capitoline Hill.
23. Temple of Jupiter Tonans
24. Arx.
25. Golden Milestone.
26. Roman Forum.
27. Temple of Vesta.
28. Via Sacra.
29. Lupercal.
30. Tarpeian Rock.
31. Arch of Severus.
32. Curia (Senate House.)
33. Forum of Augustus.
34. Basilica Ulpia.
35. Temple of Janus.

IX. CIRCUS FLAMINIUS.
36. Theatre of Marcellus.
37. Port. of Octavius and Philippa.
38. Circus Flaminius.
39. Temple of Apollo.
40. Temple of Bellona.
41. Septa Julia.
42. Diribitorium.
43. Baths of Agrippa.
44. Port. of Pompey.
45. Theatre of Pompey.
46. Pantheon.
47. Baths of Nero.
48. Race Course.
49. Mausoleum of Augustus

X. PALATIUM.
50. Palace of Nero.
51. Palace of Augustus.

XI. CIRCUS MAXIMUS.
52. Velabrum.
53. Forum Olitorium.
54. Forum Boarium.
55. Circus Maximus.

XII. PISCINA PUBLICA.
56. Baths of Antoninus.

XIII. AVENTINUS.
57. Balnea Suræ.
58. Emporium.

XIV. TRANS TIBERIM.
59. Temple of Æsculapius.

there a teacher hastens to his school, and in the Suburra the workers in metal and in leather, the clothiers and perfume sellers, the book-dealers, the general retailers, and the jobbers of all sorts, are already beginning their daily routine. We miss the carts laden with merchandise which so obstruct our modern city streets; they are forbidden by law to appear within the walls during ten hours between sunrise and sunset. But, as the city wakes to life, long trains of builders' wagons, weighted with huge blocks of stone or logs of timber, bar the road, and mules, with country produce piled in baskets suspended on either side, urge their way along the constantly increasing crowd. Here is a mule with a dead boar thrown across its back, the proud hunter stalking in front, with a strong force of retainers to carry his spears and nets. There comes a load drawn by oxen, upon whose horns a wisp of hay is tied; it is a sign that they are vicious, and passers-by must be on guard. Now a passage is cleared for some dignified patrician, who, wrapped in his toga, reclining in his luxurious litter, and borne on the broad shoulders of six stalwart slaves, makes his way to the Forum attended by a train of clients and retainers. In his rear, stepping from stone to stone * across the slippery street wet by the recent rains, we spy some popular personage on foot, whose advance is constantly retarded by his demonstrative acquaintances, who throng about him, seize his hand, and cover his lips with kisses.†

The open cook-shops swarm with slaves who hover over steaming kettles, preparing breakfast for their wonted customers; and the tables of the vintners, reaching far out upon the wayside, are covered with bottles, protected from passing pilferers by chains. The restaurants are hung with festoons of greens and flowers; the image of a goat,‡ carved on a wooden tablet, betokens a milk depot; five hams, ranged

* In Pompeii, the sidewalks are elevated a foot or more above the street level, and protected by curbstones. Remains of the stucco or the coarse brickwork mosaic which covered them are still seen. In many places the streets are so narrow that they may be crossed at one stride; where they are wider, a raised stepping-stone, and sometimes two or three, have been placed in the center of the crossing. Though these stones were in the middle of the carriage-way, the wheels of the *biga*, or two-horsed chariot, could roll in the spaces between, while the loosely harnessed horses might step over them or pass by the side. Among the suggestive objects in the exhumed city are the hollows worn in these stepping-stones by feet which were forever stilled more than eighteen hundred years ago.

† "At every meeting in the street a person was exposed to a number of kisses, not only from near acquaintance, but from every one who desired to show his attachment, among whom there were often mouths not so clean as they might be. Tiberius, who wished himself not to be humbled by this custom, issued an edict against it, but it does not appear to have done much good. In winter only it was considered improper to annoy another with one's cold lips."—*Becker's Gallus*.

‡ A goat driven about from door to door, to be milked for customers, is a common sight in Rome to-day, where children come out with gill or half-pint cups to get their morning ration.

in a row, proclaim a provision store; and a mill, driven by a mule, advertises a miller's and baker's shop, both in one. About the street corners are groups of loungers collected for their morning gossip, while gymnasts and gladiators, clowns, conjurors, snake charmers, and a crowd of strolling swine—who roam at will about the imperial city—help to obstruct the narrow, tortuous highways. The professional street-beggars are out in force; squatting upon little squares of matting, they piteously implore a dole, or, feigning epilepsy, fall at the feet of some rich passer-by. Strangers, too, are here, men of foreign costume and bearing, come from afar to see the wonders of the world-conquering city, and, as they gaze distractedly about, dazed by the din of rumbling wagons, shouting drivers, shrill-voiced hucksters, braying asses, and surging multitudes, suddenly there comes a lull. The slaves, whose task it is to watch the sun-dials and report the expiration of each hour, have announced that the sun has passed the midday line upon the pavement. Soon all tumult ceases, and for one hour the city is wrapped in silence.

The luxurious *siesta* over, Rome awakes to new enjoyment. Now come the pleasures and excitement of the circus and the theatre, or the sports upon the Campus Martius, whither the young fashionables repair in crowds, to swim, run, ride, or throw the javelin, watched by an admiring assembly of seniors and women who, clustered in porticoes, are sheltered from the burning sun. Then follows the luxury of the warm and vapor baths, with perfuming and anointing, and every refinement of physical refreshment as a preparation for the coming *cœna* or dinner (p 116). But wherever one may seek enjoyment for the early evening, it is well to be housed before night comes on, for the streets of Rome swarm with nocturnal highwaymen, marauders, and high-blooded rowdies, who set the police at open defiance, and keep whole districts in terror. There are other dangers, too, for night is the time chosen by the careful housewife to dump the slops and *débris* from her upper windows into the open drain of the street below. Fires, also, are frequent, and, though the night-watch is provided with hatchets and buckets to resist its progress, a conflagration once started in the crowded Suburra or Velabrum spreads with fearful rapidity, and will soon render hundreds of families homeless.* Meanwhile, the carts, shut out by law during the daytime, crowd and jostle one another in the eagerness of their noisy drivers to finish their duties

* The tenements of the lower classes in Rome were so crowded that often whole families were huddled together in one small room. The different stories were reached by stairways placed on the outside of the buildings.—There were no fire-insurance companies, but the sufferers were munificently recompensed by generous citizens, their loss being not only made good in money, but followed by presents of books, pictures, statués, and choice mosaics, from their zealous friends. Martial insinuates that on this account parties were sometimes tempted to fire their own premises.

and be at liberty for the night, while, here and there, groups of smoking flambeaux mark the well-armed trains of the patricians on their return from evening banquets. As the night advances, the sights and sounds gradually fade and die away, till in the first hours of the new day the glimmering lantern of the last wandering pedestrian has disappeared, and the great city lies under the stars asleep.

Scene II.—*A Roman Home.**—We will not visit one of the tall lodging-houses which crowd the Suburra, though in passing we may glance at the plain, bare, outside wall, with its few small windows† placed in the upper stories and graced with pots of flowers; and at the outside stairs by which the inmates mount to those dizzy heights, and under which the midnight robber and assassin often lurk. Sometimes we see a gabled front or end with a sloping roof, or feel the shade of projecting balconies which stretch far over the narrow street. On many a flat roof, paved with stucco, stone, or metal, and covered with earth, grow fragrant shrubs and flowers. Coming into more aristocratic neighborhoods, we yet see little domestic architecture to attract us. It is only when a spacious vestibule, adorned with statues and mosaic pillars, lies open to the street that we have any intimation of the luxury within a Roman dwelling. If, entering such a vestibule, we rap with the bronze knocker, the unfastened folding-doors are pushed aside by the waiting janitor (who first peeps at us through the large open spaces in the door-posts),‡ and we find ourselves in the little ostium or entrance hall leading to the atrium. Here we are greeted, not only by the "*salve*" (welcome) on the mosaic pavement, but by the same cheerful word chattered by a trained parrot hanging above the door. We linger to notice the curiously carved door-posts, inlaid with tortoise-shell, and the door itself, which, instead

A ROMAN LAMP

* No traces of ancient private dwellings exist in Rome, except in the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine, where the so-called house of Livia, wife of Augustus, remains tolerably perfect. It is similar in dimensions and arrangement to the best Pompeian dwellings, though far superior in paintings and decorations. The "House of Pansa" in Pompeii, the plan of which is described in the text, is considered a good representative example of a wealthy Roman's home.

† Panes of glass have been found in Pompeii, though it was more usual to close the window-holes with movable wooden shutters, clay tablets, talc, or nets.

‡ In ancient times, the janitor, accompanied by a dog, was confined to his proper station by a chain. As it was not customary to keep the door locked, such a protection was necessary. In the "House of the Tragic Poet," exhumed at Pompeii, a fierce black and white dog is depicted in the mosaic pavement, and underneath it is the inscription, "CAVE CANEM" (Beware of the Dog).

of hinges, is provided with wedge-shaped pins, fitting into sockets or rings, and then we pass into the atrium, the room about which cluster the most sacred memories of Roman domestic life. Here in ancient times all the simple meals were taken beside the hearth on which they were prepared, and by which the sacrifices were daily offered up to the beloved Lares and Penates.* Here was welcomed the master's chosen bride, and here, a happy matron,† she afterward sat enthroned in the midst of her industrious maids, spinning and weaving the household garments. From their niches upon these walls, by the side of glistening weapons captured in many a bloody contest, the waxen masks of honored ancestors have looked down for generations, watching the bodies of the family descendants as, one by one, they have lain in state upon the funeral bier.—But increase of luxury has banished the stewing-pans, the busy looms, and the hospitable table to other apartments in the growing house. The Lares and Penates have left their primitive little closets by the atrium cooking-hearth for a larger and separate sacrarium, and spacious kitchens now send forth savory odors from turbot, pheasant, wild-boar, and sausages, to be served up in summer or winter triclinium by a host of well-trained slaves.‡ The household dead are still laid here, but the waxen masks of olden times are gradually giving place to brazen shield-shaped plates on which are dimly-imaged

* At every meal, the first act was to cast a portion of each article of food into the fire that burned upon the hearth, in honor of the household gods.

† The Roman matron, unlike the Greek, enjoyed great freedom of action, both within and without her house, and was always treated with attention and respect.

‡ The Romans were fond of amazing their guests with costly dainties, such as nightingales, peacocks, and the tongues and brains of flamingoes. Caligula dissolved pearls in powerful acids, in imitation of Cleopatra, and spent $400,000 on a single repast. A dramatic friend of Cicero paid over $4,000 for a dish of singing birds; and one famous epicure, after having exhausted the sum of four million dollars in his good living, poisoned himself because he had not quite half a million left! Fish was a favorite food, and the mansions of the rich were fitted up with fish-ponds (*piscinæ*) for the culture of rare varieties, which were sometimes caught and cooked on silver gridirons before invited guests, who enjoyed the changing colors of the slowly dying fish, and the tempting odor of the coming treat. Turbots, mackerels, eels and oysters were popular delicacies, and a fine mullet brought sometimes as much as $240. In game, the fatted hare and the wild boar, served whole, were ranked first. Pork, as in Greece, was the favorite meat, beef and mutton being regarded with little favor. Great display was made in serving, and Juvenal ridicules the airs of the professional carver of his time, who, he says—

> "Skips like a harlequin from place to place,
> And waves his knife with pantomimic grace—
> For different gestures by our curious men
> Are used for different dishes, hare and hen."

In vegetables the Romans had lettuce, cabbage, turnips, and asparagus. Mushrooms were highly prized. The poorer classes lived on cheap fish, boiled chick-peas, beans, lentils, barley bread, and *puls* or gruel.

features, or to bronze and marble busts.* The little aperture in the center of the ceiling, which served the double purpose of escape for smoke and the admission of sunlight, has been enlarged, and is supported by costly marble pillars, alternating with statues; directly underneath it, the open cistern reflects each passing cloud and mirrors the now-unused altar, which, for tradition's sake, is still left standing by its side. When the rain, wind, or heat becomes severe, a tapestry curtain, hung horizontally, is drawn over the aperture, and sometimes a pretty fountain, surrounded by flowering plants, embellishes the pool of water. Tapestries, sliding by rings on bars, conceal or open to view the apartments which adjoin the atrium. As we stand at the entrance-door of this spacious room,† with the curtains all

THE HOUSE OF PANSA. (VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE-DOOR OF THE ATRIUM.)

drawn aside, we look down a long and beautiful vista; past the central fountain and altar; through the open tablinum, paved with marbles and devoted to the master's use; into the peristyle, a handsome open court surrounded by pillared arcades, paved with mosaics and beautified, like the atrium, with central fountain and flowers; and still on, through the large banqueting hall, or family state-room (*œcus*), beyond the transverse corridor, and into the garden which stretches across the rear of the mansion. If we stop to glance into the library which adjoins the tablinum, we shall find its walls lined with

* Pliny speaks of the craving for portrait-statues, which induced obscure persons, suddenly grown rich, to buy a fictitious ancestry, there being ready antiquarians then, as now, who made it a business to furnish satisfactory pedigrees.

† The atrium in the House of Pansa was nearly fifty feet long and over thirty wide. As this was only a moderate-sized house in a provincial town, it is reasonable to suppose that the city houses of the rich were much more spacious.

cupboards stored with parchment rolls and adorned with busts and pictures of illustrious men, crowned by the presiding statues of Minerva and the Muses. In general furniture, we notice beautiful tripod-stands holding graceful vases, chairs after Greek patterns, and *lecti* * on which to recline when reading or writing. Occasionally there is a small wall-mirror, made of polished metal, and the walls themselves are brilliantly painted in panels, bearing graceful floating figures and scenes of mythological design. The floors are paved with bricks, marbles, or mosaics, and the rooms are warmed or cooled by pipes through which flows hot or cold water. In extreme weather there are portable stoves. There is a profusion of quaintly-shaped bronze and even golden lamps, whose simple oil-fed wicks give forth at night a feeble glimmer.† As we pass through the fauces into the peristyle a serpent slowly uncoils itself from its nest in one of the alæ, which has been made the household sanctuary,‡ and glides toward the triclinium in search of a crumb from the midday meal.

The large triclinium, at the right of the peristyle, is furnished with elegantly inlaid sofas, which form three sides of a square about a costly cedar or citrus-wood table.§ At banquets the sofas are

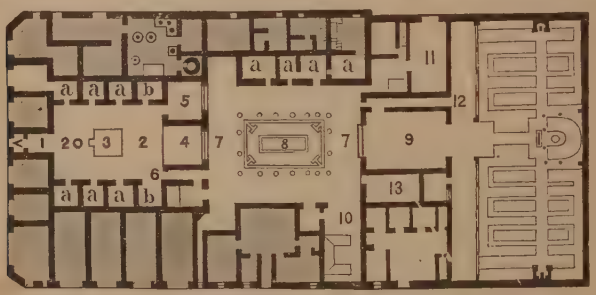
* A *lectus* was neither bed nor sofa, but a simple frame with a low ledge at one end, and strung with girth on which a mattress and coverings were laid. Lecti were made of brass, or of cedar inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell and precious metals, and were provided with ivory, gold, or silver feet. Writing-desks with stools were unknown; the Roman reclined on the lectus when he wrote, resting his tablet upon his knee.

† The Romans were in the habit of making New-Year's gifts, such as dried figs, dates, and honey-comb as emblems of sweetness, or a little piece of money as a hope for good luck. But the favorite gift was a lamp, and great genius was displayed in the variety of elegant designs which were invented in search of the novel and unique.

‡ Serpents were the emblems of the Lares, and were not only figured upon the altars, but, as a presence of good omen, a particular kind was kept as pets in the houses, where they nestled about the altars and came out like dogs or cats to be noticed by visitors, and to beg for something to eat. These sacred reptiles, which were of considerable size but harmless except to rats and mice, bore such a charmed life that their numbers became an intolerable nuisance. Pliny intimates that many of the fires in Rome were kindled purposely to destroy their eggs.

§ The citrus-wood tables, so prized among the Romans, cost from $40,000 to $50,000 apiece. Seneca is said to have owned five hundred citrus-wood tables. Vases of murrha—a substance identified by modern scientists with glass, Chinese porcelain, agate, and fluor-spar—were fashionable, and fabulous sums were paid for them. An ex-consul under Nero had a murrha wine-ladle which cost him $300,000, and which on his death-bed he deliberately dashed to pieces, to prevent its falling into the hands of the grasping tyrant. Bronze and marble statues were abundant in the houses and gardens of the rich, and cost from $150 for the work of an ordinary sculptor to $30,000 for a genuine Phidias, Scopas, or Praxiteles. To gratify such expensive tastes, large fortunes were necessary, and the Romans—in early times averse to anything but arms and agriculture—developed shrewd, sharp business qualities. They roamed over foreign countries in search of speculations, and turned out swarms of bankers and merchants, who amassed enormous sums to

decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the soft wool-stuffed pillows upon which the guests recline are covered with gorgeous purple. Here, after his daily warm and vapor bath, the perfumed and enervated Roman gathers a few friends—in number not more than the Muses nor less than the Graces—for the evening supper (*cœna*). The courses follow one another as at a Grecian banquet. Slaves * relieve the master and his guests from the most trifling effort,



PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

(v) The *Vestibulum*, or hall; (1) The *Ostium;* (2) The *Atrium*, off which are six *cubicula* or sleeping-rooms; (3) The *Impluvium*, before which stands the pedestal or altar, of the household gods; (4) The *Tablinum*, or chief room; (5) The *Pinacotheca*, or library and picture gallery; (6) The *Fauces*, or corridor; (7) The *Peristylium*, or court, with (8) its central fountain; (9) The *Æcus*, or state-room; (10) The *Triclinium;* (11) The kitchen; (12) The transverse corridor, with garden beyond; and (13) The *Lararium*, a receptacle for the more favorite gods, and for statues of illustrious personages.

carving each person's food or breaking it into fragments which he can raise to his mouth with his fingers—forks being unknown—and pouring water on his hands at every remove. The strictest etiquette prevails; long-time usages and traditions are followed; libations are offered to the protecting gods; spirited conversation, which is undignified and Greekish, is banished; and only solemn or caustic aphorisms on life and manners are heard. "People at supper," says Varro, "should be neither mute nor loquacious: eloquence is for the forum; silence for the bed chamber." On high days, rules are banished; the host becomes the "Father of the supper," convivial excesses grow coarse and absurd, and all the follies and vices of the Greek symposium are exaggerated.

be spent on fashionable whims. (See *Business Life in Ancient Rome*. Harper's Half-hour Series.)

* There were slaves for every species of service in a Roman household, and their number and versatility of handicraft remind one of the retinue of an Egyptian lord. Even the defective memory or limited talent of an indolent or over-taxed Roman was supplemented by a slave at his side whose business it was to recall forgotten incidents and duties, to tell him the names of the persons he met, or to suggest appropriate literary allusions in his conversation.

Scene III.—*A Triumphal Procession.*—Rome is in her holiday attire. Streets and squares are festively adorned, and incense burns on the altars of the open temples. From steps and stands, improvised along the streets for the eager crowd, grow loud and louder shouts of "Io triumphe," for the procession has started from the triumphal gate on its way through the city up to the Capitol. First come the lictors, opening a passage for the senate, the city magistrates, and important citizens. Pipers and flute-players follow. Then appear the spoils and booty; art-treasures, gold and silver coins, valuable plate, products of the conquered soil, armor, standards, models of captured cities and ships, pictures of battles, tablets inscribed with the victor's deeds, and statues personifying the towns and rivers of the newly-subjected land,—all carried by crowned soldiers on the points of long lances, or on portable stands. Chained kings, princes, and nobles, doomed to the Mamertine prison, walk sullenly behind their lost treasures. In their wake are the sacrificial oxen with gilt horns, accompanied by priests; and then, preceded by singers, musicians, and jesters, the central object of all this grand parade—the VICTORIOUS GENERAL.* Clad in a tunic borrowed from the statue of the Capitoline Jupiter, with the eagle-topped ivory scepter in his hand and the triumphal crown held above his head, the conqueror proudly stands in his four-horse chariot, followed by his equally proud, victorious army. Through the Flaminian Circus, along the crowded Velabrum and the Circus Maximus, by the Via Sacra and the Forum, surges the vast procession up to the majestic Capitol. Here the triumphator lays his golden crown in the lap of Jupiter and makes the imposing sacrifice. A feast of unusual sumptuousness ends the eventful day.

Scene IV.—*The last of a Roman Emperor.*—"It is the Roman habit to consecrate the emperors who leave heirs. The mortal remains are buried, according to custom, in a splendid manner; but the wax image of the emperor is placed on an ivory bed, covered with gold-embroidered carpets, in front of the palace. The expression of the face is that of one dangerously ill. To the left side of the bed stand, during a greater part of the day, the members of the senate; to the right, the ladies entitled by birth or marriage to appear at court, in the usual simple white mourning-dresses without gold ornaments or necklaces. This ceremony lasts seven days, during which time the imperial physicians daily approach the bed as if to examine the patient, who, of course, is declining rapidly. At last they declare the emperor dead. The bier is now transported by the highest born knights and the

* Only dictators, consuls, prætors, and, occasionally, legates were permitted the triumphal entrance. Sometimes the train of spoils and captives was so great that two, three, and even four days were required for the parade. In later times, the triumphal procession was exclusively reserved for the emperor.

younger senators through the Via Sacra to the old Forum, and there deposited on a scaffolding built in the manner of a terrace. On one side stand young patricians, on the other noble ladies, intoning hymns and pæans in honor of the deceased to a solemn, sad tune; after which the bier is taken up again, and carried to the Campus Martius. A wooden structure in the form of a house has been erected on large blocks of wood on a square base; the inside has been filled with dry sticks; the outside is adorned with gold-embroidered carpets, ivory statues, and various sculptures. The bottom story, a little lower than the second, shows the same form and ornamentation as this; it has open doors and windows; above these two stories rise others, growing narrow toward the top like a pyramid. The whole structure might be compared to the lighthouses erected in harbors. The bier is placed in the second story, spices, incense, odoriferous fruits and herbs being heaped round it. After the whole room has been filled with incense, the knights move in procession round the entire structure, and perform some military evolutions; they are followed by chariots filled with persons wearing masks and clad in purple robes, who represent historic characters, such as celebrated generals and kings. After these ceremonies are over, the heir to the throne throws a torch into the house, into which, at the same time, flames are dashed from all sides, which, fed by the combustible materials and the incense, soon begin to devour the building. At this juncture an eagle rises into the air from the highest story as from a lofty battlement, and carries, according to the idea of the Romans, the soul of the dead emperor to heaven; from that moment he partakes of the honors of the gods."—*Herodian.*

4. SUMMARY.

1. Political History.—Rome began as a single city. The growth of her power was slow but steady. She became head,—*first*, of the neighboring settlements; *second*, of Latium; *third*, of Italy; and *fourth*, of the lands around the Mediterranean. In her early history, there was a fabulous period during which she was ruled by kings. The last of the seven monarchs belonged to a foreign dynasty, and upon his expulsion a republic was established. Two centuries of conflict ensued between the patricians and the plebs, but the latter, going ofttimes to Mount Sacer, gained their end and established a democracy.

Meanwhile, wars with powerful neighbors and with the awe-inspiring Gauls had developed the Roman character in all its sternness, integrity, and patriotism. Rome next came in contact with Pyrrhus, and learned how to fortify her military camps; then with Carthage, and she found out the value of a navy. An apt pupil, she gained the

mastery of the sea, invaded Africa, and in the end razed Carthage to the ground. Turning to the west, she secured Spain—the silver-producing country of that age—and Gaul, whose fiery sons filled the depleted ranks of her legions. At the east, she intrigued where she could and fought where she must, and by disorganizing states made them first her dependencies, and then her provinces. Greece, Macedon, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Babylon, were but stepping-stones in her progress until Parthia alone remained to bar her advance to the Indus and the ocean.

But within her gates the struggle between the rich and the poor still went on. Crowds of slaves—captives of her many wars—thronged her streets, kept her shops, waited in her homes, tilled her land, and tended her flocks. The plebeians, shut out from honest toil, struggled for the patrician's dole. The Civil Wars of Sulla and Marius drenched her pavements with the blood of her citizens. The triumphs of Cæsar shed a gleam of glory over the fading republic, but the mis-aimed daggers of Brutus and Cassius that slew the dictator struck at the heart of liberty as well.

Augustus brought in the empire and an era of peace. Now the army gained control of the state. Weak and wicked emperors, the luxury of wealth, the influx of Oriental profligacy, the growth of atheism, and the greed of conquest, undermined the fabric of Roman greatness. The inhabitants of the provinces were made Romans, and, Rome itself being lost in the empire it had created, other cities became the seats of government. Amid the ruins of the decaying monarchy a new religion supplanted the old, and, finally, Teutonic hordes from the north overwhelmed the city that for centuries their own soldiers had alone upheld.

2. Civilization.—As in Greece the four ancient Attic tribes were subdivided into phratries, gentes, and hearths, so in Rome the three original patrician tribes branched into curiæ, gentes, and families, the paterfamilias owning all the property, and holding the life of his children at will.

The *civil magistrates* comprised consuls, questors, ædiles, and prætors.

The *army* was organized in legions, cohorts, companies, and centuries, with four classes of foot-soldiers, who fought with the pilum and the javelin, protected themselves with heavy breastplates, and carried on sieges by the aid of ballistas, battering-rams, catapults, and movable towers. In later times, the ranks were filled by foreigners and mercenaries.

Roman *literature*, child of the Grecian, is rich with memorable names. Ushered in by Livius Andronicus, a Greek slave, it grew with Nævius, Ennius, Plautus, Terence, Cato, and Lucilius. The learned

Varro, the florid Cicero, the sweet-strained Virgil, the genial Horace, the eloquent Livy, and the polished Sallust, graced the last century before Christ. The next hundred years produced the studious Pliny the Elder, the two inseparable friends—Pliny the Younger and Tacitus, the sarcastic Juvenal, and the wise Seneca.

The *monuments* of the Romans comprise splendid aqueducts, triumphal arches, military roads, bridges, harbors, and tombs. Their magnificent palaces and luxurious thermæ were fitted up with reckless extravagance and dazzling display. All the spoils of conquered nations enriched their capital, and all the foreign arts and inventions were impressed into their service.

The proud, dignified, ambitious Roman had no love or tenderness for aught but his national supremacy. Seldom indulging in sentiment toward family or kindred, he recognized no law of humanity toward his slaves. His *religion* was a commercial bargain with the gods, in which each was at liberty to outwit the other. His *worship* was mostly confined to the public ceremonies at the shrine of Vesta, and the constant household offerings to the Lares and Penates. His *public games* were a degraded imitation of the Grecian, and he took his chief delight in bloody gladiatorial shows and wild-beast fights.

A *race of borrowers*, the Romans assimilated into their nationality most of the excellences as well as many of the vices of other peoples, for centuries stamping the whole civilized world with their character, and dominating it by their successes. "As to Rome all ancient history converges, so from Rome all modern history begins."

Finally, as a central point in the history of all time, in the midst of the brilliancy of the Augustan Age, while Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace were fresh in the memory of their still living friends, with Seneca in his childhood and Livy in his prime, the empire at its best, and Rome radiant in its growing transformation from brick to marble under the guiding rule of the great Augustus Cæsar, there was born in an obscure Roman province the humble Babe whose name far outranks all these, and from whose nativity are dated all the centuries which have succeeded.

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CHRONOLOGY.

	B. C.
Rome founded	754
Republic established	509
The Decemvirs	451
Rome taken by Gauls	390
First Samnite War	343–341
Great Latin War	340–338
Second Samnite War	326–304
Third " "	298–290
Wars with Pyrrhus	280–276
First Punic War	264–241
Second " "	218–201
Battle of the Trebia	218
" " Lake Trasimenus	217
" " Cannæ	216
Siege of Capua	214–211
Battle of the Metaurus	207
" " Zama	202
Second Macedonian War	200–197
Battle of Magnesia	190
Death of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus	183
Third Macedonian War	171–168
Battle of Pydna	168
Third Punic War	149–146
Fall of Carthage and Corinth	146
Death of Tiberius Gracchus	133
Jugurthine War	111–104
Marius defeated Teutones at Aquæ Sextiæ (Aix)	102
Marius defeated Cimbri	101
Social War	90–88
First Mithridatic War	88–84
Massacre by Marius	87
Second Mithridatic War	83–81
Sulla's Proscriptions	83
Third Mithridatic War	74–63
War of Spartacus	73–71
Mediterranean Pirates	67
Conspiracy of Catiline	63

	B. C.
First Triumvirate	60
Cæsar in Gaul	58–49
" invades Britain	55
" crosses the Rubicon	49
Battle of Pharsalia—death of Pompey	48
Suicide of Cato	46
Cæsar murdered	44
Second Triumvirate, death of Cicero	43
Battle of Philippi, death of Brutus and Cassius	42
Battle of Actium	31
The Twelve Cæsars (with Julius): Augustus	31
	A. D.
Tiberius	14
Caligula	37
Claudius	41
Nero	54
Galba	68
Otho	69
Vitellius	69
Vespasian	69
Titus	79
Domitian	81
Nerva	96
Trajan	98
Hadrian	117
Antoninus Pius	138
M. Aurelius Antoninus	161–180
L. Verus	161–169
Commodus	180
Pertinax	193
Didius Julianus	193
Septimius Severus	193
Caracallus	211–217
Geta	211–212
Macrinus	217
Elagabalus (the sun-priest)	218
Alexander Severus	222

	A. D.
Maximinus	235
Gordian I. and Gordian II.	238
Pupienus Maximus and Balbinus	238
Gordian III.	238–244
Philip the Arabian	244
Decius	249
Gallus	251
Æmilian	253
Valerian	253
Gallienus	260
Claudius II.	268
Aurelian	270
Tacitus	275
Florian	276
Probus	276
Carus	282
Carinus and Numerian	283
Diocletian, with Maximian	284
Constantius, with Galerius	305
Constantine I. (the Great), with Galerius, Severus, and Maxentius	306
Constantine, with Licinius	307
Constantine, with Maximinus	308
Constantine, alone	323
Constantine II., Constantius II., Constans I.	337
Julian the Apostate	361
Jovian	363
Valentinian I.	364
Gratian and Valentinian II.	375
Valentinian II.	383
Theodosius (East and West)	392
Honorius	395
Theodosius II. (East and West)	423
Valentinian III.	425
Petronius Maximus	455
Avitus	455
Majorian	457
Libius Severus	461
Anthemius	467
Olybrius	472
Glycerius	473
Julius Nepos	474
Romulus Augustulus	475–476

TOMBS ALONG THE APPIAN WAY.

Part II.

READINGS IN ROMAN HISTORY.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROMANS.

The first question in the history of every people is, What was their race and language? and next, What was the earliest form of their society, their social and political organization? Let us see how far we can answer these questions with respect to Rome.

The Latin Race and Language.—The language of the Romans was not called Roman, but Latin. Politically, Rome and Latium were clearly distinguished, but their language appears to have been the same. This language is different from the Etruscan, and from the Oscan; the Romans, therefore, are so far marked out as distinct from the great nations of Central Italy.

On the other hand, the connection of the Latin language with the Greek is manifest. Many common words, which no nation ever derives from the literature of another, are the same in Greek and Latin; the declensions of the nouns and verbs are, to a great degree, similar. It is probable that the Latins belonged to that great race which, in very early times, overspread both Greece and Italy, under the various names of Pelasgian, Tyrsenians, and Liculians. It may be believed, that the Hellenians were anciently a people of this same race, but that some peculiar circumstances gave to them a distinct and superior character, and raised

them so far above their brethren, that, in after-ages, they disclaimed all connection with them.

But in the Latin language there is another element besides that which it has in common with the Greek. This element belongs to the languages of Central Italy, and may be called Oscan. Further, Niebuhr has remarked, that whilst the terms relating to agriculture and domestic life are mostly derived from the Greek part of the language, those relating to arms and war are mostly Oscan. It seems, then, not only that the Latins were a mixed people, partly Pelasgian and partly Oscan; but also that they arose out of a conquest of the Pelasgians by the Oscans: so that the latter were the ruling class of the united nation; the former were its subjects.

Differences between the Romans and other Latins.—The Latin language, then, may afford us a clue to the origin of the Latin people, and, so far, to that of the Romans. But it does not explain the difference between the Romans and the Latins, to which the peculiar fates of the Roman people owe their origin. We must inquire, then, what the Romans were, which the other Latins were not; and as language cannot aid us here, we must have recourse to other assistance, to geography and national traditions. And thus, at the same time, we shall arrive at an answer to the second question in Roman history, What was the earliest form of civil society at Rome?

If we look at the map, we shall see that Rome lies at the furthest extremity of Latium, divided from Etruria only by the Tiber, and having the Sabines close on the north, between the Tiber and the Anio. No other Latin town, so far as we know, was built on the Tiber; some were clustered on and around the Alban hills, others lined the coast of the Mediterranean; but from all these Rome, by its

position, stood aloof. Tradition reports that as Rome was thus apart from the rest of the Latin cities, and so near a neighbor to the Etruscans and Sabines, its population was in part formed out of one of these nations, and many of its rites and institutions borrowed from the other. Tradition describes the very first founders of the city as the shepherds and herdsmen of the banks of the Tiber, and tells how their numbers were presently swelled by strangers and outcasts from all the countries round about. We know that for all points of detail, and for keeping a correct account of time, tradition is worthless. It is very possible that all Etruscan rites and usages came in with the Tarquinii, and were falsely carried back to an earlier period. But the mixture of the Sabines with the original people of the Palatine hill, cannot be doubted; and the stories of the asylum, and of the violence done to the Sabine women, seem to show that the first settlers of the Palatine were a mixed race, in which other blood was largely mingled with that of the Latins.

Tribal Divisions of the Romans.—The people or citizens of Rome were divided into the three tribes of the Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres, to whatever races we may suppose them to belong, or at whatever time and under whatever circumstances they may have become united. Each of these tribes was divided into ten smaller bodies called curiæ; so that the whole people consisted of thirty curiæ; these same divisions were in war represented by the thirty centuries which made up the legion, just as the three tribes were represented by the three centuries of horsemen; but that the soldiers of each century were exactly a hundred, is an unfounded conclusion.

I have said that each tribe was divided into ten curiæ; it would be more correct to say, that the union of ten curiæ

formed the tribe. For the state grew out of the junction of certain original elements; and these were neither the tribes, nor even the curiæ, but the gentes, or houses which made up the curiæ. The first element of the whole system was the gens, or house, a union of several families who were bound together by the joint performance of certain religious rites.

The Houses and their Clients.—The state being thus made up of families, and every family consisting from the earliest times of members and dependents, all the original inhabitants of Rome belonged to one of two classes: they were either members of a family, and, if so, members of a house, of a curiæ, of a tribe, and so, lastly, of the state; or they were dependents on a family, and, if so, their relation went no further than the immediate aggregate of families, that is, the house. With the curiæ, with the tribe, and with the state, they had no connection. These members of families were the original citizens of Rome; these dependents on families were the original clients.

The Commons, or Plebs.—The idea of clientship was that of a wholly private relation; the clients were something to their respective patrons, but to the state they were nothing. But wherever states composed in this manner, of a body of houses with their clients, had been long established, there grew up amidst, or close beside them, created in most instances by conquest, a population of a very distinct kind. Strangers might come to live in the land; or, more commonly, the inhabitants of a neighboring district might be conquered, and be united with their conquerors as a subject people. Now this population had no connection with the houses separately, but only with a state composed of those houses; this, therefore, was wholly a political, not a domestic relation; it united personal and private liberty

with political subjection. This inferior population possessed property, regulated their own municipal as well as domestic affairs, and as free men fought in the armies of what was now their common country. But, strictly, they were not its citizens; they could not intermarry with the houses; they could not belong to the state, for they belonged to no house, and therefore to no curiæ and no tribe; consequently, they had no share in the state's government, nor in the state's property. What the state conquered in war became the property of the state, and therefore they had no claim to it; with the state demesne, with whatever, in short, belonged to the state in its aggregate capacity, these, as being merely its neighbors, and not its members, had no concern.

Such an inferior population, free personally, but subject politically, not slaves, yet not citizens, was the original Plebs, the commons of Rome.

Only Members of the Houses were Citizens.—The mass of the Roman commons were conquered Latins. These, besides receiving grants of a portion of their former lands, to be held by them as Roman citizens, had also the hill Aventinus assigned as a residence to those who removed to Rome. The Aventine was without the walls, although near to them; thus the commons were, even in the nature of their abode, like the Pfalburger of the Middle Ages, men not admitted to live within the city, but enjoying its protection against foreign enemies.

It will be understood at once, that whatever is said of the people in these early times, refers only to the full citizens, that is, to the members of the houses. The assembly of the people was the assembly of the curiæ; that is, the great council of the members of the houses; while the senate, consisting of two hundred senators, chosen in equal num-

bers from the two higher tribes of the Ramnenses and Titienses, was their smaller or ordinary council.—ARNOLD.

CAUSES OF ROME'S EARLY GREATNESS.

The Campagna and the Tiber.—To trace the greatness of Rome from her first beginnings, we must go back to a time when the Tiber flowed through the open waste of the wide Campagna. This plain, a scene so memorable in history, extends along the central portion of the western shore of Italy, for the length of about ninety miles, having an average breadth of twenty-seven miles. A spectator, standing on Mount Janiculus, overlooking the site of Rome, sees the lower chain of the Apennines across the undulating surface of the Campagna at the distance of about ten or fifteen miles, and behind it the central ridge, capped with snow for half the year. The chief objects of the panorama are as memorable for their historical and poetical associations, as they are conspicuous for their beauty. To the north-west, the plain of the Aro is bounded by the Etruscan hills. On the north about twenty miles distant, stands out Soracte, whose snow-clad summit invited Horace to enjoy the pleasures of winter. Eastward, across the Tiber, lies the beautiful range of the Sabine Apennines; and conspicuous above the rest the peak of Lucretilis, which sheltered the poet's summer retreat. Nearer in the foreground, where the Anio bursts out of the hills, is Tibur, whose beauties he extols above all the most famous sites of Greece. Then follow the hills of Latium, with their sterner associations; the rocky summit of Prænestе standing out in front of the chain, celebrated in medieval as well as ancient history; and the isolated volcanic mass of the Alban Mount, the sanctuary of the Latin race, down the side of which the

"Long White City" extended to the lake of the same name. Its highest summit, crowned of old with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, was visible even to mariners at sea. From this point there is an uninterrupted view to the south-east over the plain, till it sinks into the sea, which is distinguished from the land only by the brighter light reflected from its waters.

The southern extremity of the Campagna forms a dead level, opening on to the Gulf of Gæta, and watered by several streams. The "Pomptinus Ager" as it was called, from Pontia (a town which disappeared very early), was once celebrated for its fertility, and contained twenty-three flourishing towns. But before the middle of the second century B. C., the neglect to regulate the water-courses had converted it into a pestilential marsh, which was only partially drained by Cethegus (B. C. 160) and Julius Cæsar. The canal, which continued the Via Appia through the Pomptine Marshes to the temple of Feronia, at the foot of the hill of Anxur, furnished Horace with his well-known picture of the lazy and extortionate boatmen, and the traveler, kept awake by gnats and frogs, singing of his mistress till he falls asleep. The drainage works were resumed about the end of the eighteenth century, but the marshes are still a hot-bed of malaria in the summer. Their extent is about twenty-four miles long by eight or ten wide.

The northern part of the Campagna is watered by the Tiber and its confluents, of which the Anio is the chief. The sacred river of the Romans, "Father Tiber," has a course of about 200 miles from its source near Tifernum, in the Apennines, to its mouth at Ostia. From Ostia the Tiber was navigable for the largest ships up to Rome, where the river is about 300 feet wide, and from 12 to 18 deep.

The character of the Tiber, as a rapid mountain stream,

flowing through no lake to regulate its volume and receive its alluvial deposits, is summed up in the one line of Virgil,

"Vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena;"

and its turbid water still justifies the frequent epithet of the "yellow Tiber." Its rapid eddies, frequent floods, and large alluvial deposits, have produced great effects on its course through the Campagna and on the site of Rome itself. All the engineering skill of the masters of the world was unable to protect their city from the inundations of its sacred stream. It was not indeed till the Etruscan kings executed the great drain, the "Cloaca Maxima," that the valleys between the hills of Rome were made dry land; and it seems that at no distant time the hills nearer to the river were islands.—PHILIP SMITH.

The Palatine Hill.—The Cradle of Rome.—The Romans regarded the Palatine as the cradle of the "City of the Seven Hills." It was from the opposite slope of the Janiculum that they delighted to behold the chain of eminences which surrounded this central summit, and comprehended within its circuit the most interesting sites and monuments of their history. The configuration of the six exterior heights, from the Capitoline to the Aventine on the right, presented an almost continuous ridge of unequal elevation, abutting at either extremity on the channel of the Tiber. Between the Aventine and the Cælian a small stream made its way into the inclosure, and the ravine in this quarter was diligently fortified from an early period. But in the depths of antiquity, before the foundations of Rome were laid, the single outlet to the waters which collected round the base of the Palatine, was choked by a desolate morass, and the rank growth of primitive forests buried the central eminence in almost impenetrable conceal-

ment. Such a position was admirably adapted for a place of retreat, and offered an impregnable shelter to crime and rapine. It seemed created by nature herself to be the stronghold of a people of reserved character and predatory habits. It was destined to become the den of the "Wolves of Italy." The legend of the foundation of the Eternal City, which affirmed that the divine omens decided the contest of the brothers and the pretensions of the rival summits, furnished a striking illustration of the subsequent fortunes of the Roman people. They chose between a career of conquest and plunder, and of discovery and commerce. Romulus founded Rome, Remus might have founded a Carthage.—MERIVALE.

The Seven Hills and the Power of Political Confederacy.—What was the cause, we may well ask, that gave such a superiority to Rome over other cities of Italy? Why did not Veii, or Naples, or Syracuse become the nucleus of a great empire? Had Rome an advantage over them with regard to soil, climate, or geographical situation? This question must be answered in the negative. The soil in the neighborhood of Rome was comparatively sterile, the climate unhealthy, the situation unfavorable for commerce. The city had no good port, nor was there a large fertile country behind it which might have supplied materials for exports and markets for foreign goods.

If Rome had no such advantages, was it to any advantages of race and descent that she owed her eminence? Again we must answer in the negative. The people of Rome were of the same race as their neighbors. They could boast of no superiority on the score of descent. The Sabines and Latins, who combined to form the fundamental element of the Roman people, were offshoots of the Sabellian stock to which all the native, or aboriginal population of Italy belong, from

the Apennines south of the Po to the extreme end of the peninsula. It was therefore not superiority of race which gave the Romans predominance in Italy.

Perhaps we may be led to surmise that it was a fortunate succession of great men which raised the Romans above the other Italian communities. But Rome was singularly sterile in great men. She was made powerful and predominant by the almost unheeded labor of a vast number of citizens of average ability, not by men whose names have the ring of Solon, Pericles, Epaminondas, or Alexander. The kings and statesmen to whom the establishment of the State and the laws is ascribed, such as Romulus, Numa, Servius, and Brutus, belong not to authentic history, but to prehistoric fable; and when politicians arose who exerted an influence beyond that of private citizens in the service of the State, men who, like Sulla and Cæsar, wielded in their hands the power of the whole community, the greatness of republican Rome had passed away.

If, then, the first cause of Roman greatness, the first impulse given to national development, is to be found neither in the advantages of soil and situation, nor in the superiority of race, nor in the genius of great men, shall we be driven to say that it was mere chance, or, in more reverent language, Divine Providence, which selected Rome as the seat of empire over Italy and the world? Such a conclusion would be but an evasion of the difficulty and a confession of weakness unworthy of the spirit of historical inquiry. Providence does not act contrary to fixed laws, but according to them; and it is for us to investigate these laws, not to ignore them.

If we compare the site of Rome with the sites of the numerous cities which simultaneously with the earliest settlement on the Seven Hills covered the plain of Latium

and the adjoining hills, we find that each of the other towns was built on some steep, or easily defended hill. Some of these hill-towns, such as Prænestе, were actually stronger than either the Roman Capitol, or the Palatine hill. But nowhere do we find, as on the Tiber, a *group of hills* possessing each the advantage of defensibility, and yet lying so close to one another that the political isolation of each was impossible, and that some kind of federation for the maintenance of internal peace became absolutely necessary. People who live at a distance from each other may indulge in occasional strife; but if by proximity of habitation they are compelled to have daily intercourse with one another, they are obliged to agree upon some terms of amicable life, if they do not prefer the miseries which internecine war must entail on all. This was the condition of the various settlements on the seven hills, which lay so near together that nature itself seemed to have destined them to form a combined city. There are dim, half-fabulous traditions which speak of wars waged between the people of the Quirinal hill and that of the Palatine. But the same traditions also report an amicable settlement of the combats, an agreement to live in peace, a combined government of the respective chiefs; in fact, they describe a confederation of the two peoples, and their combination into one political community.

Thus, then, arose a spirit of political association based upon calculations of interest, but sanctioned by the sense of right; nor when it had accomplished its first task, the security of the Seven hills, did it die away, but continued to work on a large scale when Rome had become great. City after city and tribe after tribe were invited, or compelled, to join the leading power as allies, until the whole of Italy,

though in fact subject to Rome, appeared to be only one vast confederacy.

We have seen that the geographical position of Rome, and the peculiarity of race, cannot be deemed to have been the first causes of Roman greatness. Now, however, after we have discovered the first cause, we may and must admit that both these circumstances powerfully contributed to accelerate the growth of Rome. The comparative sterility of the territory encouraged the warlike spirit of the early Romans, whose frequent wars seem to have been undertaken oftener for the sake of booty than in just self-defence. It is possible, too, that the unhealthiness of the surrounding district at certain seasons of the year may have served as a barrier to ward off attacks, when other resources failed. The remoteness of the sea and the want of a good port were a protection from the numerous pirates who infested the Tyrrhenian waters. But it was especially the situation of Rome in the middle of the peninsula, cutting off the northern from the southern half, which enabled her to divide her enemies and to subdue them separately. Lastly, the similarity of race, which bound the Romans by the ties of blood and common customs to all the indigenous races of Italy, enabled them to repel the invasions of their non-Italian enemies, and to appear in the light of champions and protectors of Italy.—IHNE.

The Rapid Growth of the Imperial City.—The progress of Rome was rapid during the Republic; during the Empire it became portentous. The city soon climbed to the summits of the five remaining hills, and, descending their sides, filled the intermediate spaces with piles of masonry raised so high that "one story," says Cicero, "toppled over another, and seemed to be suspended in the air." She descended to the Tiber, and stretched herself like some

great monster along its banks, crowning with roofs the Janiculum, and then the Vatican hill, northward to the Milvian bridge, and to the south in the direction of the great port which connected her with the Mediterranean and the outer world. In other directions it was the same. Toward the Tiber and Prænestе, she covered the fields of Latium with a cloud of edifices, "like the snow of Homer's Olympus," says the rhetorician Aristides, "which veils the summit of the mountains, the wide plains, and the cultivated farms of men."—SHEPPARD.

Rome the Mistress of the Mediterranean.—Attention has not perhaps been sufficiently accorded to the central situation of Rome itself among the vast regions over which her well-organized executive extended. The Mediterranean rolled like a great artery through this compact body of states and countries. This sea has from immemorial ages formed the highway of the nations as they passed to and fro on the mission of civilization. More has been said and sung in its praise than has been said or sung of any other portion of the earth's surface, not excepting Italy itself. "The grand object of traveling," says Samuel Johnson, "is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. All our religion, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." Conquest, commerce, civil liberty, and science, all seem to have started into life upon its banks, and pushed their pathway across its waves. All the great cities of the ancient world looked down upon its waters, or their tributary seas,—Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Corinth, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Marseilles. The tide of conquest was perpetually rolling toward its shores. Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, sought, one after another, to win the Syrian seaboard. The great rulers of the Persian dynasty,

Cyrus, Xerxes, and Darius, precipitated themselves upon Ionian and European Greece. Beside its waves, in a pass between the sea and the Cilician mountains, Alexander smote down the Persian Empire, and returned to found a capital for the world at the spot where it receives the waters of the Nile. Soon Carthage spread her commerce along its southern shore, colonized the coast of Spain, and passed upon her adventurous path beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Carthage, in her turn, surrendered the central sea, the symbol and means of empire, to her rival Rome; and Rome embraced it more completely still, with the encircling arms of conquest, from Gades to Byzantium.—SHEPPARD.

ROMAN BALLADS THE SOURCE OF ROMAN LEGENDARY HISTORY.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin meters, heroic, elegiac, lyric and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the Iliad and the Odyssey. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost

wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born.

We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostius Hostilius, the struggle of Metius Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and disheveled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic action of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the

histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected on such an occasion to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed, would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to the speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshaling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets, but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valor against overwhelming numbers, all perished save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so

full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place. The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by the shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.—Preface to "Lays of Ancient Rome."—Macaulay.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS

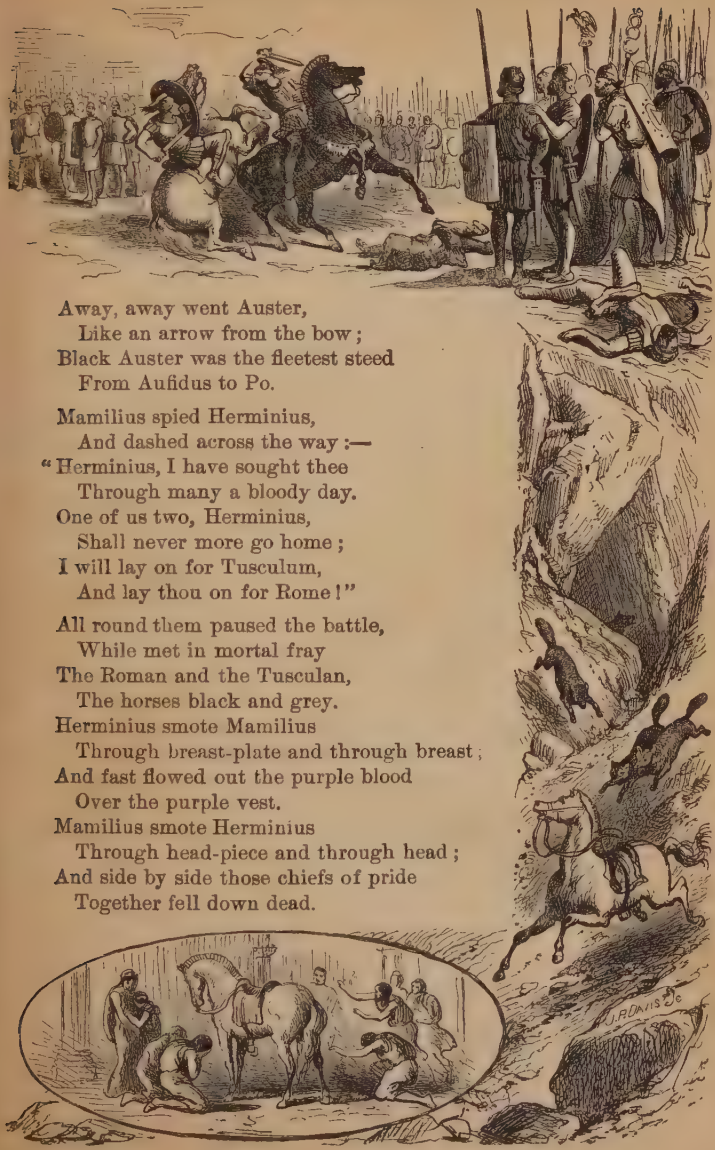
* * * But north looked the Dictator;
North looked he long and hard;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard;
"Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight,
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right?"

Then answered Caius Cossus:
"I see an evil sight;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumed horsemen;
And far before the rest
I see the dark-grey charger,
I see the purple vest;
I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name."

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus:
Spring on thy horse's back;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track;
Haste to our southward battle,
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain."

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted
And rode for death and life.

* * * Herminius beat his bosom,
But never a word he spake;
He clasped his hand in Auster's mane,
He gave his reins a shake:



Away, away went Auster,
  Like an arrow from the bow;
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
  From Aufidus to Po.

Mamilius spied Herminius,
  And dashed across the way:—
"Herminius, I have sought thee
  Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
  Shall never more go home;
I will lay on for Tusculum,
  And lay thou on for Rome!"

All round them paused the battle,
  While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
  The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
  Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
  Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
  Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
  Together fell down dead.

* * * Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
In his dead master's face.

* * * Then Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein.
"Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day."

So spake he; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know:
White as snow their armor was;
Their steeds were white as snow.

Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armor gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

And all who saw them trembled
And pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.

* * *

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose;
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Roman close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.

Sempronius Atratinus
Sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state;
And all around the portal,
And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
But sad and silent all;
Young lads, and stooping elders
That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight.
Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing
Of horse-hoofs from the east

The mist of eve was rising,
The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
Fast pricking towards the town.

So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armor was,
Their steeds were red with gore.

"Hail to the great Asylum!
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!"

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

MACAULAY.

PERIOD OF THE PUNIC WARS.

Rome in the Third Century B. C.—From the Gallic conflagration Rome gradually rose to greater splendor. By degrees the forum assumed a more imposing appearance. In the place of the butchers' shops beautiful porticoes were

ROMAN HOME.

erected, where silversmiths and bankers carried on their business; on festive occasions the columns were ornamented with captured arms. The platform for the public orators was decorated with the beaks of the ships taken at Antium (338 B. C.). Various works of art and statues were erected all around.* In the short space of twelve years, eight new

* Most of these, probably, were bought in Etruria or were spoils from Etruscan and Greek towns and were falsely given out as Roman works. Nothing was easier than to give a statue a Roman name. Almost any Greek male statue might pass for Romulus. It was customary to convey solemnly to Rome the principal deity of a conquered town, and to give it a name and place in the Roman worship. What was more natural than that other works of art should share the same fate?

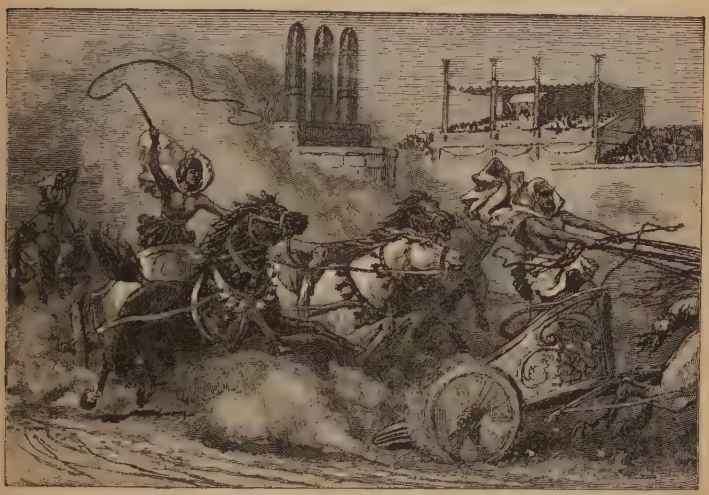
temples are said to have been vowed or built. A large portion of the booty made in the wars with the Samnites and with Pyrrhus was devoted to the adornment of the town.

Care was now taken not only to adorn Rome with works of art, but also to make improvements for the convenience, health and comfort of the inhabitants. The grandest public work of this class was the great sewer, which is stated to have been constructed in the Etruscan period under Tarquinius Priscus. Gradually the ædiles began to pave a few streets from the proceeds of fines inflicted for the violation of the Licinian land laws. Appius Claudius constructed the first aqueduct, and after the termination of the war with Pyrrhus, Manius Curius began to build a second with the spoils taken in that war (273 B. C.).

While Rome, in consequence of the extension of the Roman dominion, became more and more the seat of industry, trade, and art; while increasing wealth banished the old simplicity and rustic contentment, and changed the external appearance of the city, a greater freedom showed itself in the observance of the old customs and in the rules of social and family life. The strict laws of the paternal authority were relaxed; the political ties which bound together the members of a house and of a family were loosened. The solemn form of marriage by "confarreatio," connected with auspicia and sacrifices, was more and more superseded even in patrician houses by a kind of civil marriage. In every way the barriers were broken down which in former times had confined the individual within the limits of his family, had hampered his freedom of action, and had placed an intermediate authority between him and the state. The ancient tribes of Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres became things of the past and were surrendered to oblivion; the members of the different houses

ceased to act for common political or social purposes: religious ceremonies alone preserved a faint memory of what had once been a vigorous institution.

During the Samnite wars, the great mass of the Roman people retained the old simplicity of life in their dress, their dwellings, their food and drink. Their recreations and



CHARIOT RACE.

rejoicings, their popular festivals and domestic pleasures, were essentially the same as before. They were always fond of holydays and religious shows. They never tired of public processions. The highest aspiration of the most ambitious citizen was to enter Rome at the head of a victorious army, exhibiting rich spoils and captured enemies; to pass along the Sacred Way and the Forum amidst the acclamations of the people dressed in their holyday attire; to ascend the Capitol, and in the temple of Jupiter to render thanks, in the name of the people, for the victory which the god had

vouchsafed to them. Whilst the triumphant consular general ascended the steps to the Capitol, the captive leader of the enemy was led into the dismal dungeon to die. (See instance of Caius Pontius, p. 33.)

The triumphal processions were the first public rejoicings of the warlike people of Rome, but at a very early period the so-called Great or Roman games were established, and several others in course of time. These games consisted at first of chariot racing and boxing, and were celebrated in the great race-course, between the Aventine and the Palatine. For a long time the Romans were contented with these innocent and bloodless exhibitions. But in the beginning of the Punic wars, the hideous gladiatorial combats (p. 101) were introduced.—IHNE.

HANNIBAL.

The Genius of Hannibal.—The Duke of Wellington was of opinion that Hannibal was the greatest of all generals. Twice in history has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Buonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo.

It is not merely through our ignorance of the internal state of Carthage, that Hannibal stands so prominent in all our conceptions of the second Punic war; he was really its moving and directing power; and the energy of his country was but a light reflected from his own. History therefore gathers itself into his single person; in that vast tempest, which from north and south, from the west and the east, broke upon Italy, we see nothing but Hannibal.

But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who in his hatred of the Trojans rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. The senate which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama. Never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind, that Hannibal should be conquered: his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world.—ARNOLD.

Hannibal at the Gates of Rome (p. 43).—Under the walls of Casinum, Hannibal remained encamped for two days, ravaging the country all around; thence he came into the Fregellan territory, to the river Liris, where he found the bridge broken down by the Fregellans in order to impede his progress. A messenger from Fregella, who had traveled a day and a night without intermission, arriving at Rome, caused the greatest consternation; and the whole city was thrown into a state of alarm by the running up and down of persons who made vague additions to what they heard, and thus increased the confusion which the original intelligence created. The lamentations of women were not only heard from private houses, but the matrons from every quarter, rushing into the public streets, ran up and down around the shrines of the gods, sweeping the altars with

their disheveled hair, throwing themselves upon their knees and stretching their uplifted hands to heaven and the gods, imploring them to rescue the city of Rome out of the hands of their enemies, and preserve the Roman mothers and their children from harm. The senate sat in the forum near the magistrates, in case they should wish to consult them. Some were receiving orders and departing to their own department of duty; others were offering themselves wherever there might be occasion for their aid. Troops were posted in the citadel, in the Capitol, upon the walls around the city, and also on the Alban mount, and the fort of Æsula. Meanwhile, Hannibal advanced his camp to the Anio, three miles from the city. Fixing his position there, he advanced with two thousand horse from the Colline gate as far as the temple of Hercules, and riding up, took as near a view as he could of the walls and site of the city. Flaccus, indignant that he should do this so freely and so much at his ease, sent out a party of cavalry, with orders to displace and drive back to their camp the cavalry of the enemy. After the fight had begun, the consuls ordered the Numidian deserters who were on the Aventine, to the number of twelve hundred, to march through the midst of the city to the Esquiliæ, judging that no troops were better calculated to fight among the hollows, the garden walls, and tombs, or in the enclosed roads which were on all sides. But some persons, seeing them from the citadel and Capitol as they filed off on horseback down the Publician hill, cried out that the Aventine was taken. This circumstance occasioned such confusion and terror, that if the Carthaginian camp had not been without the city, the whole multitude, such was their alarm, would have rushed out. They then fled for refuge into their houses and upon the roofs, where they threw stones and weapons on their own

soldiers as they passed along the streets, taking them for enemies. Nor could the tumult be repressed, or the mistake explained, as the streets were thronged with crowds of rustics and cattle, which the sudden alarm had driven into the city. The battle between the cavalry was successful, and the enemy were driven away; and as it was necessary to repress the tumults which were arising in several quarters without any cause, it was resolved that all who had been dictators, consuls, or censors, should be invested with authority till such time as the enemy had retired from the wall.

The next day Hannibal, crossing the Anio, drew out all his forces in order of battle; nor did Flaccus and the consuls decline to fight. When the troops on both sides were drawn up to try the issue of a battle, in which Rome was to be the prize of the victors, a violent shower of rain mingled with hail created such disorder in both the lines, that the troops, scarcely able to hold their arms, retired to their camps. On the following day, likewise, a similar tempest separated the armies marshaled on the same ground; but after they had retired to their camps the weather became wonderfully serene and tranquil. The Carthaginians considered this circumstance as a Divine interposition, and it is reported that Hannibal was heard to say, that "sometimes he wanted the *will* to make himself master of Rome; at other times the *opportunity*." Two other circumstances also, one inconsiderable, the other important, diminished his hopes. The important one was, that while he lay with his armed troops near the walls of the city, he was informed that troops had marched out of it with colors flying, as a reinforcement for Spain; that of less importance was, that he was informed by one of his prisoners, that the very ground on which his camp stood

was sold at this very time, without any diminution in its price. Indeed, so great an insult and indignity did it appear to him that a purchaser should be found at Rome for the very soil which he held and possessed by right of conquest, that he immediately called a crier, and ordered that the silversmiths' shops, which at that time stood around the Roman forum, should be put up for sale. Induced by these circumstances, he retired to the river Tutia, six miles from the city, whence he proceeded to the grove of Feronia, where was a temple at that time celebrated for its riches. The Capenatians and the people of other states in the neighborhood, by bringing here their first fruits and other offerings according to their abilities, kept it decorated with abundance of gold and silver. Of all these offerings the temple was now despoiled. After the departure of Hannibal, vast heaps of brass were found there, as the soldiers, from a religious feeling, had thrown in pieces of uncoined brass.—LIVY.

HASDRUBAL.

At the Metaurus (p. 44).—In order to determine Hannibal's movements, Hasdrubal, when he left Placentia, sent off six horsemen, to say he was marching upon Etruria, and that the two brothers were to effect their junction in Umbria. With marvelous skill and good fortune Hasdrubal's horsemen made their way through the whole length of Italy. But Hannibal's rapid movement into Bruttium disconcerted them: they attempted to follow him thither; but mistaking their way, and getting too near to Tarentum, they fell in with some foragers of the army of Q. Claudius, and were made prisoners. The prætor instantly sent them under a strong escort to Nero (the consul). They were the bearers of a letter from Hasdrubal to his brother,

containing the whole plan of their future operations; it was written, not in cypher, but in the common Carthaginian language and character; and the interpreter read its contents in Latin to the consul.

Nero took his resolution on the instant. He despatched the letter to the senate, urging the immediate recall of Fulvius with his army from Capua to Rome; the calling out of every Roman who could bear arms; and the marching forward of the two home legions to Narnia, to defend that narrow gorge of the Flaminian road against the invader. At the same time he told the senate what he was going to do himself. He picked out 7000 men, of whom 1000 were horse, the flower of his whole army; he ordered them to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition into Lucania, to surprise one of Hannibal's garrisons; and as soon as it was dark, he put himself at their head, leaving his lieutenant, Q. Catius, in command of the main army, and began his march.

His march was not towards Lucania. Already before he left his camp had he sent forward horsemen on the road leading to Picenum and Umbria, with the consul's orders that all the provisions of the country should be brought down to the road-side, that all horses and draught cattle should be led thither also, and carriages for the transport of the weaker or wearied soldiers. Life and death were upon his speed,—the life and death of his country. His march was towards the camp of his colleague, before Sena; his hope was to crush Hasdrubal with their combined and overwhelming forces, whilst Hannibal, waiting for that letter which he would never receive, should remain still in Apulia.

When Nero had reached a sufficient distance from Hannibal, he disclosed the secret of his expedition to his soldiers. They felt the glory of their mission, and shared the spirit of

their leader. Nor was it a little thing to witness the universal enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed their march. Men and women, the whole population of the country, crowded to the roadside; meat, drink, clothing, horses, carriages, were pressed upon the soldiers; and happy was the man from whom they would accept them. Every tongue blessed them as deliverers; incense rose on hastily built altars, where the people, kneeling as the army passed, poured forth prayers and vows to the gods for their safe and victorious return. The soldiers would scarcely receive what was offered to them; they would not halt; they ate standing in their ranks; night and day they hastened onwards, scarcely allowing themselves a brief interval of rest. In six or seven days the march was accomplished. Livius had been forewarned of his colleague's approach, and Nero entered the camp by night, concealing his arrival from Hasdrubal no less successfully than he had hidden his departure from Hannibal.

The new comers were to be received into the tents of Livius' soldiers; for any enlargement of the camp would have betrayed the secret. They were more than seven thousand men, for their numbers had been swelled on their march; veterans who had retired from war, and youths too young to be enlisted, having pressed Nero to let them share in his enterprise. A council was held the next morning; and though Livius and L. Porcius, the prætor, urged Nero to allow his men some rest before he led them to battle, he pleaded so strongly the importance of not losing a single day lest Hannibal should be upon their rear, that it was agreed to fight immediately. The red ensign was hoisted as soon as the council broke up; and the soldiers marched out and formed in order of battle.

The enemy, whose camp, according to the system of ancient warfare, was only half a mile distant from that of the Ro-

mans, marched out and formed in line to meet them. But as Hasdrubal rode forward to reconnoitre the Roman army, their increased numbers struck him; and other circumstances, it is said, having increased his suspicions, he led back his men into their camp, and sent out some horsemen to collect information. The Romans then returned to their own camp; and Hasdrubal's horsemen rode round it at a distance, to see if it were larger than usual, or in the hope of picking up some stragglers. One thing alone, it is said, revealed the secret: the trumpet, which gave the signal for the several duties of the day, was heard to sound as usual once in the camp of the prætor, but twice in that of Livius. This, we are told, satisfied Hasdrubal that both the consuls were before him. Unable to understand how Nero had escaped from Hannibal, and dreading the worst, he resolved to retire to a greater distance from the enemy; and having put out all his fires, he set his army in motion as soon as night fell, and retreated towards Metaurus.

According to Livy, Hasdrubal marched back fourteen miles; but his guides deserted him and escaped unobserved in the darkness, so that, when the army reached Metaurus, they could not find the fords. He began to ascend the river, in the hope of passing it easily when daylight came, but its windings delayed him; and as he ascended further from the sea, he found the banks steeper and higher.

Thus Hasdrubal was overtaken by the Romans and obliged to fight. It is clear from Polybius that he had encamped for the night after his wearisome march; and retreat being fatal to the discipline of barbarians, the Gauls became unmanageable, and indulged so freely in drinking, that, when morning dawned, many of them were lying drunk in their quarters, utterly unable to move. And now the Roman army was seen advancing in order of

battle; and Hasdrubal, finding it impossible to continue his retreat, marched out of his camp to meet them.

His Gaulish infantry, as many as were fit for action, were stationed on his left, in a position naturally so strong as to be unassailable in front; and its flank would probably be covered by the river. He himself took part with his Spanish infantry, and attacked the left wing of the Roman army, which was commanded by Livius (Nero's associate consul). Nero was on the Roman right, the prætor in the center.

Between Hasdrubal and Livius, the battle was long and obstinately disputed, the elephants being, according to Polybius, an equal hindrance to both parties; for, galled by the missiles of the Romans, they broke sometimes into their own ranks, as well as into those of the enemy. Meanwhile, Nero, seeing that he could make no progress on his front, drew his troops out of the line, and, passing round on the rear of the prætor and of Livius, fell upon the right flank and the rear of the enemy. Then the fate of the day was decided; and the Spaniards, outnumbered and surrounded, were cut to pieces in their ranks, resisting to the last. Then too, when all was lost, Hasdrubal spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and there fell sword in hand, fighting, says Livy, "with honorable sympathy, as became the son of Hamilcar and the brother of Hannibal."

The conquerors immediately stormed the Carthaginian camp, and there slaughtered many of the Gauls, whom they found still lying asleep in the helplessness of brute intoxication. The spoil of the camp was rich, amounting in value to 300 talents: of the elephants, six were killed in the action; the other four were taken alive. All the Carthaginian citizens who had followed Hasdrubal, were either killed or taken; and 3000 Roman prisoners. who were found in the camp, were restored to liberty.

With no less haste than he had marched from Apulia, Nero hastened back thither to rejoin his army. All was quiet there: Hannibal still lay in his camp, waiting for intelligence from Hasdrubal. He received it too soon, not from Hasdrubal, but from Nero. The Carthaginian prisoners were exhibited exultingly before his camp; two of them were set at liberty, and sent to tell him the story of their defeat; and a head was thrown down in scorn before his outposts, if his soldiers might know whose it was. They took it up, and brought to Hannibal the head of his brother. He had not dealt so with the remains of the Roman generals: but of this Nero recked nothing; he was as indifferent to justice and humanity in his dealings with an enemy, as his imperial descendants afterward showed themselves towards Rome, and all mankind.*—ARNOLD.

An Atonement, a Suspense, and a Thanksgiving.—[Before the Battle of Metaurus.] The popular mind, tortured by religious terrors, now saw everywhere signs of the divine anger, and it gave itself up to horrid delusions, and to the cruelty of superstition. Again it rained stones, rivers ran blood, and temples, walls, and gates of towns were struck by lightning. But more than usual terror was caused by the birth of a greatly deformed child. Soothsayers were specially sent for from Etruria, and at their suggestion the wretched creature was placed in a box and cast into the sea far from the coast. Then the pontifices ordained a grand national festival of atonement. From the temple of Apollo before the town, the procession marched solemnly to the

* Ten years had passed since Hannibal had last gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their system of warfare against Rome, which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hailing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain, and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognized his country's destiny.—CREASY.

Forum. At its head walked two white cows, led by sacrificial servants; behind them were carried two statues of the royal Juno, made of cypress wood; then followed three times nine virgins in long flowing garments, walking in a single line and holding on to a rope, singing to the measured time of their footsteps, in honor of the goddess, a hymn, which Livius Andronicus (p. 83), had composed for this special occasion. At the end of the procession came the ten officers who presided over sacrificial rites, crowned with laurel and clothed in purple-bordered togas. From the Forum the procession went, after a short pause, up to the temple of Juno on the Aventine. Here the two cows were sacrificed by the ten sacrificial priests, and the statues were put up in the temple of the goddess.—IHNE.

[After the Battle of Metaurus.] From the moment that Nero's march from the south had been heard of at Rome, intense anxiety possessed the whole city. Every day the senate sat from sunrise to sunset, and not a senator was absent; every day the forum was crowded from morning till evening, for any hour might bring some great tidings, and every man wished to be among the first to hear them. A doubtful rumor arose, that a great battle had been fought, and a great victory won only two days before: two horsemen of Narnia had ridden off from the field to carry the news to their home; it had been heard and published in the camp of the reserve army, which was lying at Narnia to cover the approach to Rome. But men dared not lightly believe what they so much wished to be true: and how, they said, could a battle fought in the extremity of Umbria be heard of only two days after at Rome? Soon, however, it was known that a letter had arrived from L. Manlius Acidinus himself, who commanded the army at Narnia: the horsemen had certainly arrived from the field of battle, and brought tidings

of a glorious victory. The letter was read first in the senate, and then in the forum from the rostra; but some still refused to believe: fugitives from a battle-field might carry idle tales of victory to hide their own shame: till the account came directly from the consuls, it was rash to credit it. At last, word was brought that officers of high rank in the consuls' army were on their way to Rome; that they bore a despatch from Livius and Nero. Then the whole city poured out of the walls to meet them, eager to anticipate the moment which was to confirm all their hopes. For two miles, as far as the Milvian bridge over the Tiber, the crowd formed an uninterrupted mass; and when the officers appeared, they could scarcely make their way to the city, the multitude thronging around them, and overwhelming them and their attendants with eager questions. As each man learnt the joyful answers, he made haste to tell them to others: "THE ENEMY'S ARMY IS DESTROYED; THEIR GENERAL SLAIN; OUR OWN LEGIONS AND BOTH THE CONSULS ARE SAFE!" So the crowd re-entered the city; and the three officers, all men of noble names, still followed by the thronging multitude, at last reached the senate-house. The people pressed after them into the senate-house itself: but even at such a moment the senate forgot not its accustomed order; the crowd was forced back; and the consuls' despatch was first read to the senators alone. Immediately afterwards the officers came out into the forum; there L. Veturius again read the despatch; and as its contents were short, and it told only the general result of the battle, he himself related the particulars of what he had seen and done. The interest of his hearers grew more intense with every word; till at last the whole multitude broke out into a universal cheer, and then rushed from the forum in all directions to carry the news to their wives and children at

home, or ran to the temple to pour out their gratitude to the gods. The senate ordered a thanksgiving of three days; the prætor announced it in the forum; and for three days every temple was crowded; and the Roman wives and mothers, in their gayest dresses, took their children with them, and poured forth their thanks to all the gods for this great deliverance. The Roman people seemed at last to breathe and move at liberty: confidence revived; and, in the joy of the moment, men almost forgot that their great enemy with his unbroken army was still in Italy.—ARNOLD.

CARTHAGE.

The emperor Claudius composed a work on Carthage in eight books, and to give it every chance of surviving to later ages, he built a new lecture-hall adjoining the museum at Alexandria, and provided an endowment for having his work read publicly every year. In spite, however, of the illustrious position of the writer, there is every reason to suppose that the "Claudian Readers of Punic History" soon found themselves in possession of a sinecure. To the best of our knowledge, there is only one allusion to these readers in all subsequent time, and none whatever to the book they were paid to read. It would seem that with nations as with individuals a spiritual vitality is the only secret against oblivion. Carthage occupies in history a middle place between the gigantic despotisms of Mesopotamia and Egypt, and the vigorous political organizations of the Hellenic and Italian peninsulas. But it is remarkable that this middle place has been won only by contact with the last. Rome destroyed her rival and in that act immortalized her.

Even in her best days, Carthage was without any litera-

ture worthy the name. The only Punic author known was a writer on agriculture. Hannibal wrote the history of a campaign, but so little did he esteem his own language that he composed it in Greek, although, as Cicero tells us, he was by no means a master of that tongue. No trace survives of a Punic art or architecture. The African millionaire was able by his constant trading-relations with the Greeks of Sicily to ornament his house with the works of foreign artists to any extent. And when Carthage was taken, its dwellings were full of Greek statues, and its temples of offerings brought from Sicily, or Southern Italy. But Carthage was a commercial community absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. Consequently, irrigation, mining, and navigation, were carried to a high pitch; while the commercial arrangements necessitated by the extended intercourse of modern nations, were to a considerable extent anticipated by the Carthaginians. They alone of all the ancient peoples possessed a conventional currency. Their "*leather money*"—precursor of modern bills of exchange; and their "*tesseræ hospitales*"—the "letters of credit" of an early age; as well as their wide-extended trading-establishments (factories), show that they had two important elements of a commercial character, viz.: enterprise and good faith. "*Fides Punica*" may have conveyed far different meanings to a Cornish tin-miner, and a Roman legionary.

The coasts of the Mediterranean were so thickly strewn with Carthaginian settlements that long after Carthage fell the best land along the coast of Gaul and Spain was still in the hands of men of Punic blood; and, perhaps, even at this day a harvest of Punic words could be reaped by a competent scholar from the local dialects of Malta, Corsica, Sardinia, or, may be, from the vulgarisms of Cadiz, and Lisbon.

But while Carthage, from her wide commerce, attained a material prosperity so enormous that the very spoils demoralized her destroyers, she left no legacy to posterity by which mankind has been enriched, except the moral to be drawn from her fate,—that a nation which has no higher aim than to get rich, is doomed not only to certain destruction, but to as certain oblivion.—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CATO THE CENSOR.

Cato grew powerful by his eloquence, so that he was commonly called the Roman Demosthenes; but his manner of life was yet more famous and talked of. He himself says that he never wore a suit of clothes which cost more than a hundred drachmas; and that, when he was general and consul, he drank the same wine which his workmen did; and that the meat or fish which was bought in the meat market for his dinner, did not cost above thirty *asses*.* All which was for the sake of the commonwealth, that so his body might be the hardier for the war.

And when he entered upon the government of Sardinia, where his predecessors had been used to require tents, bedding, and clothes upon the public account, and to charge the state heavily with the cost of provisions and entertainment for a great train of servants and friends, the difference he showed in his economy was something incredible. There was nothing of any sort for which he put the public to expense; he would walk without a carriage to visit the cities, with only one common town-officer, who carried his dress and a cup to offer libation with. Yet though he seemed thus easy and sparing to all who were under his power, he, on the

* The *drachma* was worth about 18 cents; the value of the *as* at this time was not far from half a cent.

other hand, showed most inflexible severity and strictness in what related to public justice, and was rigorous and precise in what concerned the ordinances of the commonwealth; so that the Roman government never seemed more terrible, nor yet more mild than under his administration.

Ten years after his consulship, Cato stood for the office of censor, which was indeed the summit of all honor, and in a manner the highest step in civil affairs; for besides all other power, it had also that of an inquisition into every one's life and manners. For the Romans thought that no marriage or rearing of children, nay, no feast or drinking-bout, ought to be permitted according to every one's appetite or fancy, without being examined and inquired into; being of opinion, that a man's character was much sooner perceived in things of this sort than in what is done publicly and in open day.* They chose, therefore, two persons, one out of the patricians, the other out of the commons, who were to watch, correct, and punish, if any one ran too much into voluptuousness or transgressed the usual manner of life in his country; and these were called Censors. They had power to take away a horse, or expel out of the senate any one who lived intemperately and out of order. It was also their business to take an estimate of what every one was worth, and to put down in registers everybody's birth and quality; besides many other prerogatives.

His treatment of Lucius, a brother of Scipio, and one who had been honored with a triumph, occasioned some odium

* The Romans with their narrow views of life, their rustic parsimony, and their military liking for coercive measures, delighted in meddling in the affairs of private life, in prescribing how many flute-players should be allowed at a funeral, how much silver plate people should have in their houses, what ornaments they might exhibit in their dress. Even in the Twelve Tables there are traces of very minute regulations of this kind; and in spite of all the teaching of experience and all the evidence of the uselessness of such restrictions, the Romans continued to hope that such scarecrows would keep off immorality.—IHNE.

against Cato; for he took his horse from him, and was thought to do it with a design of putting an affront on Scipio Africanus, now dead. Manilius, also, who, according to the public expectation, would have been next consul, he threw out of the senate, because, in the presence of his daughter, and in open day, he had kissed his wife. But he gave most general annoyance, by retrenching people's luxury; for though (most of the youth being thereby already corrupted) it seemed almost impossible to take it away with an open hand and directly, yet, going as it were, obliquely around, he caused all dress, carriages, women's ornaments, and household furniture, whose price exceeded one thousand five hundred drachmas, to be rated at ten times as much as they were worth; intending by thus making the assessments greater, to increase the taxes paid upon them. He also ordained that upon every thousand *asses* of property of this kind, three should be paid, so that people burdened with extra charges, and seeing others of as good estates, but more frugal and sparing, paying less into the public exchequer, might be tired out of their prodigality. And thus, not only those who bore the taxes for the sake of their luxury, were disgusted at Cato, but those, too, who on the other side laid by their luxury for fear of the taxes.

However, the people, it seems, liked his censorship wondrously well; for, setting up a statue for him in the temple of the goddess of Health, they put an inscription under it, not recording his commands in war, or his triumph, but to the effect, that this was Cato the Censor, who by his good discipline and wise and temperate ordinances, reclaimed the Roman commonwealth when it was declining and sinking down into vice.—PLUTARCH.

The Debate of Cato the Censor and Lucius Valerius upon the Oppian law (197 B. C.).—Amid the serious con-

cerns of important wars, an incident intervened, trivial to be mentioned, but which, through the zeal of the parties concerned, issued in a violent contest. Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, plebeian tribunes, proposed to the people the repealing of the Oppian law. This law, which had been introduced by Caius Oppias, during the heat of the Punic war, enacted that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colors, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses, in a city, or any town, or any place nearer thereto than one mile; except on occasion of some public religious solemnity." Marcus and Publius Junius Brutus, plebeian tribunes, supported the Oppian law, and declared, that they would never suffer it to be repealed; while many of the nobility stood forth to argue for and against the motion proposed. The Capitol was filled with crowds, who favored, or opposed the law; nor could the matrons be kept at home, either by advice, or shame, nor even by the commands of their husbands; but beset every street and pass in the city, beseeching the men as they went down to the forum, that in the present flourishing state of the commonwealth, when the private fortune of all was daily increasing, they would suffer the women to have their former ornaments of dress restored. This throng of women increased daily, for they arrived even from the country towns and villages; and they had at length the boldness to come up to the consuls, prætors, and magistrates, to urge their request. One of the consuls, however, they found especially inexorable—Marcus Porcius Cato, who spoke to this effect:—

"If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now, our privileges, overpowered

at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the forum, spurned and trodden under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately, we now dread their collective body. It was not without painful emotions of shame that I just now made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should have said to them, 'What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private; and with other women's husbands, than with your own? Although, if the modesty of matrons confined them within the limits of their own rights, it does not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about what laws may be passed, or repealed here.' Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be always under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. Now, it seems, we suffer them to interfere in the management of state affairs, and to introduce themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election. For what are they doing, at this moment, in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing: some in support of the motion of the plebeian tribunes; others, for the repeal of the law? Will you give the reins to their intractable nature, and then expect that themselves should set bounds to their licentiousness, when you have failed to do so? What will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious?

"Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which

our forefathers restrained their undue freedom, and subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, you can scarcely keep them within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will have become your superiors. . . . . I should like, however, to hear what this important affair is which has induced the matrons thus to run out into public in this excited manner, scarcely restraining from pushing into the forum and the assembly of the people. Is it to solicit that their parents, their husbands, children, and brothers, may be ransomed from captivity under Hannibal? By no means: and far be ever from the commonwealth so unfortunate a situation. Yet, even when such was the case, you refused this, to their prayers. What motive, that even common decency will allow to be mentioned, is pretended for this female insurrection? *Why*, say they, *that we may shine in gold and purple; that, both on festal and common days, we may ride through the city in our chariots, triumphing over vanquished and abrogated law, after having captured and wrested from you your suffrages; and that there may be no bounds to our expenses and our luxury!*

"Often have you heard me complain of the profuse expenses of the women—often of those of the men; and that not only of men in private stations, but of the magistrates: and that the state was endangered by two opposite vices, luxury and avarice; those pests, which have been the ruin of all great empires. These do I dread the more, as the circumstances of the commonwealth grow daily more prosperous and happy; as the empire increases; as we have now passed over into Greece and Asia,—places abounding with every kind of

temptation that can inflame the passions; and as we have begun to handle even royal treasures: so much the more do I fear that these matters will bring us into captivity, rather than we them. Believe me, those statues from Syracuse were brought into this city with hostile effect. I already hear too many commending and admiring the decorations of Athens and Corinth, and ridiculing the earthen images of our Roman gods that stand on the fronts of their temples. For my part, I prefer these gods,—propitious as they are, and as I hope will continue to be, if we allow them to remain in their own mansions. Within the memory of our fathers, Pyrrhus, by his ambassador, Cineas, made trial of the dispositions, not only of our men but of our women also, by offers of presents. At that time the Oppian law had not been made; and yet not one woman accepted a present. If Cineas were now to go round the city with his presents, he would find numbers of women standing in the public streets to receive them. . . . . Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or of poverty; but the law relieves you with regard to both; since that which you have not it is unlawful for you to possess. 'This equalization,' says the rich matron, 'is the very thing that I cannot endure. Why do not I make a figure, distinguished with gold and purple? Why is the poverty of others concealed under this cover of a law, so that it should be thought that, if the law permitted, they would have such things as they are not now able to procure?' Romans! do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort? . . . . . As soon as the law shall cease to limit the expenses of your wife, you yourself will never be able to do so. Do not suppose that the matter will hereafter be in the same state in which it was before this law was made. It is safer that a wicked man should never be accused, than that he should be acquit-

ted; and luxury, if it had never been meddled with, would be more tolerable than it will be, now, like a wild beast, irritated by having been chained, and then let loose. My opinion is, that the Oppian law ought, on no account, to be repealed. Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it."

. . . . . Then Lucius Valerius spoke in support of the measure he had himself introduced:—

". . . . . If this law had been passed for the purpose of setting a limit to the passions of the sex, there would be reason to fear lest the repeal of it might operate as an excitement to them. But the real reason of its being passed, the time itself will show. Hannibal was then in Italy, victorious at Cannæ: he already held possession of Tarentum, of Arpi, of Capua, and seemed ready to bring up his army to the city of Rome. Our allies had deserted us. We had neither soldiers to fill up the legions, nor seamen to man the fleet, nor money in the treasury. Slaves who were to be employed as soldiers, were purchased on condition of their price being paid to the owners at the end of the war. The farmers of the revenues had declared that they would contract to supply grain and other matters which the exigencies of the war required, to be paid for at the same time. We gave up our slaves to the oar, in numbers proportioned to our properties, and paid them out of our own incomes. All our gold and silver we dedicated to the use of the public. Widows and minors lodged their money in the treasury. It was provided by law that we should not keep in our houses more than a certain quantity of wrought gold or silver, or more than a certain sum of coined silver or brass. At such a time as this, were the matrons so eagerly engaged in luxury and dress, that the Oppian law was requisite to repress such practices? . . . . .

Shall we men wear the purple bordered gown in magistracies and priests' offices? Shall our children wear gowns bordered with purple? Shall we allow the privilege of wearing the toga prætexta to the magistrates of the colonies and borough towns, and to the very lowest of them here at Rome, even to the superintendents of the streets; and shall we interdict the use of purple to women alone? . . . . . Elegance of appearance, and ornaments, and dress, these are women's badges of distinction; in these they delight and glory; these our ancestors called the woman's world. . . . . "

Although all these considerations had been urged against the motion and in its favor, the women next day poured out into the public in much greater numbers, and in a body beset the doors of the tribunes who had protested against the measure of their colleagues; nor did they retire until this intervention was withdrawn. Thus was this law annulled, in the twentieth year after it had been made.—LIVY.

PERIOD OF THE CIVIL WARS.

ROME AT THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WARS.

The New Nobility.—While Rome was thus acquiring the dominion of the civilized world, her internal state was marked by the decay of the old Roman virtues, the dissolution of the bonds of her old constitution, and the beginning of new troubles that were to end only with the fall of the Republic. The old distinction of patricians, clients, and plebeians had vanished. With the admission of the plebeians to the higher magistracies, the increasing power of wealth to influence elections, and the custom of admitting those who had held the offices of state to the Senate, a new nobility had arisen, under the names of the Optimates, and a rabble, misnamed plebeian, had grown up by their side. The nobility were in possession of the Senate, whose initiative in legislation had grown into the dominant power in the state; and the old equality of the Roman citizens was publicly annulled by the innovation carried by the elder Africanus, in his second consulship (B. C. 194), of assigning the front seats in the theater to the senatorial order. The curule offices, and consequently the senate, became more and more the virtual inheritance of a few great houses, and the entrance of a "new man" into the well-fenced circle was regarded as an usurpation, unless he had some close personal tie with the noble families.

Public Improvements.—Meanwhile, the growth of the empire itself absorbed a large proportion of the new revenues in roads, bridges, aqueducts, and those other works which the Romans never performed negligently, besides the

expenses of civil administration. Large sums were expended in perfecting the system of roads in Italy itself; and the public works in the capital and its neighborhood formed some of the best uses of the public wealth. The construction of the great system of sewers which ramified beneath the city from the Cloaca Maxima,* appears to have been contracted for in B. C. 180. Six years later, the streets of Rome were paved.

In B. C. 160, the Pomptine marshes were drained; and P. Scipio Nasica, in his consulship in the following year, set up a public *clepsydra*, or water-clock, the city of Rome having gone on for six centuries without any accurate means of knowing the time by night as well as day. But the most magnificent work of this period was the great aqueduct constructed under the direction of the Senate, in B. C. 144. Rome had hitherto been supplied with water by only two of the fourteen aqueducts which spanned the Campagna with their long line of arches, and of which three still suffice to bring into the city a pure and copious stream that puts our boasted sanitary science to shame.—PHILIP SMITH.

THE GRACCHI.

Tiberius and Caius Gracchus (p. 51) were the sons of Tiberius Gracchus, who, though he had been once censor, twice consul, and twice had triumphed, yet was more renowned and

* This immense Sewer, constructed by Tarquin (p. 18) to drain the marshy hollows between the hills, and which astonished the Augustan age in that its massive structure had resisted time, earthquakes, and inundations for 600 years, still remains "with scarcely a stone displaced." The cleanliness and perfect ventilation of these ancient watercourses may be inferred from the fact that the public-spirited ædile Agrippa (son-in-law to Augustus Cæsar and erector of many splendid buildings, including the Pantheon) is said to have sailed through them to the Tiber in his barge. "An idea of their vastness may be obtained," says Story, "from the fact that the mere cleansing of them was on one occasion contracted for at no less a sum than 3000 talents" (about $3,000,000).—E. B. S.

esteemed for his virtue than his honors. Upon this account, after the death of Scipio who overthrew Hannibal, he was thought worthy to match with his daughter Cornelia, though there had been no friendship or familiarity between Scipio and him, but rather the contrary. There is a story told, that he once found in his bedchamber a couple of snakes, and that the soothsayers, being consulted concerning the prodigy, advised that he should neither kill them both nor let them both escape; adding, that if the male serpent was killed, Tiberius should die, and if the female, Cornelia. And that, therefore, Tiberius, who extremely loved his wife and thought, besides, that it was much more his part, who was an old man, to die, than it was hers, who as yet was but a young woman, killed the male serpent, and let the female escape; and, soon after, himself died, leaving behind him twelve children borne to him by Cornelia.

Cornelia, taking upon herself all the care of the household and the education of her children, approved herself so discreet a matron, so affectionate a mother, and so constant and noble-spirited a widow, that Tiberius seemed to all men to have done nothing unreasonable, in choosing to die for such a woman; who, when king Ptolemy himself proffered her his crown, and would have married her, refused it, and chose rather to live a widow. In this state she continued, and lost all her children, except one daughter, who was married to Scipio the younger, and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, whose lives we are now writing.

These she brought up with such care, that though they were without dispute in natural endowments and dispositions the first among the Romans of their time, yet they seemed to owe their virtues even more to their education than to their birth. And as, in the statues and pictures made of Castor and Pollux, though the brothers resemble each other, yet there

is a difference to be perceived in their countenances, between the one, who delighted in the cestus, and the other, that was famous in the course, so between these two noble youths, though there was a strong general likeness in their common love of fortitude and temperance, in their liberality, their eloquence, and their greatness of mind, yet in their actions and administrations of public affairs, a considerable variation showed itself. It will not be amiss, before we proceed, to mark the difference between them.

Tiberius, in the form and expression of his countenance, and in his gesture and motion, was gentle and composed; but Caius, earnest and vehement. And so in their public speeches to the people, the one spoke in a quiet, orderly manner, standing throughout on the same spot; the other would walk about on the hustings, and in the heat of his orations pull his gown off his shoulders, and was the first of all the Romans that used such gestures. Caius' oratory was impetuous and passionate, making everything tell to the utmost; whereas Tiberius was gentle, rather, and persuasive, awakening emotions of pity. His diction was pure, and carefully correct, while that of Caius was vehement and rich.

The same difference that appeared in their diction, was observable also in their tempers. The one was mild and reasonable, the other rough and passionate, and to that degree, that often, in the midst of speaking, he was so hurried away by his passion against his judgment, that his voice lost its tone, and he began to pass into mere abusive talking, spoiling his whole speech. As a remedy to this excess, he made use of an ingenious servant of his, one Licinius, who stood constantly behind him with a sort of pitchpipe, or instrument to regulate the voice by, and whenever he perceived his master's tone alter and break with anger, he struck a soft note with his pipe, on hearing which, Caius

immediately checked the vehemence of his passion and his voice, grew quieter, and allowed himself to be recalled to temper. Such are the differences between the two brothers; but their valor in war against their country's enemies, their justice in the government of its subjects, their care and industry in office, and their self-command in all that regarded their pleasures were equally remarkable in both.

Tiberius was the elder by nine years; owing to which their actions as public men were divided by the difference of the times in which those of the one and those of the other were performed. And one of the principal causes of the failure of their enterprises was this interval between their careers, and the want of combination of their efforts. The power they would have exercised, had they flourished both together, could scarcely have failed to overcome all resistance.—PLUTARCH.

MARIUS AND SULLA.

"The mother of the Gracchi cast the dust of her murdered sons into the air, and out of it sprung Caius Marius."—MIRABEAU.

The father of Marius was a day laborer, and he himself served in the ranks in Spain. Soon made an officer, Marius won Scipio's favor as a brave, frugal, incorruptible and trusty soldier. On coming home, he was lucky enough to marry the aunt of Julius Cæsar, whose high birth and wealth opened the door to state honors, which to a man of his origin was at this time virtually closed. In 119 B. C. he was tribune, and had won the reputation of an upright and patriotic politician, who would truckle neither to the nobles nor the mob. In 115 he gained the prætorship, and in Spain the next year he showed his usual vigor in putting down brigandage. With the soldiers he was as popular as Ney was

with Napoleon's armies, for he was one of them, rough spoken as they were, fond of a cup of wine, and never scorning to share their toils. While he was with Metellus at Utica, a soothsayer prophesied that the gods had great things in store for him, and he asked Metellus for leave to go to Rome and stand for the consulship. Metellus replied that when his own son stood for it, would be time enough for Marius. The man at whom he sneered resented sneers. He at once set to work to undermine the credit of his commander with the army, the Roman merchants, and Gauda, saying, that he himself would soon bring the war to an end if he were general. Gauda and the rest wrote to Rome, urging that Marius should have the army. Metellus, with the worst grace, let him go just twelve days before election. But the favorite of the gods had a fair wind, and traveled night and day. The artisans of the city and the country class from which he sprang thronged to hear him abuse Metellus, and boast how soon he would capture or kill Jugurtha, and he was triumphantly elected consul for the year 107. But already there were drops of bitterness in the sweet cup of success. It was Metellus who was called Numidicus, not he, and it was Sulla (p. 53) whose dare-devil knavery had entrapped the king. Marius fumed at the credit gained by these aristocrats; and when there was dedicated on the Capitol a representation of Sulla receiving Jugurtha's surrender, he could not conceal his wrath.

Sulla was the very antipodes of Marius in every thing except bravery, good generalship, and faith in his star. He was an aristocrat. He was dissolute. He was an admirer of Hellenic literature. War was not his all in all as a profession. If he had a lion's courage, the fox in him was even more to be feared. He, like Marius, owed his rise partly to a woman, but, characteristically, to a mistress, not

a wife. If the boorish nature of the one degenerated with age into bloodthirsty brutality, the other was from the first cynically destitute of feeling. He would send men to death with a jest, and the coldblooded, calculating, remorseless infamy of his entire career excites a repulsion which we feel for no other great figure in history. Sulla's whole soul must have recoiled from the coarse manners of the man under whom he first won distinction, and, as he saw him gradually floundering into villainy, have felt the supreme superiority of a natural genius for vice.—BEESLY.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The Man.—In person, Cæsar (p. 58) was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul, as has already been said, he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of

friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high-breeding.*

The Soldier.—It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials. Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight, were engineers, architects, and mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter; and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander. Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, and the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. . . . . Cæsar's greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He traveled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads,

* Once when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without a remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again, by his own efforts, he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he mis-stated their numbers it was only to exaggerate. In Africa, before Thapsus, when his officers were nervous at the reported approach of Juba, he called them together and said briefly, "You will understand that within a day, King Juba will be here with the legions, thirty thousand horse, a hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it. If any of you are alarmed, I shall send you home."

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him.

The Orator and Author.—Most of Cæsar's writings are lost; but there remain seven books of commentaries on the wars in Gaul (the eighth was added by another hand), and three books upon the civil war, containing an account of its causes and history. Of these it was that Cicero said, that "fools might think to improve on them, but that no wise

man would try it." In his composition, as in his actions, Cæsar is entirely simple. He indulges in no images, no labored descriptions, no conventional reflections. The coarse invectives which Cicero poured so freely upon those who differed from him are conspicuously absent. The facts are left to tell their own story. About himself and his own exploits there is not one word of self-complacency or self-admiration. He wrote with extreme rapidity in the intervals of other labor; yet there is not a word misplaced, not a sign of haste anywhere. The Commentaries (in which he usually speaks of himself as *Cæsar*), as a historical narrative, are as far superior to any other Latin composition as the person of Cæsar himself stands out among the rest of his contemporaries. His other compositions have perished. There was a book on the Auspices, which, coming from the head of the Roman religion, would have thrown a light much to be desired on this curious subject. In practice, Cæsar treated the auguries with contempt. He carried his laws in open disregard of them. He fought his battles careless whether the sacred chickens would eat or the calves' livers were of the proper color. His own account of such things in his capacity of Pontifex would have had a singular interest.

Cæsar's Mission.—Of Cæsar it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry, and faith, and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the Kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence, nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the Empire of the

Cæsars - a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios, who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silversmiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.—FROUDE.

POMPEY THE GREAT.

At an age when Cæsar was still idling away his time, Pompey (p. 59) had achieved honors such as the veteran generals of Rome were accustomed to regard as the highest to which they could aspire. . . . . The civil war still continued to rage, and few did better service to the party of the aristocrats than Pompey. Others were content to seek their personal safety in Sulla's camp; Pompey was resolved himself to do something for the cause. He made his way to Picenum, where his family estates were situated and where his own influence was great, and raised three legions (nearly twenty thousand men), with all their commissariat and transport complete, and hurried to the assistance of Sulla. Three of the hostile generals sought to intercept him. He fell with his whole force on one of them, and crushed him, carrying off, besides his victory, the personal distinction of

having slain in single combat the champion of the opposing force.

A second commander, who ventured to encounter him, found himself deserted by his army and was barely able to escape; a third was totally routed. Sulla received his young partisan, who was not more than twenty-three years of age, with distinguished honors, even rising from his seat and uncovering at his approach.

During the next two years, his reputation continued to increase. He won victories in Gaul, in Sicily, and in Africa. As he was returning to Rome after the last of these campaigns, the great Dictator himself headed the crowd that went forth to meet him, and saluted him as Pompey the Great, a title which he continued to use as his family name. But there was a further honor which the young general was anxious to obtain, but Sulla was unwilling to grant,—the supreme glory of a triumph. "No one," said Sulla, "who was not or had not been consul, or at least prætor, could triumph. The first of the Scipios, who had won Spain from the Carthaginians, had not asked for this honor, because he wanted this qualification. Was it to be given to a beardless youth, too young even to sit in the Senate?" But the beardless youth insisted. He even had the audacity to hint that the future belonged not to Sulla, but to himself. "More men," he said, "worship the rising than the setting sun." Sulla did not happen to catch the words, but he saw the emotion they aroused in the assembly, and asked that they should be repeated to him. His astonishment permitted him to say nothing more than "Let him triumph! Let him triumph." And triumph he did, to the disgust of his older rivals, whom he intended, but that the streets were not broad enough to allow of the display, still further to affront by harnessing elephants instead of horses to his chariot.

On the 31st of December, B. C. 71, being still a simple gentleman—that is, having held no civil office in the State—he triumphed for the second time,* and on the following day, being then some years below the legal age, and having held none of the offices by which it was usual to mount to the highest dignity in the commonwealth, he entered on his first consulship, Crassus being his colleague.

Still he had not yet reached the height of his glory. During the years that followed his consulship, the pirates who infested the Mediterranean had become intolerable. In 67 B. C. a law was proposed appointing a commander (who, however, was not named), who should have absolute power for three years over the sea as far as the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), and the coast for fifty miles inland, and who should be furnished with two hundred ships, as many soldiers and sailors as he wanted, and more than a million pounds in money. The nobles were furious in their opposition, and prepared to prevent by force the passing of this law. The proposer narrowly escaped with his life, and Pompey himself was threatened. But all resistance was unavailing. The new command was created, and, of course, bestowed upon Pompey. The result amply justified the choice.

A still greater success remained to be won, and, in 61, Pompey returned to Rome to enjoy a third triumph, and that the most splendid which the city had ever witnessed (p. 57). The revenue of the State had been almost doubled by these conquests. Never before was such a sight seen in the world, and if Pompey had died when it was finished, he would have been proclaimed the most fortunate of mankind. Certainly he was never so great again as he was on

* This was after the "Gladiatorial War" (p. 55) concerning which Pompey proudly boasted:—"Crassus defeated the enemy, but I pulled up the war by the roots."

that day. When with Cæsar and Crassus he divided all the power of the State, he was only the second, and by far the second, of the three. His influence, his prestige, his popularity declined year by year. . . . . And then his young wife, Julia, Cæsar's daughter, died, and the hope of peace was sensibly lessened by her loss. Perhaps the first rupture would have come any how; when it did come it found Pompey quite unprepared for the conflict. He seemed indeed to be a match for his rival, but his strength collapsed almost at a touch. "I have but to stamp with my foot," he said, "and soldiers will spring up;" yet when Cæsar declared war by crossing the Rubicon, he fled without a struggle. In little more than a year and a half all was over. The battle of Pharsalia was fought on the 9th of August, and on September 29th the man who had triumphed over three continents lay a naked, headless corpse on the shore of Egypt.—ALFRED CHURCH.

The First Triumvirate (p. 58).—For Pompey to witness the rising glory of Cæsar, and to feel in his own person the ascendency of Cæsar's character, without an emotion of jealousy, would have demanded a degree of virtue which few men have ever possessed. They had been united so far by identity of conviction, by a military detestation of anarchy, by a common interest in wringing justice from the Senate for the army and people, and by a pride in the greatness of their country, which they were determined to uphold. These motives, however, might not long have borne the strain but for other ties, which had cemented their union. Pompey had married Cæsar's daughter, to whom he was passionately attached; and the personal competition between them was neutralized by the third element of the capitalist party represented by Crassus, which, if they quarreled, would secure the supremacy of the faction to

which Crassus attached himself. There was no jealousy on Cæsar's part. There was no occasion for it. Cæsar's fame was rising. Pompey had added nothing to his past distinctions, and the glory pales which does not grow in luster. No man who had once been the single object of admiration, who had tasted the delight of being the first in the eyes of his countrymen, could find himself compelled to share their applause with a younger rival without experiencing a pang. So far Pompey had borne the trial well. He was on the whole, notwithstanding the Egyptian scandal, honorable and constitutionally disinterested. He was immeasurably superior to the fanatic Cato, to the shifty Cicero, or the proud and worthless leaders of the senatorial oligarchy. Had the circumstances remained unchanged, the severity of the situation might have been overcome. But two misfortunes coming near upon each other broke the ties of family connection, and by destroying the balance of parties laid Pompey open to the temptation of patrician intrigue. In the year 54 Cæsar's great mother Aurelia, and his daughter Julia, Pompey's wife, both died. A child which Julia had borne to Pompey died also, and the powerful if silent influence of two remarkable women, and the joint interest in an infant who would have been Cæsar's heir as well as Pompey's, were swept away together. . . . . Then came the miserable end of Crassus. . . . . The one thought of the leaders of the Senate was to turn the opportunity to advantage, wrest the constitution free from military dictation, shake off the detested laws of Cæsar, and revenge themselves on the author of them. Their hope was in Pompey. If Pompey could be won over from Cæsar, the army would be divided. Pompey they well knew, unless he had a stronger head than his own to guide him, could be used till the victory was won, and then be thrust aside.

. . . . . Cæsar's time was running out, and when it was over he had been promised the consulship. That consulship the faction of the conservatives had sworn that he should never hold. Cato was threatening him with impeachment, blustering that he should be tried under a guard. Marcellus was saying openly that he would call him home in disgrace before his term was over. . . . . The aristocracy had watched his progress with the bitterest malignity. When he was struggling with the last spasms of Gallic liberty, they had talked in delighted whispers of his reported ruin. But Cæsar had conquered. He had made a name for himself as a soldier, before which the Scipios and the Luculluses, the Syllas and the Pompeys, paled their glory. He was coming back to lay at his country's feet a province larger than Spain—not subdued only, but reconciled to subjugation; a nation of warriors, as much devoted to him as his own legions.

If he came to Rome as consul, the Senate knew too well what it might expect. What he had been before he would be again, but the more severe as his power was greater. Their own guilty hearts, perhaps, made them fear another Marian conscription. Unless his command could be brought to an end in some far different form, their days of power were numbered, and the days of inquiry and punishment would begin.

Cicero had for some time seen what was coming. He had preferred characteristically to be out of the way at the moment when he expected that the storm would break, and had accepted the government of Cilicia and Cyprus. He was thus absent while the active plot was in preparation. One great step had been gained—the Senate had secured Pompey. Cæsar's greatness was too much for him. The first step was to weaken Cæsar and to provide Pompey with a force in Italy. The Senate discovered suddenly that Asia Minor was

in danger from the Parthians. They voted that Cæsar and Pompey must each spare a legion for the East. Pompey gave as his part the legion which he had lent to Cæsar for the last campaign. Cæsar was invited to restore it and to furnish another of his own. Cæsar was then in Belgium. He saw the object of the demand perfectly clearly; but he sent the two legions without a word, contenting himself with making handsome presents to the officers and men on their leaving him. When they reached Italy the Senate found that they were wanted for home service, and they were placed under Pompey's command in Campania.—FROUDE.

The Battle of Pharsalia.—One morning, on the Enipeus, near Larissa, the 9th of August, old style, or towards the end of May by real time, Cæsar had broken up his camp and was preparing for his usual leisurely march, when he perceived a movement in Pompey's lines which told him that the moment which he had so long expected was come. Labienus, the evil genius of the Senate, who had tempted them into the war by telling them that his comrades were as disaffected as himself, and had fired Cæsar's soldiers into intensified fierceness by his barbarities at Durazzo, had spoken the decided word: "Believe not," Labienus had said, "that this is the army which defeated the Gauls and the Germans. I was in those battles, and what I say I know. That army has disappeared. Part fell in action; part perished of fever in the autumn in Italy. Many were left behind, unable to move. The men you see before you are levies newly drawn from the colonies beyond the Po. Of the veterans that were left, the best were killed at Durazzo."

A council of war had been held at dawn. There had been a solemn taking of oaths again. Labienus swore that he would not return to the camp except as a conqueror; so swore Pompey; so swore Lentulus, Scipio, Domitius; so

swore all the rest. They had reason for their high spirits. Pompey had forty-seven thousand Roman infantry, not including his allies, and seven thousand cavalry. Cæsar had but twenty-two thousand, and of horse only a thousand. Pompey's position was carefully chosen. His right wing was covered by the Enipeus, the opposite bank of which was steep and wooded. His left spread out into the open plain of Pharsalia. His plan of battle was to send forward his cavalry outside over the open ground, with clouds of archers and slingers, to scatter Cæsar's horse, and then to wheel round and envelop his legions. Thus he had thought they would lose heart and scatter at the first shock. Cæsar had foreseen what Pompey would attempt to do. His own scanty cavalry, mostly Gauls and Germans, would, he well knew, be unequal to the weight which would be thrown on them. He had trained an equal number of picked active men to fight in their ranks, and had thus doubled their strength. Fearing that this might be not enough, he had taken another precaution. The usual Roman formation in battle was in triple line. Cæsar had formed a fourth line of cohorts, specially selected, to engage the cavalry; and on them, he said, in giving them their instructions, the result of the action would probably depend.—FROUDE.

There was in Cæsar's army a volunteer of the name of Crastinus, who the year before had been first centurion of the tenth legion, a man of pre-eminent bravery. He, when the signal was given, says, "Follow me, my old comrades, and display such exertions in behalf of your general as you have determined to do: this is our last battle, and when it shall be won, he will recover his dignity, and we our liberty." At the same time he looked back to Cæsar, and said, "General, I will act in such a manner to-day, that you will feel grateful to me living or dead." After uttering these words, he

charged first on the right wing, and about one hundred and twenty chosen volunteers of the same century followed.

There was so much space left between the two lines, as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies: but Pompey had ordered his soldiers to await Cæsar's attack, and not to advance from their position, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by the advice of Caius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Cæsar's soldiers might be checked, and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops remaining in their ranks, might attack them while in disorder; and he thought that the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept in their ground, than if they met them in their course; at the same time he trusted that Cæsar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become weary and exhausted by the fatigue. But to me, Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason: for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors, that the trumpets should sound on all sides, and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched, but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet their charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practiced in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed, and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted; and after a short respite they again renewed their course, and

threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Cæsar had ordered them. Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks; and, having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time, Pompey's horse, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our cavalry did not withstand their charge; but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's horse pressed them more vigorously, began to file off in troops, and flank our army. When Cæsar perceived this, he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward and charged Pompey's horse with such fury, that not a man of them stood; but all, wheeling about, not only quitted their post, but galloped forward to seek a refuge in the highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenceless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about upon Pompey's left wing, whilst his infantry still continued to make battle, and attacked them in the rear.

At the same time, Cæsar ordered his third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. Thus, new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack on their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled; nor was Cæsar deceived in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to his soldiers, must have its beginning from those six cohorts, which he had placed as a fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed; by them, the archers and slingers were cut to pieces; by them, the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded, and obliged to be

the first to flee. But when Pompey saw his cavalry routed, and that part of his army on which he reposed his greatest hopes thrown into confusion, despairing of the rest, he quitted the field, and retreated straightway on horseback to his camp, and calling to the centurions, whom he had placed to guard the prætorian gate, with a loud voice, that the soldiers might hear: "Secure the camp," says he, "defend it with diligence, if any danger should threaten it; I will visit the other gates and encourage the guards of the camp." Having thus said, he retired into his tent in utter despair, yet anxiously waiting the issue.

Cæsar, having forced the Pompeians to flee into their entrenchment, and thinking that he ought not to allow them any respite to recover from their fright, exhorted his soldiers to take advantage of fortune's kindness, and to attack his camp. Though they were fatigued by the intense heat, for the battle had continued till mid-day, yet, being prepared to undergo any labor, they cheerfully obeyed his command. The camp was bravely defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, but with much more spirit by the Thracians and foreign auxiliaries. For the soldiers who had fled for refuge to it from the field of battle, affrighted and exhausted by fatigue, having thrown away their arms and military standards, had their thoughts more engaged on their further escape than on the defence of the camp. Nor could the troops who were posted on the battlements long withstand the immense number of our darts, but, fainting under their wounds, they quitted the place, and, under the conduct of their centurions and tribunes, fled, without stopping, to the high mountains which joined the camp.

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors in which tables were laid, a large quantity of plate set out, the floors of the

tent covered with fresh sods, the tents of Lucius Lentulus and others shaded with ivy, and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury and a confidence of victory, so that it might readily be inferred that they had no apprehensions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Cæsar's army, distressed and suffering troops who had always been in want of common necessaries. Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out of the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Larissa. Nor did he stop there, but with the same despatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-side, attended by only thirty horse, and went on board a victualing barque, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, as they began the flight.—CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

Two hundred only of Cæsar's men had fallen. The officers had suffered most. The gallant Crastinus, who had nobly fulfilled his promise, had been killed, among many others, in opening a way for his comrades. The Pompeians, after the first shock, had been cut down unresisting. Fifteen thousand of them lay scattered dead about the ground. There were few wounded in these battles. The short sword of the Romans seldom left its work unfinished.

"They would have it so," Cæsar is reported to have said, as he looked sadly over the littered bodies in the familiar patrician dress. "After all that I had done for my country, I, Caius Cæsar, should have been condemned by them as a criminal if I had not appealed to my army."

DEATH OF CÆSAR,

WITH EMBLEMS OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPLORATION.

So ended the battle of Pharsalia. A hundred and eighty standards were taken, and all the eagles of Pompey's legions. In Pompey's own tent was found his secret correspondence, implicating persons, perhaps, whom Cæsar had never suspected, revealing the mysteries of the past three years. Curiosity and even prudence might have tempted him to look into it. His only wish was that the past should be forgotten; he burnt the whole mass of papers unread.—FROUDE.

BRUTUS AND ANTONY OVER CÆSAR'S DEAD BODY.

[SCENE. *The Forum.*—Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.

Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended:—Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom: and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I

offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

* * * * * *

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar.
I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

1 *Plebeian.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down, come down!

[Antony quits the Rostrum.]

Cit. Room for Mark Antony; most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh, you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the worst, unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.—
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops,
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Ple.* O, piteous spectacle!

2 *Ple.* O, noble Cæsar!

3 *Ple.* O, woful day!

4 *Ple.* O, traitors, villains!

2 *Ple.* We will be revenged! revenge; about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live.

SHAKSPERE.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, AND CICERO.

There were some things in which MARK ANTONY resembled Cæsar. At the time it seemed probable that he would play the same part, and even climb to the same height of power. He failed in the end because he wanted the power of managing others, and, still more, of controlling himself. He came of a good stock. His grandfather had been one of the greatest orators of his day; his father was a kindly, generous man; his mother a kinswoman of Cæsar, and a matron of the best Roman type. But he seemed little likely to do credit to his belongings. His riotous life became conspicuous even in a city where extravagance and vice were only too common, and his debts, though not so enormous as Cæsar's, "were greater," says Plutarch, "than became his youth," and amounted to about fifty thousand pounds. He was taken away from these dissipations by military service in the East, and he rapidly acquired considerable reputation as a soldier. Here is the picture that Plutarch draws of him: There was something noble and dignified in his appearance. His handsome beard, his broad forehead, his aquiline nose, gave him a manly look that resembled the familiar statues and pictures of Hercules. There was indeed a legend that the Antonii were descended from a son of Hercules; and this he was anxious to support by his appearance and dress. Whenever he appeared in public he had his tunic girt low about the hips, carried a great sword at his side, and wore a rough cloak of Cilician hair. The habits that seemed vulgar to others—his boastfulness, his coarse humor, his drinking bouts, the way he had of eating in public, taking his meals as he stood from the soldiers' tables—had an astonishing effect in making him popular

with the soldiers. His bounty, too, which he gave with a liberal hand to comrades and friends, made his way to power easy. On one occasion he directed that a present of three thousand pounds should be given to a friend. His steward, aghast at the magnitude of the sum, thought to bring it home to his master's mind by putting the actual coin on a table. "What is this?" said Antony, as he happened to pass by. "The money you bade me pay over," was the man's reply. "Why, I had thought it would be ten times as much as this. This is but a trifle. Add to it as much more."

When the civil war broke out, Antony joined the party of Cæsar, who, knowing his popularity with the troops, made him his second in command. He did good service at Pharsalia, and while his chief went on to Egypt, returned to Rome as his representative. There were afterwards differences between the two; Cæsar was offended at the open scandal of Antony's manners and found him a troublesome adherent; Antony conceived himself to be insufficiently rewarded for his services, especially when he was called upon to pay for Pompey's confiscated property, which he had bought. Their close alliance, however, had been renewed before Cæsar's death. That event made him the first man in Rome. The chief instrument of his power was a strange one; the Senate, seeing that the people of Rome loved and admired the dead man, passed a resolution that all the wishes which Cæsar had left in writing should have the force of law—and Antony had the custody of his papers. People laughed, and called the documents "Letters from the Styx." There was the gravest suspicion that many of them were forged. But for a time they were a very powerful machinery for effecting his purpose.

Then came a check. Cæsar's nephew and heir, OCTAVIUS

arrived at Rome. Born in the year of Cicero's consulship, he was little more than nineteen; but in prudence, state-craft, and knowledge of the world he was fully grown. In his twelfth year he had delivered the funeral oration over his grandmother Julia. After winning some distinction as a soldier in Spain, he had returned at his uncle's bidding to Apollonia, a town on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, where he studied letters and philosophy under Greek teachers. Here he had received the title of "Master of the horse," an honor which gave him the rank next to the Dictator himself. He came to Rome with the purpose, as he declared, of claiming his inheritance and avenging his uncle's death. But he knew how to abide his time. He kept on terms with Antony, who had usurped his position and appropriated his inheritance, and he was friendly, if not with the actual murderers of Cæsar, yet certainly with Cicero, who made no secret of having approved their deed.

For CICERO also had now returned to public life. For some time past, both before Cæsar's death and after it, he had devoted himself to literature. Now there seemed to him a chance that something might yet be done for the republic, and he returned to Rome, which he reached on the last day of August. The next day, there was a meeting of the Senate, at which Antony was to propose certain honors to Cæsar. Cicero, wearied, or affecting to be wearied, by his journey, was absent, and was fiercely attacked by Antony, who threatened to send workmen to dig him out of his house. The next day, Cicero was in his place, Antony being absent, and made a dignified defence of his conduct, and criticised with some severity the proceedings of his assailant. Still, so far, there was no irreconcilable breach between the two men. He still believed, or professed to believe, that Antony was capable of patriotism. If he had any hopes of

peace, these were soon to be crushed. After a fortnight or more spent in preparation, assisted, we are told, by a professional teacher of eloquence, Antony came down to the Senate and delivered a savage invective against Cicero. The object of his attack was again absent. He had wished to attend the meeting, but his friends hindered him, fearing, not without reason, actual violence from the armed attendants whom Antony was accustomed to bring into the senate-house.

The attack was answered in the famous oration which is called the second Philippic.* In this, Cicero says, speaking of Antony's purchase of Pompey's confiscated property:—

"He was wild with joy, like a character in a farce; a beggar one day, a millionaire the next. But, as some writer says, 'Ill gotten, ill kept.' It is beyond belief, it is an absolute miracle, how he squandered this vast property—in a few months do I say?—no, in a few days. There was a great cellar of wine, a very great quantity of excellent plate, costly stuffs, plenty of elegant and even splendid furniture, just as one might expect in a man who was affluent without being luxurious. And of all this within a few days there was nothing left. I can scarcely believe that the whole ocean could have swallowed up so quickly possessions so numerous, so scattered, and lying at places so distant. Nothing was locked up, nothing sealed, nothing catalogued. Whole store-rooms were given away to the vilest creatures. Actors and actresses of burlesque were busy each with plunder of their own. The mansion was full of dice players and drunkards. There was drinking from morning to night, and that in many places. His losses at dice (for even he is not lucky) kept mounting up. In the chambers of

* The orations against Antony—of which there are fourteen—are called "Philippics," a name transferred to them from the great speeches in which Demosthenes attacked Philip of Macedon.

slaves you might see on the beds the purple coverlets which had belonged to the great Pompey. No wonder that all this wealth was spent so quickly. Reckless men so abandoned might well have speedily devoured, not only the patrimony of a single citizen, however ample—and ample it was—but whole cities and kingdoms."

The speech was never delivered, but was circulated in writing. Toward the end of 44, Antony, who found the army deserting him for the young Octavius, left Rome, and hastened into northern Italy, to attack Decimus Brutus. Brutus was not strong enough to venture on a battle with him, and shut himself up in Mutina. Cicero continued to take the leading part in affairs at Rome, delivered the third and fourth Philippics in December, 44, and the ten others during the five months of the following year. The fourteenth was spoken in the Senate, when the fortunes of the falling republic seem to have revived. A great battle had been fought at Mutina, in which Antony had been completely defeated; and Cicero proposed thanks to the commanders and troops, and honors to those who had fallen.

The joy with which these tidings had been received was very brief. Of the three generals named in the vote of thanks, the two who had been loyal to the republic were dead; the third, the young Octavius, had found the opportunity, for which he had been waiting, of betraying it. The soldiers were ready to do his bidding, and he resolved to seize by their help the inheritance of power which his uncle had left him. Antony had fled across the Alps, and had been received by Lepidus, who was in command of a large army in that province. Lepidus resolved to play the part which Crassus had played sixteen years before. He brought about a reconciliation between Octavius and Antony, as Crassus had reconciled Pompey and Cæsar, and was him-

self admitted as a third into their alliance. Thus was formed the Second Triumvirate (p. 62).

The three chiefs who had agreed to divide the Roman world between them met on a little island and discussed their plans. Three days were given to their consultations, the chief subject being the catalogue of enemies, public and private, who were to be destroyed. Each had a list of his own; and on Antony's the first name was Cicero. Lepidus assented, as he was ready to assent to all the demands of his more resolute colleagues; but the young Octavius is said to have long resisted, and to have given way only on the last day. A list of between two and three thousand names of senators and knights was drawn up. Seventeen were singled out for instant execution, and among these seventeen was Cicero. He was staying at his home in Tusculum with his brother Quintus when the news reached him. His first impulse was to make for the sea-coast. If he could reach Macedonia, where Brutus had a powerful army, he would, for a time at least, be safe. The two brothers started, but Quintus had little or nothing with him, and was obliged to go home to fetch some money. Cicero, who was himself but ill provided, pursued his journey alone. Reaching the coast he embarked. When it came to the point of leaving Italy his resolution failed him. He had always felt the greatest aversion for camp life. He had had an odious experience of it when Pompey was struggling with Cæsar for the mastery. He would sooner die, he thought, than make a trial of it again. He landed, and traveled twelve miles towards Rome. Some, afterwards, said that he still cherished hopes of being protected by Antony; others that it was his purpose to make his way into the house of Octavius and kill himself on his hearth, cursing him with his last breath, but that he was deterred by the

fear of being seized and tortured. Any how, he turned back, and allowed his slaves to take him to Capua. The plan of taking refuge with Brutus was probably urged upon him by his companions, who felt that this gave the only chance of their own escape. Again he embarked, and again he landed. Almost by main force his faithful slaves put him into his litter and carried him toward the coast. Antony's soldiers now reached the villa, the officer in command being an old client whom Cicero had successfully defended on a charge of murder. They found the doors shut and burst them open. The inmates denied all knowledge of their master's movements, till a young Greek, one of his brother's freedmen, whom Cicero had taken a pleasure in teaching, showed the officer the litter which was being carried through the shrubbery of the villa to the sea. Taking with him some of his men, he hastened to follow. Cicero, hearing their steps, bade the bearers set the litter on the ground. He looked out, and stroking his chin with his hand, as his habit was, looked steadfastly at the murderers. His face was pale and worn with care. The officer struck him on the neck with his sword, some of the rough soldiers turning away while the deed was done. The head and hands were cut off by order of Antony, and nailed up in the forum.*

Many years afterwards the Emperor Augustus, coming unexpectedly upon one of his grandsons, saw the lad seek to hide in his robe a volume which he had been reading. He took it, and found it to be one of the treatises of Cicero. He returned it with these words: "He was a good man and a lover of his country."—ALFRED CHURCH.

So ended Cicero, a tragic combination of magnificent

* "To speak there," says Collins, "more eloquently than ever the living lips had spoken, of the dead liberty of Rome.

HE LOOKED OUT, AND STROKING HIS CHIN WITH HIS HAND, AS HIS HABIT WAS, LOOKED STEADFASTLY AT THE MURDERERS. (See page 204.)

talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralized and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities. In his own eyes he was always the first person. He had been made unhappy by the thought that posterity might rate Pompey above himself. Closer acquaintance had reassured him about Pompey, but in Cæsar he was conscious of a higher presence, and he rebelled against the humiliating acknowledgment. Supreme as an orator he could always be, and an order of things was, therefore, most desirable where oratory held the highest place. Thus he chose his part with the *boni*, whom he despised while he supported them, drifting on through vacillation into treachery, till "the ingredients of the poisoned chalice were commended to his own lips."

In Cicero, nature half-made a great man and left him uncompleted. Our characters are written in our forms, and the bust of Cicero is the key to his history. The brow is broad and strong, the nose large, the lips tightly compressed, the features lean and keen from restless intellectual energy. The loose bending figure, and the neck, too weak for the weight of the head, explain the infirmity of will, the passion, the cunning, the vanity, and the absence of manliness and of veracity.*—FROUDE.

* As an example of Cicero's insincerity compare the following:

Cicero to Cæsar.—[Shortly before the assassination.] "How can we praise, how can we love you sufficiently? By the gods, the very walls of this house are eloquent with gratitude. . . . . By the laws of war we were under your feet, to be destroyed, if you so willed. We live by your goodness. . . . . Be you, therefore, watchful and let us be diligent. Who is so careless of his own and the common welfare as to be ignorant that on your preservation his own depends, and that all our lives are bound up in yours? I, as in duty bound, think of you by night and day; I ponder over the accidents of humanity, the uncertainty of health, the frailty of our common nature, and I grieve to think that the commonwealth which ought to be immortal should hang on the breath of a single man. . . . . Salvation there can be none for us, Cæsar, unless you are preserved. Therefore, we exhort you, we beseech you, to watch over your own safety. You believe that you are threatened by a secret peril. From my own heart I say, and I speak for others as well as my-

DEATH OF CATO THE STOIC.*

The last army of the republic had been destroyed at Thapsus, and Cæsar was undisputed master of the world. Cato vainly endeavored to stir up the people of Utica, a town near Carthage, in which he had taken up his quarters; when they refused, he resolved to put an end to his life. A kinsman of Cæsar who was preparing to intercede with the conqueror for the lives of the vanquished leaders, begged Cato's help in revising his speech. "For your sake," he said, "I should think it no shame to clasp his hands and fall at his knees." "Were I willing to take my life at his hands," replied Cato, "I should go alone to ask it. But I refuse to live by the favor of a tyrant. Still, as there are three hundred others for whom you are to intercede, let us see what can be done with the speech." This business finished, he took an affectionate leave of his friend, commending to his good offices his son and his friends. On his son he laid a strict injunction not to meddle with public life. Such a part as was worthy of the name of Cato no man could take again; to take any other would be shameful. Then followed the bath, and after the bath, dinner, to which he had invited a number of friends, magistrates of the town. He sat at the meal, instead of reclining. This had been his custom ever since the fated

self, we will stand as sentries over your safety, and we will interpose our own bodies between you and any danger which may menace you."

Cicero of Cæsar.—[After the assassination.] "What difference is there between advice before-hand and approbation afterward? What does it matter whether I wished it to be done, or rejoiced that it was done? Is there a man, save Antony and those who were glad to have Cæsar reign over us, that did not wish him to be killed, or that disapproved when he was killed? All were in fault, for all the *Boni* joined in killing him, so far as lay in them. Some were not consulted, some wanted courage some opportunity. All were willing."

* Great-grandson of Cato the Censor.

day of Pharsalia. After dinner, over the wine, there was much learned talk, and this not other than cheerful in tone. But when the conversation happened to turn on one of the favorite maxims of the Stoics, "Only the good man is free; the bad are slaves," Cato expressed himself with an energy and even a fierceness that made the company suspect some terrible resolve. The melancholy silence that ensued warned the speaker that he had betrayed himself, and he hastened to remove the suspicion by talking on other topics. After dinner he took his customary walk, gave the necessary orders to the officers on guard, and then sought his chamber. Here he took up the Phædo, the famous dialogue in which Socrates, on the day when he is to drink the poison, discusses the immortality of the soul. He had almost finished the book, when, chancing to turn his eyes upwards, he perceived that his sword had been removed. His son had removed it while he sat at dinner. He called a slave and asked, "Who has taken my sword?" As the man said nothing, he resumed his book; but in the course of a few minutes finding that search was not being made, he asked for the sword again. Another interval followed; and still it was not forthcoming. His anger was now roused. He vehemently reproached the slaves, and even struck one of them with his fist, which he injured by the blow. "My son and my slaves," he said, "are betraying me to the enemy." He would listen to no entreaties. "Am I a madman," he said, "that I am stripped of my arms? Are you going to bind my hands and give me up to Cæsar? As for the sword I can do without it; I need but hold my breath, or dash my head against the wall. It is idle to think that you can keep a man of my years alive against his will." It was felt to be impossible to persist in the face of this determination, and a young slave-boy brought back the sword. Cato

felt the weapon, and finding that the blade was straight and the edge perfect, said, "Now I am my own master." He then read the Phædo again from beginning to end, and afterwards fell into so profound a sleep that persons standing outside the chamber heard his breathing. About midnight he sent for his physician and one of his freedmen. The freedman was commissioned to inquire whether his friends had set sail. The physician he asked to bind up his wounded hand, a request which his attendants heard with delight, as it seemed to indicate a resolve to live. He again sent to inquire about his friends and expressed his regret at the rough weather which they seemed likely to have. The birds were now beginning to twitter at the approach of dawn, and he fell into a short sleep. The freedman returned with news that the harbor was quiet. When he found himself again alone, he stabbed himself with the sword, but the blow, dealt as it was by the wounded hand, was not fatal. He fell fainting on the couch, knocking down a counting board which stood near, and groaning. His son with others rushed into the chamber, and the physician finding that the wound was not mortal, proceeded to bind it up. Cato, recovering his consciousness, thrust the attendants aside, and tearing open the wound, expired.—ALFRED CHURCH.

Comparison of Cato and Cæsar.—Within my recollections there have arisen two men of remarkable powers, though of a very different character, Marcus Cato and Caius Cæsar, whom, since the subject has brought them before me, it is not my intention to pass in silence, but to describe, to the best of my ability, the disposition and manners of each.

Their birth, age, and eloquence, were nearly on an equality; their greatness of mind was similar, as was also

their reputation, though attained by different means. Cæsar grew eminent by generosity and munificence; Cato by the integrity of his life. Cæsar was esteemed for his humanity and benevolence; austereness had given dignity to Cato. Cæsar acquired renown by giving, relieving, and pardoning; Cato by bestowing nothing. In Cæsar there was refuge for the unfortunate; in Cato, destruction for the bad. In Cæsar, his easiness of temper was admired; in Cato, his firmness. Cæsar, in fine, had applied himself to a life of energy and activity; intent upon the interest of his friends, he was neglectful of his own; he refused nothing to others that was worthy of acceptance, while for himself he desired great power, the command of an army, and a new war in which his talents might be displayed. But Cato's ambition was that of temperance, discretion, and, above all, of austerity; he did not contend in splendor with the rich, or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be, than to appear, virtuous; and thus, the less he courted popularity, the more it pursued him.—SALLUST.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

Rome Under Augustus.—The course of Roman story now runs with almost unbroken smoothness over a level routine. Peace is severed from freedom. The laws and executive are still marked by vigor and sagacity, but they no longer wear the impress of free debate, or election. No rival actors arouse the passions, or command the attention of the senate. Even the annual elections rarely disturb the

slumbers of the forum; Hortensius and Cicero have vanished with Milo and Clodius. It may have been more pleasant to live under a well-regulated police and be always within trumpet-call of the Prætorian Guards, than to run the risk of being knocked on the head by day, or burnt out at night by a mob of paid or volunteer ruffians; yet it is difficult to invest a staid and decorous city with the interest that pertains to the election of the Gracchi. The Rhenish and Danubian frontiers still bustle with garrisons and now and then a panting courier gallops along the Flaminian Way with a budget of disastrous news. But though Varus and his legions are exterminated, the Cimbri have not yet passed the Alps. All the great beacons of war are burned down; Gaul is quiet; Parthia is engrossed by its own factions; the Mediterranean is as clear of pirates as the Lucrine Lake; and the ceaseless tramp of the legions is succeeded by the routine of stationary garrisons. Above all, rises the imposing figure of the Augustan Cæsar, solitary as the statue of Athéné upon the Acropolis.—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Personal Augustus.—In his personal habits and demeanor Augustus carefully distinguished between the Imperator and the Princeps. He protected his personal dignity by withdrawing from the familiarity with which Julius Cæsar had allowed himself to address his legionaries. The conqueror of the Gauls had deigned to call the instruments of his victories by the name of *fellow-soldiers;* but Augustus never spoke of them but as his *soldiers* only. At the same time, however, as the prince of the senate and the people, he studiously disguised all consciousness of his deserts, and shrank from the appearance of claiming the honors due to him. Amidst the magnificence displayed around him, which he chose to encourage in his nobles, his own manners were remarkable for their simplicity, and were

regulated, not by his actual pre-eminence, but by the position he affected to occupy of a modest patrician. His mansion on the Palatine hill was moderate in size and decoration, and he showed his contempt for the voluptuous appliances of patrician luxury by retaining the same bed-chamber both in winter and summer. It was from a peculiarity of taste, however, rather than any politic calculation, that, instead of works of painting, or sculpture, he was fond of collecting natural curiosities, such as the fossil bones of mammoths and saurians, which were found in abundance in this island of Capreæ, and were vulgarly reputed to be the remains of giants and heroes. His dress was that of a plain senator, and he let it be known that his robe was woven by the hands of Livia herself and the maidens of her apartment. He was seen to traverse the streets as a private citizen, with no more than the ordinary retinue of slaves and clients, addressing familiarly the acquaintances he met, taking them courteously by the hand, or leaning on their shoulders, allowing himself to be summoned as a witness in their suits, and often attending in their houses on occasions of domestic interest. At table his habits were sober and decorous, and his mode of living abstemious: he was generally the last to approach and the earliest to quit the board. His guests were few in number, and chosen, for the most part, for their social qualtities: Virgil and Horace, the plebeian póets, were as welcome to his hours of recreation as Pollio or Messala. His conversation turned on subjects of intellectual interest; he disdained the amusement which the vulgar rich derived from dwarfs, idiots, and monsters.

He was vigilant in marking, and stern in repressing, all acts of defiance, or presumption on the part of his subjects. The mild and affable patrician, whose whole heart seemed to be wrapped up in schemes for the promotion of general

prosperity and individual comfort, was changed at once into a jealous tyrant at the first sign of political rivalry. Painful was the impression made upon the public mind when it appeared, from one melancholy instance, that the mere frown of so kind a master was felt as a disgrace at his court, and that disgrace at court was regarded as no other than a sentence of death. Cornelius Gallus, a Roman knight, a man of fashion and accomplishments, a poet himself of considerable mark, and the companion of poets and statesmen, had been entrusted by Augustus with the government of Egypt, where he had done him faithful service. But the splendor of his position, as the first Roman who had sate on the throne of the Ptolemies, and the flattery of the cringing Orientals, who in the vicegerent of the emperor beheld the successor of their own absolute sovereigns, intoxicated his vain mind, and he suffered his subjects to erect statues in his honor, and to inscribe his name and exploits on the stones of the pyramids. In a senator and a proconsul such conduct might have given no pretext for complaint; but the case of the government of Egypt was exceptional. The jealousy of the emperor was peculiarly sensitive in regard to every act and word of his factor at Alexandria; and the indiscretions of Gallus were magnified into a charge of treason against the interests of the republic. The senators hastened with ready adulation to declare him guilty, and desired his removal from his command. Augustus appointed an officer to supersede him, and required his presence in Rome. On his return, the loss of his master's favor, the cold reception he encountered from the courtiers, the sense of disgrace and the apprehension of severer punishment so affected his weak mind, that he threw himself upon his own sword. Augustus was shocked at this unexpected catastrophe; he rebuked

the excessive zeal of the officious and selfish accusers, and complained that he was the only citizen who could not be angry with a friend without making him an enemy.

The logical habit of his mind is curiously exemplified in the statement that he insisted in writing according, not to established orthography, but to spoken sounds. On the same principle, he was legitimately careful to avoid affectation and curious refinement in the choice of words : his chief care, it is said, was to express his meaning clearly, and, with this view, he disregarded even grammatical rules, and took no pains to avoid repetitions. He amused himself with ridiculing the opposite vices in the style of Mæcenas, whose sentences he compared to frizzled ringlets, and whose language, he said, seemed steeped in myrrh and unguents.

He was as timid as a child in all that related to the superstitions of his time. He trembled at thunder and lightning, not from the vulgar fear of their fatal effects, but from horror at their occult and mysterious causes; he marked the portents which seemed to attend on his own career not less anxiously than the weakest of his subjects ; he considered his own and others' dreams with painful solicitude, and observed all signs and auguries with a serious curiosity.

After all, the most agreeable feature in his character is the good-humored cheerfulness, which sprang apparently from a deep-seated contentment, and showed itself, among other things, in the pleasure he took in the simple sports of children, whom he was always glad to have about him and to play with, and which overflowed in tokens of affection towards his nearest connexions. His playful intercourse with Mæcenas and Horace, with his daughter Julia, with his grandsons Caius and Lucius, and even with the morose Tiberius, was the yearning of unaffected feeling. If a Roman had any true sensibility, it was in his friendships that he displayed it, and

towards his friends Augustus was both constant and delicate. A generation had now grown up to whom the horrors of the proscriptions were only a whispered tale; the revolutionary triumvir had become in their eyes a kind and genial old man, grown gray in serving the commonwealth, and still the guardian genius of the country he had saved. That the citizens should have forgotten, under their own vines and fig-trees, the crimes he had committed against their unhappy sires, may not be hard to comprehend: it is more difficult to understand the real feelings of the man who had done such things, and betrayed to the close of life no uneasy recollection of them.

. . . . . On the morning of his death, being now fully sensible of his approaching end, Augustus inquired whether there were any popular excitement in anticipation of it. Being no doubt reassured upon this point, he called for a mirror, and desired his gray hairs and beard to be decently arranged. Then asking of his friends around him whether he had played well his part in the drama of life, he muttered a verse from a comic epilogue, inviting them to greet his exit with applause. He made some inquiries after a sick grandchild of Tiberius, and falling at last into the arms of Livia, had just strength, in the moment of expiring, to recommend to her the memory of their long union.—MERIVALE.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this, and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content. . . . . .

So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills
Retreat, what better theme to choose
Than satire for my homely Muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
With victims feeding hungry death.
Sire of the morn, or if more dear
The name of Janus to thine ear,
Through whom whate'er by man is done,
From Life's first dawning is begun,
(So willed the gods for man's estate,)
Do thou my verse initiate!
At Rome you hurry me away
To bail my friend; "Quick, no delay,
Or some one—could worse luck befall you?—
Will in the kindly task forestall you."
So go I must, although the wind
Is north and killingly unkind,
Or snow, in thickly falling flakes,
The wintry day more wintry makes.
And when, articulate and clear,
I've spoken what may cost me dear,
Elbowing the crowd that round me close,
I'm sure to crush somebody's toes.
"I say, where are you pushing to?
What would you have, you madman, you?"[25]
So flies he at poor me, 'tis odds,
And curses me by all his gods.
"You think that you now, I daresay,
May push whatever stops your way,
When you are to Mæcenas bound!"
Sweet, sweet, as honey is the sound,
I won't deny, of that last speech,
But then no sooner do I reach
The dusky Esquiline, than straight
Buzz, buzz around me runs the prate
Of people pestering me with cares,
All about other men's affairs.
"To-morrow, Roscius bade me state,
He trusts you'll be in court by eight;"
"The scriveners, worthy Quintus, pray,
You'll not forget they meet to-day,

Upon a point both grave and new,
One touching the whole body, too."—
"Do get Mæcenas, do, to sign
This application here of mine!"
"Well, well, I'll try." "You can with ease
Arrange it, if you only please."—
Close on eight years it now must be,
Since first Mæcenas numbered me
Among his friends, as one to take
Out driving with him, and to make
The confidant of trifles, say,
Like this, "What is the time of day?"
"The Thracian gladiator, can
One match him with the Syrian?"
"These chilly mornings will do harm,
If one don't mind to wrap up warm;"
Such nothings as without a fear
One drops into the chinkiest ear.
Yet all this time hath envy's glance
On me looked more and more askance.
From mouth to mouth such comments run;
"Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.
Why, there he was, the other day,
Beside Mæcenas at the play;
And at the Campus, just before,
They had a bout at battledore."
Some chilling news through lane and stree.
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet
Accost me thus—"Dear friend, you're so
Close to the gods, that you must know:
About the Dacians, have you heard
Any fresh tidings?" "Not a word."
"You're always jesting!" "Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word." "Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell,
If Cæsar means the lands which he
Has promised to his troops, shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?"
And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.

Thus do my wasted days slip by,
Not without many a wish and sigh.
When, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green,—oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations, and its strife? . . . . .

HORACE (*Theodore Martin's Translation*).

A Roman Poet's City Home.—The city hills were as yet unillumined by the beams of the morning sun, and the uncertain twilight, which the saffron streaks in the east spread as harbingers of the coming day, was diffused but sparingly through the windows and courts into the apartments of the mansion. Gallus (p. 212) still lay buried in sleep in his quiet chamber, the carefully chosen position of which both protected him against all disturbing noises, and prevented the early salute of the morning light from too soon breaking his repose. But around all was life and activity. From the cells and chambers below, and the apartments on the upper floor, there poured a swarming multitude of slaves, who presently pervaded every corner of the house, hurrying to and fro, and cleaning and arranging with such busy alacrity, that one unacquainted with these customary movements would have supposed that some grand festivity was at hand. A whole army of house-slaves, armed with besoms and sponges, under the superintendence of the *atriensis* began to clear the entrance rooms. Some inspected the *vestibulum*, to see whether any bold spider had spun its net during the night on the capital of the pillars, or the groups of statuary; and rubbed the gold and tortoise-shell ornaments of the folding-doors and posts at the entrance, and cleaned the dust of the previous day from the marble pavement. Others again were busy in the *atrium* and its adjacent halls, carefully

traversing the mosaic floor, and the paintings on the walls, with soft Lycian sponges, lest any dust might have settled on the wax-varnish with which they were covered. They also looked closely whether any spot appeared blackened by the smoke of the lamps; and then decked with fresh garlands the busts and shields which supplied the place of the waxen masks of departed ancestors. In the *cavum ædium*, or interior court, and in the larger *peristylium*, more were engaged in rubbing with coarse linen cloths the polished pillars of Tenarian and Numidian marble, which formed a most pleasing contrast to the intervening statues and the fresh green verdure of the vacant space within. The Tricliniarch and his subordinates were equally occupied in the larger saloons, where stood costly tables of cedar-wood, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs, which had, at an immense expense, been conveyed to Rome from the primeval woods of Atlas. In one, the wood was like the beautifully dappled coat of a panther; in another, the spots, being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock; a third resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the *opium* (parsley); each of them seemed more beautiful and valuable than the other; and many a lover of splendor would have bartered an estate for any one of the three. The *Tricliniarii* cautiously lifted up their purple covers, and then whisked them over with the shaggy *gausape*, in order to remove any little dust that might have penetrated through. Next came the side-boards, several of which stood against the walls in each saloon, for the purpose of displaying the gold and silver plate and other valuables. Some of them were slabs of marble, supported by silver or gilded ram's feet, or by the tips of the wings of two griffins looking in opposite directions. There was also one of artificial marble, which had been sawn out of the wall of a Grecian temple, while the

slabs of the rest were of precious metal. The costly articles displayed on each were so selected as to be in keeping with the architectural designs of the apartment.—In the *tetrastylus*, the simplest saloon, stood smooth silver vessels unadorned by the art of the embosser, except that the rims of most of the larger bowls were of gold. Between these were smaller vessels of amber, and two of great rarity; in one of which a bee, and in the other an ant, had found its transparent tomb. On another side stood beakers of antique form, to which the names of their former possessors gave their value, and an historical importance. There was, for instance, a double cup, which Priam had inherited from Laomedon; another that had belonged to Nestor; the doves which formed the handles were much worn,—of course by Nestor's hand. Another again was the gift of Dido to Æneas. But the most remarkable of all was a relic of the keel of the Argo; it was indeed only a chip, but who could look on and touch this portion of the most ancient of ships—on which perhaps even Minerva herself had placed her hand—without being transported in feeling back to the days of old? Gallus himself was far too enlightened to believe in the truth of these legends, but every one was not so free from prejudice as he; it was moreover the most recent fashion to collect such antiquities.

On the other hand, in the Corinthian saloon stood vessels of precious Corinthian bronze, whose worn handles and peculiar smell sufficiently announced their antiquity; together with two large golden drinking cups, on one of which were engraved scenes from the Iliad, on the other from the Odyssey. Besides these there were smaller beakers and bowls composed of precious stones, either made of one piece only and adorned with reliefs, or of several cameos united by settings of gold. Genuine Murrhina vases also,—even at

that time a riddle, and according to report imported from the recesses of Parthia,—were not wanting.

The Egyptian saloon, however, surpassed the rest in magnificence. Every silver or golden vessel which it contained was made by the most celebrated gravers, and possessed higher value from the beauty of its workmanship than even from the costliness of its material. There was a cup by the hand of Phidias, ornamented with fishes that seemed only to want water to enable them to swim; on another was a lizard by Mentor, and so exact a copy of nature, that the hand almost started back on touching it. Then came a broad bowl, the handle of which was a ram with a golden fleece, more beautiful than that brought by Phryxus to Colchis, and upon it a dainty Cupid. No less worthy of admiration were the ingenious works in glass, from Alexandria; beakers and saucers of superb molding, and imitating so naturally the tints of the amethyst and ruby, as completely to deceive the beholder; others shone like onyxes and were cut in relief; but superior to all were some of the purest crystal, and uncolored. Still there was one object which, on account of its ingenious construction, attracted more than anything else the eyes of all spectators. This was a bowl of the color of opal, surrounded at the distance of a fourth part of an inch by an azure network, carved out of the same piece as the vessel, and only connected with it by a few fine slips that had been left. Beneath the edge of the cup was written the following inscription; the letters were green, and projected in a similar manner, supported only by some delicate props: *Bibe, vivas multis annis.* How many disappointments must the artist have experienced before he accomplished the labor of making such a vessel, and what a price Gallus must have paid for it!

Whilst the mansion was being thus cleansed and adorned

throughout; whilst the *dispensator* was busied in recasting the account of the receipts and expenditure during the last month, to be ready for his master's inspection; and the *cellarius* was reviewing his stock, and considering how much would supply the exigencies of the day; and the superior slaves were engaged, each with his allotted task,—the *vestibulum* had already begun to be filled with a multitude of visitors, who came to pay their customary morning salutation to their patron. . . . . .

After his friends had departed, Gallus withdrew into the chamber where he used daily to spend the later hours of the morning in converse with the great spirits of ancient Greece, or to yield himself up to the sport of his own muse. For this reason, this apartment lay far removed from the noisy din of the streets, so that neither the rattling of the creaking wains and the stimulating cry of the mule-driver, the clarions and dirge of the pompous funeral, nor the brawlings of the slaves hurrying busily along, could penetrate it. A lofty window, through which shone the light of the early morning sun, pleasantly illuminated from above the moderate-sized apartment, the walls of which were adorned with elegant arabesques in light colors, whilst between them, on darker grounds, the luxurious forms of attractive dancing girls were seen sweeping spirit-like along. A neat couch, faced with tortoise-shell and hung with Babylonian tapestry of various colors, by the side of which was the *scrinium* containing the poet's elegies—which were as yet unknown to the majority of the public, and a small table of cedar-wood on goat's feet of bronze, comprised the whole of the furniture.

Immediately adjoining this apartment was the library, full of the most precious treasures acquired by Gallus, chiefly in Alexandria. There, in presses of cedar-wood, placed

round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment, and partly of the finest Egyptian *papyrus*, each supplied with a label, on which was seen, in bright red letters, the name of the author and title of the book. Above these were ranged the busts, in bronze or marble, of the most renowned writers, an entirely novel ornament for libraries, first introduced into Rome by Asinius Pollio, who perhaps had copied it from the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. True, only the chief representatives of each separate branch of literature were to be found in the narrow space available for them; but to compensate for this, there were several rolls which contained the portraits of seven hundred remarkable men. These were the hebdomades, or peplography of Varro, who, by means of a new and much-valued invention, was enabled in an easy manner to multiply the collection of his portraits, and so to spread copies of them, with short biographical notices of men, through the whole learned world.

On the other side of the library was a larger room, in which a number of learned slaves were occupied in transcribing with nimble hand the works of illustrious Greek and the more ancient Roman authors, both for the supply of the library and for the use of those friends to whom Gallus obligingly communicated his literary treasures. Others were engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exterior, in gluing the separate strips of *papyrus* together, drawing the red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same color; in smoothing with pumice-stone and blackening the edges; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which rolls were wrapped, and dyeing bright red or yellow the parchment which was to serve as a wrapper.

Gallus, with Chresimus (his confidential freedman), entered

the study, where the freedman of whom he was used to avail himself in his studies, to make remarks on what was read, to note down particular passages, or to commit to paper his own poetical effusions, as they escaped him, was already awaiting him. After giving Chresimus further instructions to make the necessary preparations for an immediate journey, he reclined, in his accustomed manner, on his studying couch, supported on his left arm, his right knee being drawn up somewhat higher than the other, in order to place on it his books, or tablets. "Give me that roll of poetry of mine, Phædrus," said he to his freedman; "I will not set out till I have sent the book finished to the bookseller. I certainly do not much desire to be sold in the Argiletan taverns for five denarii, and find my name hung up on the doors, and not always in the best company; but Secundus worries me for it, and therefore be it so." "He understands his advantage," said Phædrus, as he drew forth the roll from the cedar-wood chest; "I wager that his scribes will have nothing else to do for months, but to copy off your Elegies and Epigrams."

Phædrus wrote with all possible rapidity; he then departed to copy the poem more intelligibly on the roll, and to send thither Philodamus, whom his master generally employed to write his letters. Philodamus brought the stylus, the wooden tablets coated over with wax, and what was requisite for sealing letters; he then took the seat of Phædrus, and set down with expert hand the short sentences which Gallus dictated.

Gallus having read over the letters which Philodamus had written, the slave fastened the tablets together with crossed thread, and placed where the ends were knotted a round piece of wax; while Gallus drew from his finger a beautiful beryl, on which was engraved by the hand of Dioscorides a

lion driven by four amoretts, breathed on it, to prevent the tenacious wax from adhering to it, and then impressed it deeply into the pliant mass. Meanwhile, Philodamus had summoned the slaves used for conveying letters, each of whom received a letter.

Scarcely were these matters well concluded, when the slave who had charge of the time-pieces entered, and announced that the finger of the dial was now casting its shadow upon the fourth hour, and that the fifth was about commencing. This was the time that Gallus had fixed for departure; he therefore hastened to leave the apartment and allow himself to be assisted in his traveling toilet by the slaves in attendance for this purpose.—BECKER.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CENTURY.

Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius.—What were they doing at Rome during the thirty-three years of our Savior's sojourn upon earth? For the first fourteen of them Augustus was gathering round him the wits, and poets, and sages, who have made his reign immortal. After that date his successor, Tiberius, built up by stealthy and slow degrees the most dreadful tyranny the world had ever seen—a tyranny the results of which lasted long after the founders of it had expired. For from this period mankind had nothing to hope but from the bounty of the Emperor. If he was cruel, as so many of them were, he filled the patricians of Rome with fear, and terrified the distant inhabitants of Thrace or Gaul. His benevolence, on the other hand, was felt at the extremities of the earth. No wonder that every one was on the watch for the first glimpse of a new Emperor's character and disposition. What rejoicings in Italy, and Greece, and Africa, and all through Europe, when a trait of goodness was reported; and what a sinking of the heart when the old story was renewed, and a monster of cruelty succeeded to a monster of deceit! For the fearfulest thing in all the description of Tiberius is the duplicity of his behavior. He withdrew to an island in the sunniest part of the Mediterranean, and covered it with gorgeous buildings, and supplied it with all the implements of luxury and enjoyment. From this magnificent retirement he uttered a whisper, or made a motion with his hand, which displaced an Eastern monarch from his throne, or doomed a senator to death. He was never seen. He lived in the dreadful privacy of some fabled deity, and was only felt at

the farthest ends of his empire by the unhappiness he occasioned; for by murders, and imprisonments, and every species of suffering, men's hearts and minds were bowed down beneath this invisible and irresistible oppressor. Self-respect was at an end, and liberty was not even wished for. The Emperor had swallowed up the empire, and there was no authority or influence beside. This is the main feature of the first or Imperial Century, that, wherever we look, we see but one—one gorged and bloated brutalized man, sitting on the throne of earthly power, and all the rest of mankind at his feet. Humanity at its flower had culminated into a Tiberius; and when at last he was slain, and the world began to breathe, the sorrow was speedily deeper than before, for it was found that the Imperial tree had blossomed again, and that its fruit was a Caligula.

This was a person with much the same taste for blood as his predecessor, but more open in the gratification of it. He did not wait for trial and sentence—those dim mockeries of justice in which Tiberius sometimes indulged. He had a peculiar way of nodding with his head, or pointing with his finger; and the executioner knew the sign. The man he nodded to, died. For the more distinguished of the citizens he kept a box—not of snuff, but of some strong and instantaneous poison. Whoever refused a pinch died as a traitor, and whoever took one died of the fatal drug. Even the degenerate Romans could not endure this long, and Chæreas, an officer of his guard, put him to death, after a sanguinary reign of four years. Still the hideous catalogue goes on. Claudius, a nephew of Tiberius, is forced upon the unwilling senate by the spoilt soldiers of the capital, the Prætorian Guards. Colder, duller, more brutal than the rest, Claudius perhaps increased the misery of his country by the apathy and stupidity of his mind; and his wife, the

infamous Messalina, has become a symbol of all that is detestable in the female sex. Some people, indeed, in reading the history of this period, shut the book with a shudder, and will not believe it true. They prefer to think that authors of all lands and position have agreed to paint a fancy picture of depravity and horror, than that such things were. But the facts are too well proved to be doubted. We see a dull, unimpassioned, moody despot; fond of blood, but too indolent to shed it himself, unless at the dictation of his fiendish partner and her friends; so brutalized that nothing amazed, or disturbed him; and yet to this frightful combination of ferocity and stupidity England owes its subjection to the Roman power, and all the blessings which Roman civilization—bringing as it did the lessons of Christianity in its train—was calculated to bestow. In the forty-fourth year of this century, and the third year of the reign of Claudius, Aulus Plautius landed in Britain at the head of a powerful army; and the contrast between the central power at Rome, and the officials employed at a distance, continued for a long time the most remarkable circumstance in the history of the empire. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, vied with each other in exciting the terror and destroying the happiness of the world; but, in the remote extremities of their command, their generals displayed the courage and virtue of an earlier age. They improved as well as conquered. They made roads, and built bridges, and cut down woods. They established military stations, which soon became centers of education and law. . . . But murder, and treachery, and unspeakable iniquity, went their way as usual in the city of the Cæsars. Messalina was put to death, and another disgrace to womanhood, in the person of Agrippina, took her place beside the phlegmatic tyrant

Thirteen years had passed, when the boundary of human patience was attained, and Rome was startled one morning with the joyful news that her master was no more. The combined cares of his loving spouse and favorite physician had produced this happy result—the one presenting him with a dish of deadly mushrooms, and the other painting his throat for hoarseness with a poisoned feather.—WHITE.

The Adulations of a Prætor.—After Tiberius had seen his father restored to heaven, and had paid respect to his body with human and to his name with Divine honors, the first act of his administration was the regulation of the elections, on a plan left by the deified Augustus in his own handwriting. At the same time, my brother and I had the honor, as Cæsar's candidates, of being elected prætors, in the places next to men of the highest rank, and the priests; and we were remarkable in being the last recommended by Augustus, and the first by Tiberius Cæsar.

Of the transactions of the last sixteen years, which are fresh in the memory of all, who shall presume to give a full account? In that time, credit has been restored to mercantile affairs, sedition has been banished from the forum, corruption from the Campus Martius, and discord from the senate-house; justice, equity, and industry, which had long lain buried in neglect, have been revived in the state; authority has been given to the magistrates, majesty to the senate, and solemnity to the courts of justice; the dissensions in the theater have been suppressed, and all men have had either a desire excited in them, or a necessity imposed on them, of acting with integrity. For this best of princes teaches his countrymen to act rightly by his own practice; and while he is the greatest in power, is still greater in example.

Tiberius Cæsar has had, and still has, Ælius Sejanus, a

most excellent coadjutor in all the toils of government, a man remarkable for fidelity in the discharge of his duties: assuming nothing to himself, and hence receiving every honor; always deeming himself inferior to other men's estimation of him; calm in looks and conversation, but in mind indefatigable, vigilant. In esteem for Sejanus' virtues, the judgment of the public has long vied with that of the prince.

During this period, Cæsar's sorrows have been aggravated by the loss of his most excellent mother, a woman who resembled the gods more than human beings.*

O Jupiter Capitolinus, O Jupiter Stator, O Mars Gradivus, author of the Roman name! O Vesta, guardian of the eternal fire! O all ye deities who have exalted the present magnitude of the Roman empire to a position of supremacy over the world, guard, preserve, and protect, I entreat and conjure you, in the name of the Commonwealth, our present state, our present peace, [our present Prince!] And when he shall have completed a long course on earth, grant him successors to the remotest ages, and such as shall have abilities to support the empire of the world as powerfully as we have seen him support it!—VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM. (A. D. 70.)

A Description of Roman Armies and Camps.—Now here one cannot but admire the precaution of the Romans,

* If we wonder at the remarkable flatteries here paid to Tiberius, Sejanus, and Livia, we should remember that in those days many an injudicious Roman was flung from the Tarpeian Rock for *adverse* reflections on Imperial manners, and that at the time this was written Sejanus was in full power. One year more, and the fallen favorite had been strangled in the depths of the Mamertine prison, involving in his ruin, perhaps, Velleius himself.—The depth of the Emperor's sorrow for the loss of his mother may be inferred from the fact that he neither visited her in her last illness, nor attended her obsequies, but spent the day of her funeral in his usual pleasures.—E. B. S.

in providing themselves such household servants as might not only serve at other times for the common offices of life, but might also be of advantage to them in their wars. And indeed, if any one does but attend to the other parts of their military discipline, he will be forced to confess, that their obtaining so large a dominion, hath been the acquisition of their valor, and not the bare gift of fortune; for they do not begin to use their weapons first, in time of war, nor do they then put their hands first into motion, while they avoided so to do in time of peace; but as if their weapons did always cling to them, they have never any truce from warlike exercises; nor do they stay till times of war admonish them to use them; for their military exercises differ not at all from the real use of their arms, but every soldier is every day exercised, and that with great diligence, as if it were in time of war, which is the reason why they bear the fatigue of battle so easily: for neither can any disorder remove them from their usual regularity, nor can fear affright them out of it, nor can labor tire them: which firmness of conduct makes them always to overcome those that have not the same firmness: nor would he be mistaken that should call their exercises unbloody battles, and their battles bloody exercises. Nor can their enemies easily surprise them with the suddenness of their incursions; for as soon as they have marched into an enemy's land they do not begin to fight till they have walled their camp about; nor is the fence they raise rashly made, or uneven; nor do they all abide in it, nor do those that are in it take their place at random; but if it happens that the ground is uneven, it is first leveled; their camp is also four square by measure, and carpenters are ready in great numbers, with their tools, to erect their buildings for them.

As for what is within the camp, it is set apart for tents, but the outward circumference hath the resemblance to a wall

and is adorned with towers, at equal distances, where between the towers stand the engines for throwing arrows, and darts, and for slinging stones, and where they lay all other engines that can annoy the enemy, all ready for their several operations. They also erect four gates, one at every side of the circumference, and those large enough for the entrance of the beasts, and wide enough for making excursions, if occasion should require. They divide the camp within into streets, very conveniently, and place the tents of the commanders in the middle; but in the very midst of all is the general's own tent, in the nature of a temple, in so much, that it appears to be a city built on the sudden, with its market-place, and place for handicraft trades, and with seats for the officers, superior and inferior, where, if any differences arise, their causes are heard and determined. The camp, and all that is in it, is encompassed with a wall round about, and that sooner than one would imagine, and this by the multitude and the skill of the laborers; and, if occasion require, a trench is drawn round the whole, whose depth is four cubits, and its breadth equal.

When they have thus secured themselves, they live together by companies, with quietness and decency, as are all their other affairs managed with good order and security. Each company hath also its own wood, and corn, and water brought to it, when it stands in need of them; for they neither sup nor dine as they please, themselves singly, but all together. Their times also for sleeping, and watching, and rising, are notified beforehand, by the sound of trumpets, nor is anything done without such a signal; and in the morning, the soldiers go every one to their centurions, and these centurions to their tribunes, to salute them; with whom all the superior officers go to the general of the whole army, who then gives them the watchword, and other

orders, to be by them carried to all that are under their command.

Now when they are to go out of their camp, the trumpet gives a sound, at which time nobody lies still, but, at the first intimation, they take down their tents, and all is made ready for their going out; then do the trumpets sound again, to order them to get ready for the march: then do they lay their baggage suddenly upon their mules, and other beasts of burthen, and stand, as at the place of starting, ready to march; when also they set fire to their camp, and this they do, because it will be easy for them to erect another camp, and that it may never be of use to their enemies. Then do the trumpets give a sound the third time, in order to excite those that, on any account, are a little tardy, that so no one may be out of his rank, when the army marches. Then does the crier stand at the general's right hand, and ask them thrice, in their own tongue, whether they be now ready to go out to war or not? To which they reply as often, with a loud and cheerful voice, saying, "We are ready." And this they do almost before the question is asked them: and they do this, as filled with a kind of martial fury, and at the same time that they so cry out, they lift up their right hands also.

When, after this, they are gone out of their camp, they all march without noise, and in a decent manner, and every one keeps his own rank, as if they were going to war. The footmen are armed with breastplates and head-pieces, and have swords on each side; but the sword which is on their left side is much longer than the other, for that on the right side is no longer than a span. Those footmen also, that are chosen out from the rest to be about the general himself, have a lance and buckler, but the rest of the foot soldiers have a spear, and a long buckler, besides a saw and a basket,

a pick-ax, and an ax, a thong of leather, and a hook, with provisions for three days; so that a footman hath great need of a mule to carry his burthens. The horsemen have a long sword on their right sides, and a long pole in their hand; a shield also lies by them obliquely on one side of their horses, with three or more darts, that are borne on their quivers, having broad points, and not smaller than spears. They have also head-pieces, and breastplates, in like manner as have all the footmen. And for those that are chosen to be about the general, their armor no way differs from that of the horsemen belonging to other troops; and he always leads the legions forth, to whom the lot assigns that employment. This is the manner of the marching and resting of the Romans, as also these are the several sorts of weapons they use. But when they are to fight, they leave nothing without forecast, nor to be done off-hand, but counsel is ever first taken, before any work is begun, and what hath been there resolved upon, is put in execution.

Now they so manage the preparatory exercises of their weapons, that not the body of the soldiers only, but their souls may also become stronger; they are moreover hardened for war by fear, for their laws inflict capital punishment, not only for soldiers running away from their ranks, but for slothfulness and inactivity, though it be in a lesser degree; and the readiness of obeying their commanders is so great that it is very ornamental in peace; but when they come to a battle, the whole army is but one body, so well coupled together are their ranks, so sudden are their turnings about, so sharp their hearing as to what orders are given them, so quick their sight of the ensigns, and so nimble are their hands when they set to work; whereby it comes to pass, that what they do is done quickly, and what they suffer, they bear with the greatest patience.—JOSEPHUS.

How Titus Marched to Jerusalem.—Now, as Titus was upon his march into the enemy's country, the auxiliaries that were sent by the kings marched first, having all the other auxiliaries with them: after whom followed those that were to prepare the roads and measure out the camp; then came the commanders' baggage, and after that the other soldiers, who were completely armed to support them; then came Titus himself, having with him another select body; and then came the pikemen, after whom came the horse belonging to that legion. All these came before the engines; and after these engines came the tribunes and the leaders of the cohorts, with their select bodies; after these came the ensigns with the eagle; and before those ensigns came the trumpeters belonging to them; next these came the main body of the army in their ranks, every rank being six deep; the servants belonging to every legion came after these; and before these last their baggage; the mercenaries came last, and those that guarded them brought up the rear.—JOSEPHUS.

The Destruction of the City.—"The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." So said Jesus, as, riding on a colt down the leafy slope of Olivet, he looked through his dropping tears upon Jerusalem. His gaze could trace every turret and winding of the three walls with which the city was enclosed. Below in the deep valley ran the silver thread of Cedron. Right in front, cutting the western sky, and crowning the steep crest of Moriah with white and gold, the countless spikes which studded its burnished roof flashing in the sunlight, rose the magnificent Temple, enlarged and completed by Herod the

Great. To the southwest—highest of the four hills on which the city lay—towered the rocky Zion, bearing on its rugged shoulders the citadel, the royal palace, and the houses of the Upper City. Behind the Temple, and north of Zion, was the hill Acra, shaped like a horned moon, and covered with the terraces and gardens of the Lower City; while, on another slope, Bezetha, or the New City, stretched further north towards the open country.

The aspect of the city had changed but little when, thirty-seven years later, the Roman eagles gathered round their prey. But, during these years, the Jews, as if maddened by the sacred blood for which they had thirsted so fiercely, had been plunging deeper and deeper into sin and wretchedness. At last, goaded by outrage and insult, they had risen against their Roman masters; and the great Vespasian, a general trained in German and British wars, had been sent by Nero to tame their stubborn pride. Moving with his legions from Antioch to Ptolemais, he was there joined by his son Titus, who brought forces from Egypt. Galilee and Perea were subdued with some trouble and delay; and the conqueror, having drawn a circle of forts around Jerusalem, was at Cæsarea, preparing for the last great blow, when he heard the news of Nero's death. The murder of Galba, the suicide of Otho, and the seizure of Rome by the glutton Vitellius and his plundering soldiers, followed in quick succession. The army in Palestine then proclaimed Vespasian emperor. He hastened to secure Alexandria, the second city in the empire; and having heard, while there, that Vitellius was dead, and that the people of Rome were holding feasts in his own honor, he set out for Italy. So the siege of Jerusalem was left to Titus.

Mustering his forces at Cæsarea, and dividing them into three bands, he marched for the doomed city. Arrived

there, he fortified three camps—one on the north, one on the west, and one, garrisoned by the 10th Legion, on the Mount of Olives. Upon this last the Jews made a sally as the soldiers were digging the trenches; but they were soon beaten down the hill.

While the trumpets were blowing at Cæsarea, and the clang of the Roman march was shaking the land, murder, and outrage, and cruel terror filled Jerusalem. Robbers, calling themselves Zealots, had flocked in from the country. Eleazar, at the head of one set of these, held the inner court of the Temple. John of Gischala, another leader of ruffians, occupying ground somewhat lower, poured constant showers of darts and stones into the holy house, often killing worshipers as they stood at the very altar. In this mad war, houses full of corn were burned, and misery of every kind was inflicted on the wretched people. In despair they called in Simon of Gerasa to their aid, and thus there were three hostile factions within the walls. The great feast of the Passover came, and the Temple was thrown open to the thousands who crowded from every corner of the land to offer up their yearly sacrifice. Mingling in disguise with the throng, with weapons under their clothes, John's party gained entrance into the sacred court, and soon drove out their foes. The poor worshipers, all trampled and bleeding, escaped as best they could. John remained master of the Temple; and the three factions were reduced to two.

Within the city there were above 23,000 fighting men—a strong body if united. There was, indeed, a temporary union, when they saw the Roman soldiers busily cutting down all the trees in the suburbs, rolling their trunks together, and to the top of the three great banks thus formed, dragging the huge siege-engines of the time—rams, catapults, and balistæ.

The siege opened in three places at once. The Roman missiles poured like hail upon the city; but none were so terrible as the stones, sometimes weighing a talent, which were cast from the east by the 10th Legion. The Jewish watchmen, soon learning to know these by their white color and tremendous whiz, used to cry out, "The son cometh;" then all in the way fell flat, and little mischief was done. But the Romans, not to be tricked, painted the stones black, and battered on more destructively than ever. The Jews replied with some engines planted on the wall by Simon, flung torches at the Roman banks, and made an unavailing sally at the Tower of Hippicus.

Three towers of heavy timber, covered with thick iron plates, were then erected by Titus. Rising higher than the walls, and carrying light engines, they were used to drive the Jews from their posts of defence. The falling of one of these at midnight with a loud crash spread alarm through the Roman camp, but it did not last long. At dawn the rams were swinging away, and pounding against the shaking wall, which on the fifteenth day of the siege yielded to Nico (the Conqueror), as the most ponderous of the Roman engines was called by the Jews. The legions, pouring through the breach, gained the first wall.

Pitching his camp within the city, Titus then attacked the second wall, where he was vigorously met both by Simon and John. Sorties and wall-fighting filled up every hour of daylight; and both sides lay by night in their armor, snatching hasty and broken sleep. In five days the second wall was forced. Titus passed within it at the head of 1000 men; but the Jews set on him so hotly in the narrow streets that they soon drove him out again. Easily elated, they exulted greatly in this success; but, four days later, the second wall was retaken, and leveled to the ground.

Then followed a pause of five days, during which the Romans, having received their subsistence money, paraded, as their custom was, in glittering armor. The wall and the Temple roofs were paved with pale Jewish faces, beholding nothing in the splendid sight but terror and despair. The attack was renewed at John's Monument, and the Tower of Antonia. At the same time, Josephus, a noble Jew, from whose graphic history this sketch is drawn, went to the walls, as he had done before—as he did more than once again, to plead with his countrymen. But all in vain, for the Zealots were bent on holding out, and slew such of the people as they found trying to desert.

Famine had long before begun its deadly work. Mothers were already snatching the morsels from their children's lips. The robbers broke open every shut door in search of food, and tortured most horribly all who were thought to have a hidden store. Gaunt men, who had crept beyond the walls by night to gather a few wild herbs, were often robbed by these wretches of the poor handful of green leaves for which they had risked their lives. Yet, in spite of this, the starving people went out into the valleys in such numbers that the Romans caught them at the rate of 500 a day, and crucified them before the walls, until there was no room to plant, and no wood to make, another cross. What a fearful retribution for that mad cry, uttered some seven and thirty years before, at Pilate's judgment-seat: "His blood be on us and on our children!"

The Romans then raised four great banks. But these, which cost seventeen days' labor, were all destroyed—two by John, who dug a mine below them, and set fire to the timbers of its roof, and the others by three brave Jews, who rushed out upon the engines, torch in hand. And then it was "pull Roman, pull Jew," and heavy blows were dealt

round the red-hot rams. The Romans were driven to their camp, but the guard at the gate stood firm; and Titus, taking the Jews in flank, compelled them to retreat.

This serious loss made Titus resolve to hem in the city with a wall. It was built in the amazingly short time of three days. The attack was then directed against the Tower of Antonia, which stood at the north-west corner of the Temple, on a slippery rock, fifty cubits high. Four new banks were raised. Some Roman soldiers, creeping in with their shields above their heads, loosened four of the foundation stones; and the wall, battered at all day, fell suddenly in the night. But there was another wall inside. One Sabinus, a little black Syrian soldier, led a forlorn hope of eleven men up to this in broad noon-day, gained the top, and put the Jews to flight; but tripping over a stone he was killed, as were three of his band. A night or two after, sixteen Romans stole up the wall, slew the guards, and blew a startling trumpet blast. The Jews fled. Titus and his men, swarming up the ruined wall, dashed at the entrance of the Temple, where, for ten hours, a bloody fight raged. Julian, a centurion of Bithynia, attacking the Jews single-handed, drove them to the inner court; but the sharp nails in his shoes having caused him to fall with a clang on the marble floor, they turned back and slew him with many wounds. Then, following up their success, they drove the Romans out of the Temple, but not from the Tower of Antonia.

Strange omens had foretold the coming doom. A star, shaped like a sword, had hung for a year over the city. A brazen gate of the inner court, which twenty men could hardly move, had swung back on its hinges of itself. Shadows, resembling chariots and soldiers attacking a city, had appeared in the sky one evening before sunset. And at

Pentecost, as the priests were going by night into the inner court, they heard murmuring voices, as of a great crowd, saying, "Let us go hence."

After the Roman wall was built, the famine and the plague grew worse. Young men dropt dead in the streets. Piles of decaying corpses filled the lanes, and were thrown by tens of thousands over the walls. No herbs were to be got now. Men, in the rage of hunger, gnawed their shoes, the leather of their shields, and even old wisps of hay. Robbers, with wolfish eyes, ransacked every dwelling, and, when one day they came clamoring for food to the house of Mary, the daughter of Eleazar, a high-born lady of Perea, she set before them the roasted flesh of her own infant son, whom she had slain. "This," screamed she, "is mine own son. Eat of this food, for I have eaten of it myself." Brutal and rabid though they were, they fled in horror from the house of that wretched mother.

At last the daily sacrifice ceased to be offered, and the war closed round the Temple. The cloisters were soon burned. Six days' battering had no effect on the great gates; fire alone could clear a path for the eagles. A day was fixed for the grand assault; but on the evening before, the Romans having penetrated as far as the Holy House, a soldier, climbing on the shoulders of another, put a blazing torch to one of the golden windows of the north side. The building was soon a sheet of leaping flames; Titus, who had always desired to save the Temple, came running from his tent, but the din of war and the crackling flames prevented his voice from being heard. On, over the smoking cloisters, trampled the legions, fierce for plunder. The Jews sank in heaps of dead and dying round the altar, which dripped with their blood. More fire was thrown upon the hinges of the gate; and then no human word or hand could

save the house where God Himself had loved to dwell. Never did the stars of night look down on a more piteous scene. Sky and hill, and town and valley, were all reddened with one fearful hue. The roar of flames, the shouts of Romans, the shrieks of wounded Zealots, rose wild in the scorching air, and echoed among the mountains all around. But sadder far was the wail of broken hearts which burst from the streets below, when marble wall and roof of gold came crashing down, and the Temple was no more. Then, and only then, did the Jews let go the trust—that God would deliver His ancient people, smiting the Romans with some sudden blow.

The Upper City became a last refuge for the despairing remnant of the garrison. Simon and John were there; but the arrogant tyrants were broken down to trembling cowards. And when, after eighteen days' work, banks were raised, and the terrible ram began to sound anew on the ramparts, the panic-stricken Jews fled like hunted foxes to hide in the caves of the hill. The eagles flew victoriously to the summit of the citadel, while Jewish blood ran so deep down Zion that burning houses were quenched in the red stream.

The siege lasted 134 days, during which 1,100,000 Jews perished, and 97,000 were taken captive. Some were kept to grace the Roman triumph; some were sent to toil in the mines of Egypt; some fought in provincial theaters with gladiators and wild beasts; those under seventeen were sold as slaves. John was imprisoned for life; Simon, after being led in triumph, was slain at Rome.

It was a gay holiday, when the emperor and his son, crowned with laurel and clad in purple, passed in triumph through the crowded streets of Rome. Of the many rich spoils adorning the pageant, none were gazed on with more curious eyes than the golden table, the candle-stick with

seven branching lamps, and the holy book of the law, rescued from the flames of the Temple. It was the last page of a tragic story. The Mosaic dispensation had come to a close, and the Jews—homeless ever since, yet always preserving an indestructible nationality—were scattered among the cities of earth to be the Shylocks of a day that is gone by, and the Rothschilds of our own happier age.—COLLIER.

The Triumphal Return of Titus.—So, when Titus had had a prosperous voyage to his mind, the city of Rome behaved itself in his reception and in meeting him at a distance, as it did in the case of his father. But what made the most splendid appearance in Titus' opinion was, when his father met him, and received him; but still the multitude of the citizens conceived the greatest joy when they saw them all three together, as they did at this time; nor were many days overpast when they determined to have but one triumph, that should be common to both of them, on account of the glorious exploits they had performed, although the senate had decreed each of them a separate triumph by himself. So, when notice had been given beforehand of the day appointed for this pompous solemnity to be made on account of their victories, not one of the immense multitude was left in the city, but everybody went out so far as to gain only a station where they might stand, and left only such a passage as was necessary for those that were to be seen to go along it.

Now, all the soldiery marched out beforehand, by companies, and in their several ranks, under their several commanders, in the night-time, and were about the gates, not of the upper palaces, but those near the temple of Isis; for there it was that the emperors had rested the foregoing night. And, as soon as ever it was day, Vespasian and Titus came out, crowned with laurel, and clothed in those ancient

purple habits which were proper to their family, and then went as far as Octavian's walks; for there it was that the senate, and the principal rulers, and those that had been recorded as of the equestrian order, waited for them. Now a tribunal had been erected before the cloisters, and ivory chairs had been set upon it; and when they came and sat down upon them, the soldiery made an acclamation of joy, and all gave them attestations of their valor. Vespasian accepted these shouts; but while they were still disposed to go on in such demonstrations, he gave them a signal of silence. And when everybody entirely held their peace, he stood up, and covering the greatest part of his head with his cloak, he put up the accustomed solemn prayers: the like prayers did Titus put up also; after which prayers, Vespasian made a short speech to all the people, and then sent away the soldiers to a dinner prepared for them by the emperors. Then did he retire to that gate which was called the Gate of Pomp, because pompous shows do always go through that gate; there they tasted some food, and when they had put on their triumphal garments, and had offered sacrifices to the gods placed at the gate, they sent the triumph forward, and marched through the theaters, that they might be the more easily seen by the multitudes.

Now, it is impossible to describe the multitude and magnificence of the shows; such, indeed, as a man could not easily think of, as performed either by the labor of workmen, or the variety of riches, or the rarities of nature. Here was seen a mighty quantity of silver, and gold, and ivory, contrived into all sorts of things, which did not appear as carried along in pompous show only, but, as a man may say, running along like a river. There were also precious stones that were transparent, some set in crowns of gold, and some in other ouches; and of these such a vast

number that we could not but thence learn how vainly we imagined any of them to be rarities. The images of the gods were also carried, being as well wonderful for their largeness, as made with great skill of workmen; nor were any of these images of any other than very costly materials; and many species of animals were brought, every one in its own natural ornaments. The men also, who carried these shows, were great multitudes, and adorned with purple garments, all over interwoven with gold; having also about them such magnificent ornaments as were both extraordinary and surprising.

Even the great number of the captives was not unadorned, while the variety and the fine texture of their garments concealed from sight the deformity of their bodies. But, what afforded the greatest surprise of all was the structure of the pageants that were borne along; for, indeed, he that met them could not but be afraid that the bearers would not be able firmly enough to support them, such was their magnitude: for many of them were so made that they were three or even four stories one above another. Their magnificence also afforded one both pleasure and surprise: for, upon many of them were laid carpets of gold. There was also wrought gold, and ivory fastened about them all; and many resemblances of the war, in several ways, and a variety of contrivances, affording a most lively portraiture of itself. For there was to be seen a happy country laid waste, and entire squadrons of enemies slain; while some of them ran away, and some were carried into captivity, with walls of great altitude and magnitude overthrown, and ruined by machines, with the strongest fortifications taken, and the walls of most populous cities upon the tops of hills seized on, and an army pouring itself within the walls; as also every place full of slaughter, and supplications of the enemies, when they were

no longer able to lift up their hands in way of opposition. Fire also sent upon temples was here represented, and houses overthrown, and falling upon their owners; rivers also, after they came out of a large and melancholy desert, ran down, not into a land cultivated, nor as drink for men, or for cattle, but through a land still on fire upon every side; for the Jews related that such a thing they had undergone during this war. Now, the workmanship of these representations was so lively in the construction of the things, that it exhibited what had been done to such as did not see it, as if they had been there really present. On the top of every one of these pageants was placed the commander of the city that was taken, and the manner wherein he was taken. Moreover, there followed those pageants a great number of ships: and, for the other spoils, they were carried in great plenty. But, for those that were taken in the temple of Jerusalem, they made the greatest figure of them all; that is, the golden table, of the weight of many talents; the candle-stick also, that was made of gold, though its construction was now changed from that which we made use of: for its middle shaft was fixed upon a basis, and the small branches were produced out of it to a great length, having the likeness of a trident in their position, and had every one a socket made of brass for a lamp at the top of them. These lamps were in number seven, and represented the dignity of the number seven among the Jews; and, last of all the spoils, was carried the law of the Jews. After these spoils, passed by a great many men, carrying the images of victory, whose structure was entirely either of ivory or of gold. After which, Vespasian marched in the first place, and Titus followed him; Domitian also rode along with them, and made a glorious appearance, and rode on a horse that was worthy of admiration.

Now, the last part of this pompous show was at the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, whither, when they were come, they stood still; for it was the Romans' ancient custom, to stay till somebody brought the news that the general of the enemy was slain. This general was Simon, the son of Gioras, who had been led in this triumph among the captives, and had withal been tormented by those that drew him along; a rope had also been put upon his head, and he had been drawn into a proper place in the forum, for the law of the Romans required that malefactors condemed to die should be slain there. Accordingly, when it was related that there was an end of him, and all the people had set up a shout for joy, they then began to offer those sacrifices which they had consecrated in the prayers used in such solemnities. When they had finished, they went away to the palace. And, as for some of the spectators, the emperors entertained them at their own feast; and for all the rest, there were noble preparations made for their feasting at home; for this was a festival day to the city of Rome, as celebrated for the victory obtained by their army over their enemies.

After these triumphs were over, and after the affairs of the Romans were settled on the surest foundations, Vespasian resolved to build a temple to Peace, which was finished in so short a time, and so glorious a manner, as was beyond all human expectation and opinion: for, having now by Providence a vast quantity of wealth, besides what he had formerly gained in his other exploits, he had this temple adorned with pictures and statues and all such rarities as men aforetime used to wander all over the habitable world to see; he also laid up therein those golden vessels and instruments, that were taken out of the Jewish temple, as ensigns of his glory. But he gave order that they should lay up their law, and the

purple vails of the holy place, in the royal palace itself, and he kept them there.—JOSEPHUS.

THE COLOSSEUM.

Of all the ruins in Rome none is at once so beautiful, so imposing, and so characteristic as the Colosseum. Here throbbed the Roman heart in its fullest pulses. Over its benches swarmed the mighty population of the central city of the world. Here emperor, senators, knights, and soldiers, the lowest populace and the proudest citizens, gazed together on the bloody gladiatorial games, shouted together as the favorite won, groaned together fiercely as the favorite fell, and startled the eagles sailing over the blue vault above with their wild cries of triumph. Here might be heard the trumpeting of the enraged elephant, the savage roar of the tiger, the peevish shriek of the grave-rifling hyena. The sand of this arena drank alike the blood of gladiator, beast, and martyred Christian virgin. Rome—brutal, imperial Rome—built in her days of pride this mighty amphitheater, and, outlasting all her works, it still stands, the best type of her grandeur and brutality. The imperial palaces are almost level with the earth. Over the pavement where once swept the purple robes now slips the gleaming lizard, and in the indiscriminate ruins of these splendid halls the *contadino* plants his potatoes and sells for a *paul* the oxidized coin which once may have paid the entrance fee to the great amphitheater. The golden house of Nero is gone. The very Forum where Cicero delivered his immortal orations is almost obliterated, and antiquarians quarrel over the few columns that remain. But the Colosseum still stands; noble and beautiful even in its decay.

But what a change has come over it since the bloody scenes

of the Cæsars were enacted! Thousands of beautiful flowers now bloom in its ruined arches, tall plants and shrubs wave across the open spaces, and Nature has healed over the wounds of time with delicate grasses and weeds. Where, through the *podium* doors, wild beasts once rushed into the arena to tear the Christian martyrs, now stand the altars and stations that are dedicated to Christ. In the summer afternoon the air above is thronged with twittering swallows; and sometimes, like a reminiscence of imperial times, far up in the blue height, an eagle, planing over it on wide-spread motionless wings, sails silently along.

As you dream over this change, the splendor of sunset blazes against the lofty walls, and transfigures its blocks of travertine to brown and massive gold; the quivering stalks and weeds seem on fire; the flowers drink in a glory of color, and show like gems against the rough crust of their setting; rose clouds hang in the open vault above, under which swift birds flash incessantly, and through the shadowed arches you see long molten bars of crimson drawn against a gorgeous sky beyond. Slowly the great shadow of the western wall creeps along the arena; the cross in the center blazes no longer in the sun; it reaches the eastern benches, climbs rapidly up the wall, and the glory of sunset is gone. Twilight now swiftly draws its veil across the sky, the molten clouds grow cool and gray, the orange refines into citron and pales away to tenderest opaline light, and stars begin to peer through the dim veil of twilight. Shadows deepen in the open arena, block up the arches and galleries, confuse the lines of the benches, and shroud its decay. You rise and walk musingly into the center of the arena, and, looking round its dim, vast circumference, you suddenly behold the benches as of old thronged with their myriads of human forms—the ghosts of those who once sat there. That ter-

rible circle of eyes is shining at you with a ghastly expression of cruel excitement. You hear the strange, exciting hum of confused voices, and the roar of wild beasts in the caverns below. You are yourself the gladiator, who must die to make a Roman holiday, or the martyr who waits at the stake for the savage beasts that are to rend you. A shudder comes over you, for the place has magnetized you with its old life ;— you look hurriedly round to seek flight, when suddenly you hear a soprano voice saying, "François, where did the Vestal Virgins sit?" and you wake from your dream.

Such is the Colosseum at the present day. Let us go back into the past, and endeavor to reconstruct it.

In the beginning of the reign of the great Julius, the stormy populace of Rome has no amphitheater, and its gladiatorial games and wild beast-fights take place in the Forum, whither the people throng and crowd the temporary seats which enclose a small arena. This is soon felt to be insufficient, and Julius erects in the Campus Martius a great wooden structure, to which is given the name of amphitheatrum. In the reign of Augustus, this wooden amphitheater gives way to one of stone, which at the instance of the emperor is built in the Campus Martius by Statilius Taurus. This is too small, however, to satisfy the wishes of the people, and Augustus thinks at one time of building one still larger on the very spot now occupied by the Colosseum; but, among his various schemes of embellishing the city, this is abandoned. Tiberius does nothing. Caligula begins to build a large stone amphitheater, but dies before it makes much progress, and it is not continued by his successor.

Nero builds a temporary amphitheater of wood in the Campus Martius, where are represented those remarkable games at which he is not only a spectator but an actor. Here at times he may be seen lounging on the *suggestus* in

loosely-flowing robes of delicate purple, his head crowned with a garland of flowers, and looking so like a woman in his dress, that you might easily be deceived as to his sex, were it not for that cruel face with its hawk nose and small fierce eyes, that looks out under the flowers. In this arena he plays his harp, recites poetry, and acts, winning golden opinions from the populace. Here, at other times, half-naked and armed like a gladiator, he fights, and woe be to him who dares to draw imperial blood! If we could look in at one of the games given in this amphitheater, we should see not only the emperor playing the gladiator's part on the arena, but at his side, and fighting against each other, at times no less than four hundred senators and six hundred Roman knights. Meanwhile, he has built his golden house on the Palatine Hill, with its gorgeous halls, theaters, and corridors, thronged with marble statues; and at its base is an artificial lake, fed by pure waters brought from the mountains, in which at times he celebrates his naval combats. This occupies the very spot on which the Colosseum is afterwards to be built, but it is only a lake during the reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. When Nero sets the torch to Rome, among the many buildings which are consumed is the old amphitheater of Statilius Taurus, and Rome has left only that of the Campus Martius.

But when Titus and Vespasian return after the conquest of Jerusalem, enriched with spoils, a great change takes place. Then it is that the Lake of Nero is drained, and out of the Jewish captives who have been brought to Rome to grace the imperial triumph, twelve thousand are driven, under the smack of the whip, to lay the first stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium, which now goes by the name of the Colosseum. For long years these unhappy wretches toil at their work; but when they have reached the third tier

of seats, Vespasian dies. Titus then continues the construction, and dedicates the amphitheater (80 A. D.), at which time the games last for one hundred days, and fifty wild beasts are killed every day.

Under Domitian, the building is at last finished, and a magnificent structure it is. Looking at it from the outside, we behold a grand elevation of four stories, built of enormous blocks of travertine. The lower story is Doric; the second, Ionic; the third, Corinthian; and the fourth, Composite; the lower three being composed of arches with engaged columns, and the upper being a solid wall pierced with square openings, and faced by pilasters. High up against the blue sky is drawn the curved cornice of its summit, with huge projecting brackets on which the poles supporting the *velarium* (awning) are fixed. The two middle rows of arches are thronged with marble statues, and over the principal entrance is a great triumphal car drawn by horses. Just before it is the "meta sudans," over whose simple cone, fixed upon a square base, the water oozes through a thousand perforated holes, and streams into a basin below. Above, on the Palatine, are the splendid porticoes and pillars of the Golden House, with its green hanging gardens, and beyond, on the Via Sacra, is the grand triumphal arch of Titus, and, afterwards, of Trajan.

It is a holiday, and games are to be given in the amphitheater. The world of Rome is flocking to it from all quarters. Senators and knights, with their body-guards of slaves and gladiators; soldiers glittering with silver and gold; youths with their pedagogues; women, artisans and priests; companies of gladiators marshalled by Lanistæ; cohorts with flashing bucklers and swords, and dense masses of freedmen, slaves, and the common populace, are pouring down the Via Sacra, and filling the air with uproar. Shouts of laughter

and cheering mingle confusedly with the screams of women and the clash of swords. At times the clear, piercing shriek of a trumpet or the brazen clash of music rises above this simmering cauldron of noise, and here and there, looking up the human river that pours down the slope of the Via Sacra, you see gray sheaves of bristling spears lifted high above the crowd, or here and there a golden eagle that gleams and wavers in the sun, where some Roman legion sharply marches through the loitering mass of people. We push along with the crowd, and soon we arrive at the amphitheater, where we pause and struggle vainly to read the *libellum*, or program, which the *editor*, or exhibitor, has affixed to the walls, to inform the public of the names of the gladiators, and the different games and combats of the day. The majestic porticoes which surround the whole building are filled with swarms of people, some lingering and lounging there till the time shall come for the games to begin, or looking at the

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

exquisite designs in stucco with which they are adorned, and some crowding along the *vomitoriæ*, which at regular distances lead up to the seats. Here we procure our tickets for a numbered seat, and soon push up the steps and come into the interior circle of the mighty amphitheater, glad enough at last to be jostled no longer, and, under the direction of a *locarius*, to get our seat. Already the lofty ranges of benches are beginning to be filled, and at a rough guess there must be even now some 50,000 persons there. But many a range is still empty, and we know that 87,000 persons can be seated, while there is standing room for 22,000 more. The huge *velarium* is bellying, sagging, and swaying above our heads, veined with cords, and throwing a transparent shadow over the whole building. How it is supported, who can tell? But we may congratulate ourselves that we are on the shady side, where the sun does not beat; for the mad emperor, when the games have not been fierce and bloody enough to please him, has many a time ordered a portion of the *velarium* to be removed, so as to let the burning sun in upon those who were unlucky enough to be opposite to it, and has then prohibited any one from leaving his place under penalty of instant death.

Looking down, we see surrounding the arena a wall about 15 feet in height, faced with rich marbles, and intended to guard the audience against the wild beasts. This is sometimes called the *podium*, though the term is more appropriately applied to the terrace on top of the wall, which extends in front of the benches, and is railed round by a trellis-work. This, in the amphitheater of Nero, was made of bronze, but Carinus afterwards substituted golden cords, which were knotted together at their intersections with amber. There is the seat of honor, and three or four ranges of chairs are set apart for persons entitled to the distinction of the *curule*

chair. Those taking their seats in them now are, or have been, prætors, consuls, curules, ædiles or censors. There, too, is the Flamen Dialis. Opposite to the prætors, that group of white-robed women, also in the *podium*, is the Vestal Virgins; and there, on the raised tribune, is the seat of the *editor* who exhibits the games.

Above the *podium* are three tiers, called the *mæniana*, which are separated from each other by long platforms running round the whole building and called *præcinctiones*. The first of these, consisting of fourteen rows of stone and marble seats, is for the senators and equestrian orders, and they have the luxury of a cushion to sit upon. The second tier is for the *populus*, and the third, where there are only wooden benches, is occupied by the *pullati*, or common people of the lower classes. Above these is a colonnade or long gallery set apart for women, who are admitted when there is to be no naked fighting among the gladiators; but as yet the seats are empty, for the women are not admitted before the fifth hour. On the middle seats, where the plebeians sit, there is not a single person in black, for this was prohibited by Augustus Cæsar; and it was he also who ordered that the ambassadors should not stand, as they used to do, in the orchestra or *podium*, and that the young nobles should always be accompanied by their pedagogues.

While we are looking round we can hear the roar of the wild beasts, which are kept in great caves under the pavement of the arena; and sometimes we see their fierce glaring faces through the arched doors with which the walls of the *podium* are pierced. They are now protected by portcullises, which later will be drawn up by cords.

The arena where the combats will take place, is sunken from 13 to 15 feet below the lowest range of seats, and is fenced around with wooden rollers turning in their sockets,

and placed horizontally against the wall, so as to revolve under any wild beast, in case he should attempt to reach the audience by leaping over the boundary wall. For public security, all around the arena are the *euripi*, or ditches, built by Cæsar, and flooded so as to protect the spectators against the attacks of elephants, which are supposed to be afraid of water. The floor of the arena was originally strewn with yellow sand (and from this its name was derived), so as to afford sure footing to the gladiators; but Caligula substituted borax, and Nero added to the borax the splendid red of Cinnabar, with which it now is covered. Underneath this is a solid pavement of stones closely cemented so as to hold water; and when naval battles are given, there are pipes to flood it, so as to form an artificial lake on which galleys may float. Near the northern entrance you will see a flight of broad stairs, through which great machines are sometimes introduced into the arena.

The air is filled with perfumes of saffron infused in wine, and balsams, and costly tinctures, and essences, which are carried over the building in concealed conduits, and ooze out over the statues through minute orifices, or scatter their spray into the air. There is now a sudden stir among the people, and the amphitheater resounds with the cry of "*Ave Imperator*," as the emperor in his purple robes, surrounded by his lictors and imperial guard, enters and takes his seat on the elevated chair called the *suggestus* opposite to the main entrance. Then sound the trumpets, and the gladiators who are to fight enter the arena in a long procession, and make the tour of the whole amphitheater. They are now matched in pairs, and their swords are examined by the *editor*, and even by the emperor, to see if they are sharp and in good condition. A *prælusio*, or sham battle, follows, and at last the trumpet again sounds, and the first on the

list advance to salute the emperor before engaging in their desperate contest.*

The famous picture of Gerome, the French artist, gives one a vivid notion of what the spectacle in the Colosseum was at this moment. The fat, brutal, overfed figure of Domitian is seen above in the imperial chair, and in the arena below a little group of gladiators is pausing before him to salute him with their accustomed speech: "*Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant!*" The benches are crowded row above row with spectators, eager for the struggle that is to take place between the new combatants. They have already forgotten the last, and heed not the dead bodies of man and beast, that slaves are now dragging out of the arena with grappling-irons. A soft light, filtering through the huge tent-like *velarium* overhead, illumines the vast circle of the amphitheater. Thousands of eager eyes are fixed on the little band, who now only wait the imperial nod to join battle, and a murmurous war of impatience and delight seems to be sounding like the sea over the vast assembly. Looking at this picture, one can easily imagine the terrible excitement of a gladiatorial show, when 100,000 hearts were beating with the combatants, and screams of rage or triumph saluted the blows that drank blood, or the cruel "upturned thumb" (p. 102) announced his fate to the wretched victim as he sank in the arena.†

* In the museum of San Giovanni in Laterano is a large mosaic pavement, taken from the Baths of Caracalla, on which are represented colossal heads and figures of some of the most celebrated gladiators of the day. Their brutal and bestial physiognomies, their huge overdeveloped muscles, and Atlantean shoulders, their low flat foreheads and noses, are hideous to behold, and give one a more fearful and living notion of the horror of those bloody games to which they were trained, than any description in words could convey. They make one believe that of all animals, none can be made so brutal as man. It is very probable that some of these were the favorite gladiators of Caracalla, and made a part of the imperial retinue.—STORY.

† The manner in which Christian martyrs were exposed to the wild beasts is shown by some small rilievi in bronze found in the catacombs, where the lions are represented as chained to a pilaster, and the martyrs lie naked and unarmed at their

On the Kalends of January, in the year 404, while, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, the gladiators were fighting in the arena, a monkish figure, clothed in the dress of his order, was suddenly seen to rush into the midst of the combatants, and with loud prayer and excited gesture endeavor to separate them. This was Telemachus (or Almachius), who had traveled from the far East for the express purpose of bearing his testimony against these unchristian games, and sacrificing his life, if necessary, to obtain their abolition. The Prætor, Alybius, who was passionately attached to them, indignant at the interruption, and excited by the wild cries of the audience, instantly ordered the gladiators to cut the intruder down, and Telemachus paid the forfeit of his life for his heroic courage. But the crown and the palm of martyrdom were given him, and he was not only raised to a place in the calendar of saints, but he accomplished in a measure the great object for which he had sacrificed himself; for, struck with the grandeur and justness of the courageous protest which he had sealed with his blood, the Emperor Honorius abolished the gladiatorial games, and from that time forward no gladiator has fought in the Colosseum against another gladiator.

Combats with wild beasts continued down to the death of Theodoric, in 526, when they fell into disuse, and the edict of Justinian absolutely abolished them. Up to this period the Colosseum had been kept in repair, but this edict having rendered it useless as an amphitheater, it was thenceforward abandoned to the assaults of time and weather, and the caprice of man. The earthquakes and floods of the seventh

feet. It seems, also, that the sacrifice of the Christians generally ended the day's sport. When the other shows were over, the condemned Christians were brought into the arena through files of the hunters of the wild beasts, who beat them with rods as they passed. Some of the women were stripped and exposed in nets, and some were tortured because they would not assume the ceremonial robes worn in the worship of the pagan divinities.—STORY.

century shook and partially destroyed it. Barbarians at home and from abroad preyed upon it, boring it for its metal clamps, plundering it of every article of value, and defacing its architecture. Still it would seem to have been entire, or nearly so, as late as the beginning of the eighth century, when the Anglo-Saxon visited Rome, and gazing at it with awe and admiration, broke forth into the enthusiastic speech recorded by the venerable Bede, and thus Englished by Byron:—

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand!
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall!
> And when Rome falls—the world!"

From this time forward, exposed to tumult, battle, and changes of ownership, it fell rapidly into ruin. During the middle ages the government, regarding it merely as a stone quarry, granted permissions to excavate travertine therefrom to any princely family who could afford to pay for them. Not only were blocks of travertine removed, but all the marble was torn down and burnt into lime; and to such an extent were the spoliations of this period carried on, as to render it only surprising that anything now remains.

In 1585, Sextus V. endeavored to utilize the Colosseum by establishing in it a woolen manufactory, but, after spending a large sum on the project, he abandoned it as impracticable. In 1675, Clement X. set apart the whole building to the worship of the martyrs, and in 1742, Benedict XIV. again consecrated it to the memory of the Christians who had suffered there. He erected the cross in the center of the arena, and repaired the altars established by Clement XI. Every pains has since been used to preserve it, and to repair the injuries of time.—W. W. Story's Roba Di Roma.

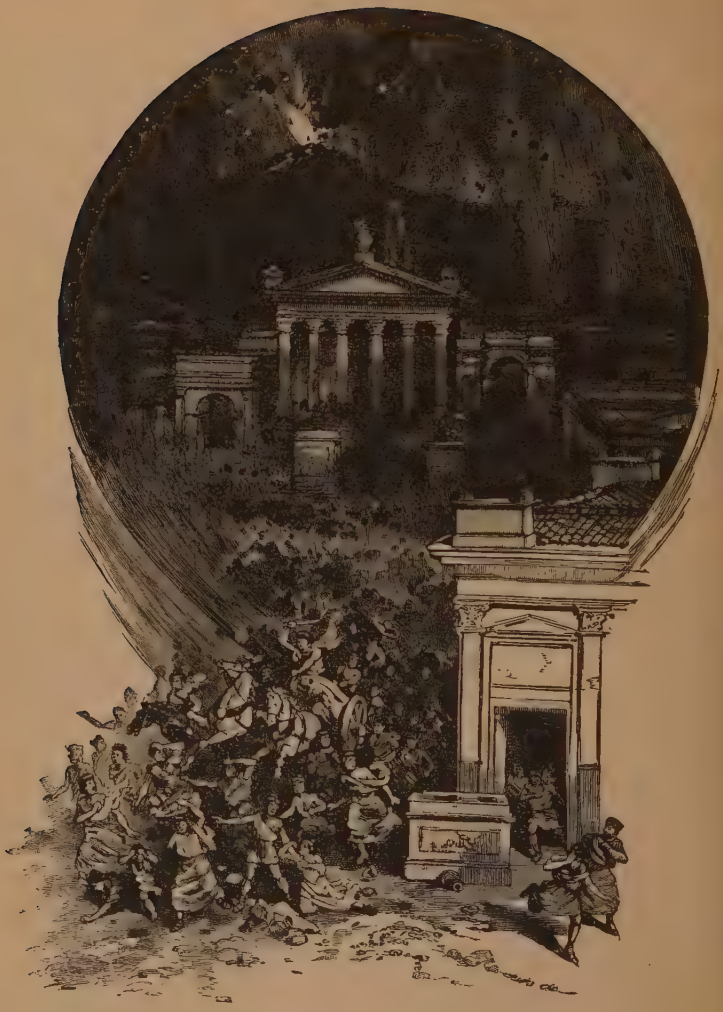
THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

TIME OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

The Elder Pliny's Death.—On the 24th of August, in the year 79, Pliny was residing in his villa on the Misenian promontory, which lies about twenty miles in a direct line from the summit of Vesuvius, conspicuous across the Gulf of Naples. His attention was drawn from his books and writings to a cloud of unusual form and character, which hung over the mountain, and rose, as appeared on further examination, from it, spreading out from a slender and well-defined stem, like the figure of a pine-tree, its color changing rapidly from black to white, as the contents of the ejected mass of which it proved to be composed, were earth or ashes. The admiral ordered his Liburnian cutter to be manned, and casting aside his papers prepared to cross the water, and observe the phenomenon nearer. He asked his nephew to accompany him, but the younger student was too intent on the volumes before him to prosecute an inquiry into the operations of nature. Meanwhile, intelligence arrived from the terrified residents at the foot of the mountain. They implored the assistance of the commander of the fleet. Pliny directed his largest vessels to be got ready and steered to the point nearest to the danger. As he approached the shore the ashes began to fall thick and hot upon his deck, with showers of glowing stones. A shoal formed suddenly beneath his keel, and impeded his progress. Turning a little to the right, he came to land at Stabiæ, at the dwelling of a friend. Here he restored confidence to the affrighted occupants by the calmness of his demeanor, while he insisted on taking the usual refreshment of the bath and supper, and conversed with easy hilarity. As the shades of

evening gathered, the brightness of the flames became more striking; but, to calm the panic of those around him, the philosopher assured them that they arose from cottages on the slope, which the alarmed rustics had abandoned to the descending flakes of fire. He then took his customary brief night's rest, sleeping composedly as usual; but his attendants were not so easily tranquillized, and as the night advanced, the continued fall of ashes within the courts of the mansion convinced them that delay would make escape impossible. They roused their master, together with the friend at whose house he was resting, and hastily debated how to proceed. By this time the soil around them was rocking with repeated shocks of earthquake, which recalled the horrors of the still recent catastrophe. The party quitted the treacherous shelter of the house-roof, and sought the coast in hopes of finding vessels to take them off. To protect themselves from the thickening cinders, they tied cushions to their heads. The sky was darkened by the ceaseless shower, and they groped their way by torchlight, and by the intermitting flashes from the mountain. The sea was agitated, and abandoned by every bark. Pliny, wearied or perplexed, now stretched himself on a piece of sail-cloth, and refused to stir farther, while on the bursting forth of a fiercer blast accompanied with sulphurous gases, his companions, all but two body-slaves, fled in terror. Some who looked back in their flight affirmed that the old man rose once with the help of his attendants, but immediately fell again, overpowered, as it seemed, with the deadly vapors. When the storm abated and light at last returned, the body was found abandoned on the spot; neither the skin nor the clothes were injured, and the calm expression of the countenance betokened death by suffocation.—MERIVALE.

The Younger Pliny's Flight.—When my uncle had



DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII BY VESUVIUS. (P. 261.)

started, I spent such time as was left on my studies—it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. Then followed the bath, dinner, and sleep,—this last disturbed and brief. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which had caused, however, but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campania. But that night it was so violent, that one thought that everything was being not merely moved, but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber; I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her should she have been asleep. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now—I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year—I called for a volume of Livy, read it, as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain; when he saw that we were sitting down—that I was even reading—he rebuked my mother for her patience, and me for my blindness to the danger. Still I bent myself as industriously as ever over my book. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered, that in the place where we were, which, though open, was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own—in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence—and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the building, we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvelous, many dreadful, things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out

moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry on the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale. Then our friend from Spain addressed us more energetically and urgently than ever. "If your uncle," he said, "is alive, he wishes you to be saved; if he has perished, he certainly wished you to survive him. If so, why do you hesitate to escape?" We answered that we could not bear to think about our own safety while we were doubtful of his. He lingered no longer, but rushed off, making his way out of the danger at the top of his speed. It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could. "I might do so," she said, "for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die, if she did not bring death upon me." I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company; I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall—still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in

the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us." We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us,—not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with imaginary or willfully invented terrors. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them. It now grew somewhat light again; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us; then came darkness again, and a thick, heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight. At last the black mist I had spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to have in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety in min-

gled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many frenzied persons, with their terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends.—PLINY, Epistle VII. 20.

A SATIRE ON ROMAN VICES.

Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets,
Fill his wide tablets, in the public streets,
With angry verse, when, through the mid-day glare,
Borne by six slaves and in an open chair,
The forger comes, who owes this blaze of state
To a wet seal and a fictitious date?
Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by,
And impudently braves the public eye!
Or the rich dame, who stanched her husband's thirst
With generous wine, but—drugged it deeply first!
And now, more dext'rous than Locusta, shows
Her country friends the beverage to compose,
And, 'midst the curses of the indignant throng,
Bears, in broad day, the spotted corpse along!
* * * * * * *
And when could Satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did Vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell avarice so engross the mind?
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?—
No longer, now, the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die:
The chest is staked!—muttering the steward stands,
And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands.
* * * * * *
Now, at the gate, a paltry largess lies,
And eager hands and tongues dispute the prize.
But first (lest some false claimant should be found)
The wary steward takes his anxious round,
And pries in every face, then calls aloud,
"Come forth, ye great Dardanians, from the crowd!
For, mixed with us, e'en these besiege the door,
And scramble for—the pittance of the poor!
"Despatch the Prætor first," the master cries,
"And next the Tribune." "No, not so," replies

The Freedman, bustling through ; "first come is still
First served ; and I may claim my right, and will !—
Though born a slave ('tis bootless to deny
What these bored ears betray to every eye),
On my own rents, in splendor now I live,
On five fair freeholds ! Let the Tribunes wait."
Yes, let them wait ! thine, Riches, be the field !
It is not meet that he to honor yield,
To SACRED HONOR, who, with whitened feet,
Was hawked for sale, so lately, through the street.
O Gold ! though Rome beholds no altars flame,
No temples rise to thy pernicious name,
Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are reared,
And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard,
Yet is thy full divinity confest,
Thy shrine established here in every breast.

What rare pursuits employ the client's day !
First to the patron's door their court to pay,
Next to the forum to support his cause,
Thence to Apollo, learnèd in the laws,
And the triumphal statues.

Returning home, he drops them at the gate :
And now the weary clients, wise too late,
Resign their hopes, and supperless retire,
To spend the paltry dole in herbs and fire.

Meanwhile their patron sees his palace stored
With every dainty earth and sea afford !
Stretched on the unsocial couch, he rolls his eyes
O'er many an orb of matchless form and size,
Selects the fairest to receive his plate,
And, at one meal, devours a whole estate !—
See ! the lone glutton craves whole boars ! a beast
Designed by nature for the social feast !—
But speedy wrath o'ertakes him : gorged with food,
And swollen and fretted by the peacock crude,
He seeks the bath, his feverish pulse to still,
Hence sudden death, and age without a Will !
Swift flies the tale, by witty spleen increast,
And furnishes a laugh at every feast ;
The laugh, his friends not undelighted hear,
And, fallen from all their hopes, insult his bier.

JUVENAL.

THE FIVE GOOD EMPERORS.

Nerva and Trajan.—Nerva reigned but sixteen months, and had no time to do more than display his kindness of disposition, and to name his successor. This was Trajan, a man who was not even a Roman by birth, but who was thought by his patron to have retained in the distant province of Spain, where he was born, the virtues which had disappeared in the center and capital of the Empire. The deficiency of Nerva's character had been its softness and want of force. The stern vigilance of Trajan made ample amends. He was the best-known soldier of his time, and revived once more the terror of the Roman arms. But his victories were fruitless: he attached no new country permanently to the Empire, and derives all his glory now from the excellence of his internal administration. Trajan visited his friends on terms of equality, and had the greatness of mind, generally deficient in absolute princes, to bestow his confidence on those who deserved it. Somebody told him one day to beware of his minister, who intended to murder him on the first opportunity. "Come again, and tell me all particulars to-morrow," said the Emperor. In the meantime he went unbidden and supped with the accused. He was shaved by his barber, was attended for a mock illness by his surgeon, bathed in his bath, ate his meat, and drank his wine. On the following day the informer came. "Ah!" said Trajan, interrupting him in his accusation, "if Surenus had wished to kill me, he would have done it last night."—WHITE.

Trajan's Architectural Improvements.—No reign, perhaps, was marked by more extensive alterations and additions to

the existing features of the city. He built for the gods, the senate, and the people, not for himself; he restored the temples, enlarged the halls and places of public resort; but he was content himself with the palaces of his predecessors.

The splendors of the city, and the splendors of the Campus beyond it, were still separated by a narrow isthmus, thronged perhaps with the squalid cabins of the poor, and surmounted by the remains of the Servian wall which ran along its summit. Trajan swept away every building on the site, leveled the spot on which they had stood, and laid out a vast area of columnar galleries connecting halls and chambers for public use and recreation. The new forum was adorned with two libraries, one for Greek, the other for Roman, volumes, and it was bounded on the west by a basilica of magnificent dimensions. The area was beautified with numerous statues, in which the figure of Trajan was frequently repeated, and among its decorations were groups in bronze and marble representing his most illustrious actions. The balustrades flamed with gilded images of arms and horses. Amidst this profusion of splendor the great object to which the eye was principally directed was the column, which rose majestically in the center of the forum to the height of 128 feet, sculptured from the base of the shaft to the summit with the story of the Dacian wars, shining in every volute and molding with gold and pigments, and crowned with the colossal effigy of the august conqueror.*—MERIVALE.

Pliny's Correspondence with Trajan Concerning the

* Trajan enjoyed the distinction, dear in Roman eyes, of a fine figure and a noble countenance. In stature he exceeded the common height, and on public occasions, when he loved to walk bareheaded in the midst of the senators, his gray hairs gleamed conspicuously above the crowd. His features were regular, and his face was the last of the imperial series that retained the true Roman type, not in the aquiline nose only, but in the broad and low forehead, the angular chin, the firm compressed lips, and generally in the stern compactness of its structure.—MERIVALE.

Christians.—Pliny (as proprætor) *to Trajan.*—"It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful. Who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charge against them, or what is the usual punishment. Whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years—whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon—whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime itself involved in the profession, is a subject of punishment; on all these points I am in great doubt. Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following method. I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished. I could not doubt that whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me possessed with the same infatuation, who were Roman citizens; these I took care should be sent to Rome. As often happens, the accusation spread, from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were nor had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these acts. These I

thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by a witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshipped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offence or crime was summed up in this, that they met on a stated day before daybreak, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word, or to deny a trust when called on to deliver it up: after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, and to eat together a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the proclamation of my edict, by which, according to your command, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you. It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities; it has spread into the villages and the country. Still I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples which were almost abandoned begin again to be frequented, and the sacred rites, so long neglected, are

revived, and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repented of their error."

Trajan to Pliny. (In reply).—"You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offense is proved, you must punish them, but with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former suspicion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age."

Hadrian and Antinous.—In walking through the Roman museums, we see no head so frequently as that of the Emperor Hadrian. Usually, the bust of his favorite, Antinous, stands near, and a greater contrast than the one presented by these two faces could scarcely be found on earth. . . . . Poet and scientist, artist and sculptor, architect and astronomer, Hadrian understood just enough of all these things to be thoroughly dissatisfied with the imperfection of his own performances. Continually goaded by the consciousness of having failed to execute his highest plans, he became doubly irritable in old age. The traits of malice and caprice in his character constantly became more conspicuous, and the Roman world which owed him so much and whose life he had enriched and beautified more than any Cæsar before him, often anxiously remembered Tiberius, who up to old age had

been the very symbol of self-control and moderation, and then first revealed the tiger-nature in his breast. He lived separated from his wife, the sullen Sabina, and had appointed as his heir the consumptive Ælius Verus, because, the Romans declared, he saw that Ælius would not survive him. Bitter hatred existed between him and his brother-in-law Servianus and his grandson, who had expected to inherit the throne. So he walked wearily along his lonely way to the end, oppressed at last by Servianus' curse, who condemned by Hadrian, in his dying hour besought the gods to refuse Hadrian death when he desired it.

This lonely man, who remained incomprehensible even to friends and favorites, was devoted for a long time to a beautiful Bithynian youth, whom he loved as Socrates loved Alcibiades, and Cæsar Brutus. This was *Antinous*, with whose busts and statues Hadrian has filled the world, and whose innocent features contrast strangely with the passion-seamed visage of the master, to whom he was the dearest thing in life. . . . . Antinous voluntarily sacrificed his life for his Cæsar,* and Hadrian, after the youth's death, commanded that he should be honored as a god. . . . . The worship of the beautiful youth spread with amazing celerity as a new faith. There was scarcely a city in the empire, that did not have a medal struck, and the world became full of the statues and sanctuaries of the Bithynian god.—GEORGE TAYLOR.

Hadrian's Villa at Tibur.—When Phlegon had left Hadrian two or three weeks before, pyramids of bricks towered into the air, the forest rang with the shouts of the workmen toiling in twenty different places, the foundations of the buildings were only a man's height above the ground. Now

* He drowned himself in the Nile, in consequence, it is said, of an oracle that demanded for the life of the Emperor the sacrifice of the object dearest to him.

a solemn stillness brooded over the blooming hill-side, the piles of red brick were removed, the lime-pits filled with earth, the ground was leveled, and the turf sown. Marble figures, gleaming from amid the dark old trees, appeared on the right and left. The front of the Greek theater stood in glittering relief against the foliage behind. From the Palæstra, hidden among the laurel bushes, Phlegon heard the full rich tones of his favorite Antinous, directing the boys' games. Passing the Nymphæum, the splashing of the water in the echoing hall delighted him. A broad avenue of cypress trees, bordered on the right and left with the most superb statues carried away from the Greek Islands, led past the library to Hadrian's residence.

. . . . . On the terrace overlooking the Hippodrome, the Academy, and the Egyptian Canopus, Phlegon found his master. The emperor had already left the breezy height of the temple of Heracles in the city, and though here and there a skillful architect moved noiselessly to and fro with a few workmen, the Cæsar's villa was already as thoroughly fitted out as if he had occupied it for years. Work was still going on in the other buildings, scattered over an extent of seven miles, and the architects of Elysium, Tartarus, Canopus, and the numerous temples, spent weary days, for Hadrian constantly found something to be improved. The villa was to embody everything grand and beautiful he had witnessed during his long, wandering life. As the Roman patrician ordered pictures of favorite spots to be painted on the walls of his house, or placed in his dwelling silver models of the temples and citadels he had seen, so Hadrian intended to make the heights of Tibur a huge album of travels, whose sketches of nature imitated the originals; and when the latter were transportable, they were by no means safe from being incorporated within the album. Temples, theaters,

and statues were removed and set up again beside copies of the great architectural works of Greece and Egypt, which Hadrian had had most carefully prepared.

"Where are we?" the Cæsar asked his faithful companion, when they had entered the porch.

"Why, in the Stoa Poicile!" replied Phlegon, smiling. "We have the halls, only Zeno is lacking."

From here Hadrian went up a woodland path, leaning from time to time on his shorter companion, to allow an asthmatic oppression of breathing to pass away. Two stelæ, one bearing a head of Homer, and the other of Achilles, marked a narrow footway, leading between thick laurel-bushes to an outlook. On the opposite side of the valley a group of lofty oaks stood on the bare mountain ridge.

"Dodona!" exclaimed Phlegon in amazement.

"Let us go across," replied Hadrian, delighted that his companion had recognized the scene. "Those who question the oracle will climb the steep path yonder; we will remain here, where the soft west wind fans us. See how distinctly the roofs of Rome can be seen to-day. I think I can distinguish the temple of Venus and Roma. Do you hear the caldrons of Dodona?"

Following the sound, the two companions soon reached the gray holm-oaks, that shaded a wide, bare spot.

As a stronger breeze rose, strange sounds became audible in the branches of the oaks. On every tree hung a brazen basin, beside which was fastened a whip that supported three iron chains, holding silver balls, which sometimes striking clearly against each other, anon when a more powerful gust of wind swept by, clashing against the more resonant basin, lent the tree a continuous voice. Leaning on the oak, as if she had grown a part of it, and staring into an oddly-shaped urn, covered with strange pictures, which contained the

sacred lots, was a weather-beaten old woman, whose white hair hung in tangled strands over her wrinkled face. Phlegon would willingly have asked what the divinities were preparing, but Hadrian seemed like a child afraid of its own toy. He turned in his thumbs, to ward off the old Thessalian witch's evil eye, and walked rapidly down to Tempe. On the way they saw a pale young girl, sitting beside a dark well that extended far back into the mountain. A bundle of torches lay in her lap.

"The Zeus well," said Hadrian, and Phlegon gazed into the black water, on which floated a few bubbles. Hadrian lighted a torch, passed it over the bubbles till they burst, extinguished it in the waves, then held the other end close above the surface and slowly lighted it afresh at the burning gas.

Through Tempe the way led to Elysium. A solemn avenue of cypress-trees extended past the deities who lowered the torch, and the contemplative statue of Hermes, the guide of the dead, to a gate, adorned on one side with a bas-relief of Hercules and Hebe, and on the other with Cupid and Psyche. This gate afforded admittance to a gloomy tufa-cave, which at the next turn gave a view of a smiling lake and pleasant meadows; again the way grew darker, to reveal an artistically-framed view of the fragrant plains and the blue Sabine hills.

So the walk continued amid charming new scenes until the blue sky, more alluring than ever, appeared beyond the cave. Through blossoming bushes and fragrant roses the two companions emerged upon a beautiful carpet of turf, where the lake again sparkled before them, reflecting a domed temple and countless palms and statues. Boats lay on the shore, white and dark swans glided over the silver surface, and the warbling choruses of birds reminded Phlegon that it was no dream-vision outspread before him.

"This is the fairest sight I ever beheld, Cæsar," he said with a simplicity that best showed how deeply he was moved. A white deer emerged from the dark shrubbery and walked slowly up to the emperor, to whom it nestled caressingly.

"Only wait till we celebrate our first festival here, Phlegon," said Hadrian, "when boats and flags and unveiled beauty animate this shore, when Syrian dancers and female flute-players perform their juggling feats and move in changing circles. What the author of the Elysium dreamed, we will have displayed here before the eyes."

With these words he sat down. "True, the best thing is lacking, the potion of youth, which no Hebe gives us. What avails all earthly nectar to the old man with feeble stomach? What is ambrosia to the sick man's furred tongue? And young people are no longer like us. Antinous dreams the years of his vigor away in dull melancholy, and Verus wanted to enjoy life ere he was mature, so he now has all an old man's aches at twenty. Come," he added, rising, "we can create no Elysium here without the gods, but we shall fare better in Tartarus. Go on, I fear the cold down yonder. We will meet again under the blooming tamarind trees, but draw your toga closely around you, it is cool in Orcus."

Without any special desire to do so, Phlegon approached a gate, at whose entrance a Cerberus with iron jaws announced through which door the traveler should pass. After walking a few paces, Phlegon stumbled and nearly fell down a flight of steps that were almost indistinguishable in the darkness. In recovering himself he struck his forehead against the stalactite formations hanging from the roof, and greatly incensed, waited for a time until his eyes were more accustomed to the gloom, then walked towards the light of a little lamp glimmering in the distance, while the noise of water reached his ears. At the lamp there was a bend in

the path, and Phlegon gained a sheet of water, illumined by a ghostly light from above, while strange shadows and misty forms glided to and fro over the dark, rocky walls. Turning round, he started, for close beside him in a boat stood Charon, holding out a motionless hand, in which lay several copper coins. For a moment Phlegon had thought this Charon a living man. Now he discovered that this guide also was only a statue. He entered the boat to row himself to the other shore, but had scarcely sat down when the skiff, drawn by a rope beneath, began to move. An offensive smoke, like the vapors of sulphur, whirled in strange forms over the dark lake. "A vein of the Albula must have been conducted here," said Phlegon. Niches, lighted from above, showed, apparently moved by the floating mist, scenes in Orcus. As soon as the boat passed a cave the figures began to move. Here Sisyphus rolled his stone, which monotonously fell back again; here Tantalus was tormented with longing for his fruit; here the Danaids filled their sieve; here Ixion's wheel turned; here a vulture, flapping its wings, devoured Prometheus' liver. The stalactites hung lower and lower from the roof, so that Phlegon was at last compelled to lie flat in the boat like a corpse, and thus extended reached the other shore. The grimacing Charon still held out his hand with the coins.

"I'll bring Hadrian his obolus, in token that even the terrors of the nether-world have not affrighted the pupil of the Stoa." He seized the coin firmly, but the statue shut its hand, its head was hideously lighted from within and a malicious fire glowed in its green eyes. Then the monster's hand opened again, and Phlegon hastily withdrew his pinched fingers. Indignant at the trick, the Greek looked around him for means to reach the shore, but only a narrow,

slippery path led upward. A handle in the cliff showed how it might be reached, but as he grasped it the whole mass of rock turned, and through a narrow cleft Phlegon forced his way into a dark cave, while the rock again revolved, imprisoning him in a gloomy cell. Waterfalls, worked by machinery, were heard close by him, and human cries and groans united to make all the tortures of Tartarus assail the Greek's excited nerves. He stamped angrily at the thought that the emperor had lured him into this snare, but the cell in which he stood instantly rose and Phlegon floated upward, raised slowly in the dark shaft by iron rods which he now perceived for the first time. A bright ray of light streamed from a side gallery, and Phlegon looked up at a water-fall crushing human limbs beneath it; a fiery red glow now fell upon his face, and he beheld a flaming fire where tortured forms writhed and sighed. Then through a grating he saw ragged figures lying in a dungeon. But what was that? A human voice rose from a cavern.

"Save me, Antinous! Antinous, you who are so kind, plead with Cæsar."

Phlegon had already passed on; his conveyance stopped, and he found himself in a dark, lofty vault, but from below still rang the piteous cries: "Antinous! Antinous!" Filled with horror, Phlegon again groped for the handle. The rock turned as before, and a flood of dazzling light fell upon his eyes. He could not recognize the figure that stood before him.

"Welcome to the upper world!" he heard Hadrian's voice say.

"A sorry jest, Cæsar," replied Phlegon indignantly.

"That is what the dead in Tartarus say."—GEORGE TAYLOR, in *Antinous,* A Romance of Ancient Rome.

The Good-Humor of Antoninus Pius.—There is a

story told about Antoninus that illustrates well at the same time his remarkable forgiveness of injuries and his sense of humor. It is said that when he first went to Smyrna as pro-consul of Asia, he was offered temporarily the house of Polemon, the celebrated Sophist and rhetorician, who happened at the time to be away. A short time afterward, Polemon returned, in the middle of the night, and, finding his house occupied, exclaimed in anger that he had been turned out of his own house. The pro-consul overheard the remark, and, getting out of bed at once, he collected his luggage together and went in search of other lodgings. After Antoninus was appointed Emperor, Polemon had occasion to come to Rome. One day Antoninus chanced to see him in the street. He smiled, and, after conversing pleasantly with him a few moments, gave orders that a room in the palace should be made ready for the stranger. "But be sure," he said good-humoredly to the servant, "that no one shall turn him out." This gentle rebuke, however, did not succeed in improving Polemon's temper. At a play which he attended while in Rome, one of the actors failed to perform his part to Polemon's satisfaction; whereupon Polemon insisted that the fellow should be driven off the stage. Later, the comedian, bringing the matter to the notice of the Emperor, was asked, "At what hour did he drive you from the stage?" "It was at midday." "Ah," replied Antoninus, "It was midnight that he drove me from his house, and I made no complaint." His love of peace was such, says Capitolinus, that he used often to remark, with Scipio, that "he preferred to serve one citizen than to kill a thousand enemies." This desire to serve his fellow-men is brought prominently before us in the statement of Capitolinus that he always refused to accept legacies from any one who died and left descendants. But the most characteristic

picture of his nature is given us in the following story: One day, while Marcus was weeping over the death of a favorite instructor, the servants surrounded him and tried by sympathetic words to make him forget his loss. But Antoninus, coming up to them, told them to cease their efforts. "Do not," he said, "try to suppress the feelings which belong to a true man. Neither philosophy nor the Empire can destroy one's love."—WATSON.

How a Young Roman Prince Spent his Days.—(Marcus Aurelius at Lanuvium to his tutor, Fronto, in Rome). "This morning I got up at three o'clock, and, after a good breakfast, studied till eight. I then took a delightful two-hours promenade on the veranda in front of my window; after that I put on my shoes, and, dressed in my military cloak (for the Emperor has told us always to come thus dressed when we appear before him), went to bid good morning to my father. Then we all started for the chase, and some splendid shots were made. There was a rumor that some one had killed a boar, but I didn't have the privilege of seeing the performance. At any rate, we scaled a very rugged cliff. About noon the party came straggling back to the palace—I to my books. The entire afternoon I passed on my couch, divested of my shoes and robe. Cato's oration on the property of Pulchra and another of his on appointing a tribune were the books I read. . . . . Now I am going to bed. Not a drop of oil shall I pour into my lamp to-night, my horse and the cold I've taken have so fatigued me. Good night, my dear, sweet master. It is for you I long, believe me, far more than for Rome herself."

(A day or two later). . . . . "I slept late this morning on account of my cold, so I did not begin my studies till five o'clock, from which time till nine I spent on Cato's *Agriculture* and in writing—not so much, however, as I wrote

yesterday. Then I gargled my throat, and after that went to greet my father and attend him as he offered sacrifice. Then to breakfast; and what do you suppose I ate? Nothing but a little piece of bread, though I saw the others all devouring beans and onions and fish. Then we went out to the vintage, and grew hot and merry, but left a few grapes still hanging, as the old poet says, 'atop on the topmost bough.' At noon we came home again, and I studied a little, though with poor success. Then I chatted a long time with my mother, as she was sitting on her couch. My conversation consisted of, 'What do you suppose my Fronto is doing at this moment?' to which she answered, 'And my Gratia, what is she doing?' and then I, 'And our little birdie, Gratia the less?'* And while we were talking and quarreling as to which of us loved you all the best, the gong sounded—the signal that my father had gone over to the bath. So we bathed and dined in the oil-press room. I don't mean that we bathed in the press-room, but we bathed, and then dined, and amused ourselves with listening to the peasants' banter. And now that I am in my room again, before I roll over and snore, I am fulfilling my promise, and giving an account of my day to my dear tutor; and if I could love him better than I do, I would consent to miss him even more than I miss him now. Take care of yourself, my best and dearest Fronto, wherever you are. The fact is that I love you, and you are far away."

Some of the "Meditations" of a good Emperor.—"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, the deceitful, the envious." "Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them." "Time is like a river, made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream; for as soon as a

* Fronto's wife and little daughter.

thing has been seen it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too." "Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good." "The mind which is free from passions is a citadel." "Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it." "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts." "Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains." "Who is he that shall hinder thee from being good and simple? Do thou only determine to live no longer, unless thou shalt be such."—From *Watson's* MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ROME.

The Empire sold to the Highest Bidder.—With the death of the excellent Marcus Aurelius the golden age came to a close. Commodus sat on the throne, and renewed the wildest atrocities of the previous century. Thirteen years exhausted the patience of the world, and a justifiable assassination put an end to his life. There was an old man of the name of Pertinax, originally a nickname derived from his obstinate or pertinacious disposition, who now made his appearance on the throne, and perished in three months. It chanced that a certain rich man of the name of Didius was giving a supper the night of the murder to some friends. The dishes were rich and the wine delicious. Inspired by the

good cheer, the guests said, "Why don't you buy the Empire? The soldiers have proclaimed that they will give it to the highest bidder." Didius knew the amount of his treasure, and was ambitious; he got up from table and hurried to the Prætorian camp. On the way he met the mutilated body of the murdered Pertinax, dragged through the streets with savage exultation. Nothing daunted, he arrived at the soldiers' tents. Another had been before him—Sulpician, the father-in-law and friend of the late Emperor. A bribe had been offered to each soldier, so large that they were about to conclude the bargain; but Didius bid many sesterces more. The greedy soldiery looked from one to the other, and shouted with delight as each new advance was made. At last Sulpician was silent, and Didius had purchased the Roman world at the price of upward of £200 to each soldier of the Prætorian guard. He entered the palace in state, and concluded his supper, which had been interrupted at his own house, on the viands prepared for Pertinax. But the excitement of the auction-room was too pleasant to be left to the troops in Rome. Offers were made to the legions in all the provinces, and Didius was threatened on every side. Even the distant garrisons of Britain named a candidate for the throne; and Claudius Albinus assumed the imperial purple, and crossed over into Gaul. More irritated still, the army in Syria elected its general, Pescennius Niger, Emperor, and he prepared to dispute the prize; but quietly, steadily, with stern face and heart, advancing from province to province, keeping his forces in strict subjection, and laying claim to supreme authority by the mere strength of his indomitable will, came forward Septimius Severus, and both the pretenders saw that their fate was sealed (p. 72). Illyria and Gaul recognized his title at once. Albinus was happy to accept from him the subordinate title of Cæsar, and to rule

as his lieutenant. Didius, whose bargain turned out ill, besought him to be content with half the Empire. Severus slew the messengers who brought this proposition, and advanced in grim silence. The Senate assembled, and, by way of a pleasant reception for the Illyrian chief, requested Didius to prepare for death. The executioners found him clinging to life with unmanly tenacity, and killed him when he had reigned seventy days. One other competitor remained, the general of the Syrian army—the closest friend of Severus, but now separated from him by the great temptation of an Empire in dispute. This was Niger, from whom an obstinate resistance was expected, as he was equally famous for his courage and his skill. But fortune was on the side of Severus. Niger was conquered after a short struggle, and his head presented to the victor. Was Albinus still to live, and approach so near the throne as to have the rank of Cæsar? Assassins were employed to murder him, but he escaped their assault. The treachery of Severus brought many supporters to his rival. The Roman armies were ranged in hostile camps. Severus again was fortunate, and Albinus, dashing towards him to engage in combat, was slain before his eyes. He watched his dying agonies for some time, and then forced his horse to trample on the corpse. The Prætorians found they had appointed their master, and put the sword into his hand. He used it without remorse. He terrified the boldest with his imperturbable stillness; he summoned the seditious soldiery to wait on him at his camp. They were to come without arms, without their military dress, almost like suppliants, certainly not like the ferocious libertines they had been when they had sold the Empire at the highest price. "Whoever of you wishes to live," said Severus, frowning coldly, "will depart from this, and never come within thirty leagues of Rome. Take their horses," he added to the other

troops who had surrounded the Prætorians, "take their accouterments, and chase them out of my sight." Did the Senate receive a milder treatment? On sending them the head of Albinus, he had written to the Conscript Fathers, alarming them with the most dreadful threats. And now the time of execution had come. He made them an oration in praise of the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla, and forced them to deify the tyrant Commodus, who had hated them all his life. He then gave a signal to his train, and the streets ran with blood. All who had borne high office, all who were of distinguished birth, all who were famous for their wealth or popular with the citizens, were put to death.

With this hideous incarnation of unpitying firmness on the throne—hopeless of the future, and with dangers accumulating on every side, the Second Century came to an end, leaving the amazing contrast between its miserable close and the long period of its prosperity by which it will be remembered in all succeeding time.—WHITE.

The Removal to Constantinople.—As the memory of the old liberties of Rome died out, a nearer approach was made to the ostentatious despotisms of the East. Aurelian, in 270, was the first Emperor who encircled his head with a diadem; and Diocletian, in 284, formed his court on the model of the most gorgeous royalties of Asia. On admission into his presence, the Roman senator, formerly the equal of the ruler, prostrated himself at his feet. Titles of the most unmanly adulation were lavished on the fortunate slave or herdsman who had risen to supreme power. He was clothed in robes of purple and violet, and loaded with an incalculable wealth of jewels and gold. There was now, therefore, seated on the throne, which was shaken by every commotion, a personage assuming more majestic rank, and affecting far loftier state and dignity, than Augustus had ventured on

while the strength of the old Republic gave irresistible force to the new Empire, or than the Antonines had dreamt of when the prosperity of Rome was apparently at its height. But there was still some feeling, if not of self-respect, at least of resistance to pretension, in the populace and senators of the capital. We are not, therefore, to feel surprised that an orientalised authority sought its natural seat in the land of ancient despotisms, and that many of the Emperors had cast longing eyes on the beautiful towns of Asia Minor, and even on the far-off cities of Mesopotamia, as more congenial localities for their barbaric splendors. By a sort of compromise between his European origin and Asiatic tastes, the Emperor Constantine transferred the seat of empire from Rome to a city he had built on the extreme limits of Europe, and only divided from Asia by a narrow sea. To this magnificent city Constantine removed the throne in 329, and for nearly a thousand years after that, while Rome was sacked in innumerable invasions, and all the capitals of Europe were successively occupied by contending armies, Constantinople, safe in her two narrow outlets, and rich in her command of the two continents, continued unconquered, and even unassailed.

Rome was stripped, that Constantinople might be filled. All the wealth of Italy was carried across the Ægean. The Roman senator was invited to remove with his establishment. He found, on arriving at his new home, that by a complimentary attention of the Emperor, a fac-simile of his Roman palace had been prepared for him on the Propontis. The seven hills of the new capital responded to the seven hills of the old. There were villas for retirement along the smiling shores of the Dardanelles or of the Bosporus, as fine in climate, and perhaps equal in romantic beauty, to Baiæ or Brundusium. There was a capitol, as noble a piece of

architecture as the one they had left, but without the sanctity of its thousand years of existence, or the glory of its unnumbered triumphs. One omission was the subject of remark and lamentation. The temples were nowhere to be seen. The images of the gods were left at Rome in the solitude of their deserted shrines, for Constantine had determined that Constantinople should, from its very foundation, be the residence of a Christian people. Churches were built, and a priesthood appointed.

His mother Helena made a journey to Jerusalem, and was rewarded for the pious pilgrimage by the discovery of the True Cross. Chapels and altars were raised upon all the places famous in Christian story; relics were collected from all quarters, and we are early led to fear that the simplicity of the Gospel was endangered by its approach to the throne, and that Constantine's object was rather to raise and strengthen a hierarchy of ecclesiastical supporters, than to give full scope to doctrines of truth. But not the less wonderful, not the less by the divine appointment, was this unhoped-for triumph of Christianity, that its advancement formed part of the ambitious scheme of a worldly and unprincipled conqueror. Rather it may be taken as one among the thousand proofs with which history presents us, that the greatest blessings to mankind are produced irrespective of the character or qualities of the apparent author. A warrior is raised in the desert when required to be let loose upon a worn-out society as the scourge of God; a blood-stained soldier is placed on the throne of the world when the time has come for the earthly predominance of the Gospel. But neither is Attila to be blamed, nor Constantine to be praised.—WHITE.

The Three Sacks of the Eternal City.— Alaric marched on Rome. The Salarian gate was thrown open at

midnight, probably by German slaves within; and then, for five dreadful days and nights, the wicked city expiated in agony the sins of centuries.

"And the kings of the earth who had lived delicately with her, and the merchants of the earth who were made rich by her, bewailed her, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, and crying, 'Alas! alas, that great Babylon! for in one hour is thy judgment come.'"

St. John passed in those words from the region of symbol to that of literal description. A great horror fell upon all nations, when the news came. Rome taken? Surely the end of all things was at hand. The wretched fugitives poured into Egypt and Syria—especially to Jerusalem; perhaps with some superstitious hope that Christ's tomb, or even Christ himself, might save them.

St. Jerome, as he saw, day by day, patrician men and women who had passed their lives in luxury begging their bread around his hermitage at Bethlehem, wrote of the fall of Rome as a man astonished.

St. Augustine, at Hippo, could only look on it as the end of all human power and glory, perhaps of the earth itself. Babylon the great had fallen, and now Christ was coming in the clouds of heaven to set up the city of God for ever.

Followed by long trains of captives, long trains of wagons bearing the spoils of all the world, Alaric went on south. He tried to cross into Sicily; but a storm wrecked his boats, and the Goths were afraid of the sea. And after a while he died. And the wild men made a great mourning over him. Of one thing they were resolved, that the base Romans should not dig up Alaric out of his barrow and scatter his bones to the winds. So they put no barrow over the great king; but under the walls of Cosenza they turned the river-bed, and in that river-bed they set Alaric, armed and mailed, upright

upon his horse, with gold, and jewels, and arms, and, it may be, captive youths and maids, that he might enter into Valhalla in royal pomp, and make a worthy show among the heroes in Odin's hall. And then they turned back the river into its bed, and slew the slaves who had done the work, that no man might know where Alaric lies: and no man does know till this day.

More dreadful far was the second sack than the first—455 is its date. Then it was that the statues, whose fragments are still found, were hurled in vain on the barbarian assailants. Not merely gold and jewels, but the art-treasures of Rome were carried off to the Vandal fleet, and with them the golden table and the seven-branched candlestick which Titus took from the Temple of Jerusalem.

How had these things escaped the Goths forty years before? We cannot tell. Perhaps the Gothic sack, which only lasted five days, was less complete than this one, which went on for fourteen days of unutterable horrors. The plunderers were not this time sturdy, honest Goths; not even German slaves, mad to revenge themselves on their masters; they were Moors, Ausurian black savages, and all the pirates and cut-throats of the Mediterranean. Sixty thousand prisoners were carried off to Carthage. All the statues were wrecked on the voyage to Africa, and lost for ever.

And yet Rome did not die. She lingered on; her Emperor still calling himself an Emperor; her senate a senate; feeding her lazy plebs, as best she could, with the remnant of those revenues which former Emperors had set aside for their support—their public bread, public pork, public oil, public wine, public baths—and leaving them to gamble and quarrel, and listen to the lawyers in rags and rascality, and to rise and murder ruler after ruler, benefactor after benefactor, out of base jealousy and fear of any one less base than

themselves. And so "the smoke of her torment went up continually."

A third time she was sacked, by Ricimer, her own general; and then more villains ruled her; and more kites and crows plundered her. The last of them only need keep us a while. He is Odoacer, the giant. He came to Rome, seeking his fortune. There he found in power Orestes, his father's old colleague at Attila's court, the most unprincipled turncoat of his day; who had been the Emperor's man, then Attila's man, and would be anybody's man if needed; but who was now his own man, being king-maker for the time being, and father of the puppet Emperor, Romulus Augustulus, a pretty little lad, with an ominous name.

Odoacer took service under Orestes in the body-guards; became a great warrior and popular; watched his time; and when Orestes refused the mercenaries their demand of the third of the lands of Italy, he betrayed his benefactor, promised the mercenaries to do for them what Orestes would not, and raised his famous band of confederates. At last he called himself King of Nations, burnt Pavia, and murdered Orestes as a due reward for his benefits. Stripped of his purple, the last Emperor of Rome knelt crying at the feet of the German giant, and begged not to be murdered like his father. And the great wild beast's hard heart smote him, and he sent the poor little lad away, to live in wealth and peace in Lucullus' villa at Misenum, with plenty of money, and women, and gewgaws, to dream away his foolish life, looking out over the fair bay of Naples—the last Emperor of Rome.—KINGSLEY.

SOCIAL, CIVIL, AND RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES.

Roman Slavery.—*A Slave not a Person, but a Thing.*—When we think of the unlimited scale upon which the Romans were perpetually prosecuting war, and remember the countless captives whose destiny every battle must have placed in their hands, we can have no difficulty in appreciating the exhaustless fertility of the source from which their slaves were principally derived. "Rome," said Tacitus, "trembled in the presence of a slave population, which multiplied day by day, while the free population diminished." The secretary or amanuensis was a slave; the son's tutor and attendants were slaves; the artists, who in various ways ministered to the great man's enjoyments, were all slaves. Physicians, actors, musical performers, the buffoon and the improvisator, were of the same order. So were the skilled artisans of every kind.

How, then, we may ask, did the dominant class act with this slumbering volcano beneath their feet? How did they bear themselves towards that vast multitude in their streets, and within their doors, more numerous, more energetic and intelligent than themselves, whose very presence was a standing menace to their political and personal existence? The law did not look upon the slave even as a personage of subordinate and degraded social position. It did not recognize his claim to be considered as a moral agent, to be a man at all. When the bystander remonstrated with a lady in Juvenal, who was cruelly torturing her slave for some trifling fault, upon the ground that it was shameful so to treat a human being—"A human being!" she replies, "call you that creat-

ure a human being? He is a slave." The law re-echoed, in grave, judicial tones, the bitter words of the passionate woman. The slave was *secundum hominum genus*, a "second sort of human being;" he could acquire no rights, social or political, he was incapable of inheriting property, or making a will, or contracting a legal marriage; his value was estimated like that of a brute beast; his death or mutilation punished in the same way. In one word, he was not a *person*, he was a *thing*. He was his master's property to scourge, to brand, to chain up, to torture, to crucify; nor was it seldom that his master or his mistress exercised this terrible power. There seems little reason to disbelieve the story of Pollio's fish ponds, where the lampreys fattened upon the flesh of slaves, a practice of which the humane Augustus expressed a mild disapproval; and if a wealthy proprietor died under circumstances which created suspicion of foul play, his whole household, of many hundred slaves, were instantly put to the torture, one and all.—SHEPPARD.

The Penalty for a Murdered Master.—Not long after, Pedanius Secundus, præfect of the city, was murdered by his own slave. . . . . Now, since according to ancient custom the whole family of slaves, who upon such occasion abode under the same roof, must be subjected to capital punishment, such was the conflux of the people, who were desirous of saving so many innocent lives, that matters proceeded even to sedition: in the senate itself were some who were favorable to the popular side, and rejected such excessive rigor; while many, on the contrary, voted against admitting any innovation: of these last was Caius Cassius, who, instead of barely giving his vote, reasoned in this manner:

"Many times have I assisted, conscript fathers, in this august assembly, when new decrees of the senate have been demanded, contrary to the laws and institutions of our fore-

fathers, without opposing such demands: not because I doubted that the provisions made of old upon all matters were the wiser and more equitable, and that such as were changed were altered for the worse; but lest I should appear to commend the side I espoused by an immoderate attachment to ancient institutions. At the same time I considered that whatever weight might attach to my character ought not to be destroyed by reiterated defeats, in order that it might remain entire if at any time the state stood in need of my counsels. Such a conjuncture this day has brought forth: when a man of consular rank has been murdered in his own house, by the treachery of his slaves; a fraud none of them prevented, none of them disclosed, although the decree of the senate was still in full force, which denounced the pains of death to the whole household. By all means establish impunity by your decree; but then, what security will any man derive from his dignity, when even the præfecture of Rome availed not him who possessed it? who will be protected by the number of his slaves, when a band of four hundred afforded no protection to Pedanius Secundus? To which of us will such domestics administer aid, when, even with the terrors of the law before their eyes, they stir not to protect us from danger? or is it, as some blush not to feign, that the murderer only took vengeance for injuries he had received? What injuries? let us not mince matters, but pronounce at once that the master was killed justifiably.

"But are we to hunt up arguments in an affair long since weighed and determined by our wiser ancestors? Even if the question were now for the first time to be decided, do you believe that a slave could conceive a purpose of murdering his master without one menacing expression escaping him? without incautiously uttering one syllable which

might intimate his design? Grant that he effectually concealed his purpose—that he procured the weapon without the privity of his fellows—could he pass through the guard of slaves at the chamber door, open that door, bring in a light, perpetrate the murder, unknown to them all? Many indications of atrocious guilt precede its commission. If our slaves discover them to us, we may live, though but one among many, secure amidst those who are torn with guilty purposes; and lastly, if we must perish, we know that our death will be avenged upon the guilty persons among whom we live. By our ancestors the dispositions of slaves were suspected, even of such as were born on their estates, or in their own houses, and had, from the moment of their birth, partaken of the benevolence of their masters. But now that in our families we have nations of slaves having rites widely different from our own, and addicted to the religions of foreign countries, or none at all, it is impossible to curb such a promiscuous rabble without the terrors of the law. But, under this act, some who are innocent must perish with the guilty: true, but out of a routed army, when every tenth man is struck with a club, the lot falls upon the brave as well as the coward. Every great judicial warning involves somewhat of injustice to individuals, which is compensated by the general benefit."

Though no particular senator ventured to combat this judgment of Cassius, it was responded to by the dissonant voices of such as commiserated the number affected, the age of some, the sex of others, the undoubted innocence of very many of them: it was however carried by the party who adjudged all to death.—TACITUS.

Roman Superstitions.—*Evil Omens, and How they were Averted.*—At Rome during the winter many prodigies either occurred about the city, or, as usually happens when

the minds of men are once inclined to superstition, many were reported and readily believed; among which it was said that an infant of good family, only six months old, had called out "Io triumphe" in the herb market: that in the cattle market an ox had of his own accord ascended to the third story, and that thence, being frightened by the noise of the inhabitants, had flung himself down; that the appearance of ships had been brightly visible in the sky, and that the temple of Hope in the herb market had been struck by lightning; that the spear at Lanuvium had shaken itself; that a crow had flown down into the temple of Juno and alighted on the very couch; that in the territory of Amiternum figures resembling men dressed in white raiment had been seen in several places at a distance, but had not come close to any one; that in Picenum it had rained stones; that at Cære the tablets for divination had been lessened in size; and that in Gaul a wolf had snatched out the sword from the scabbard of a soldier on guard, and carried it off. On account of the other prodigies the decemvirs were ordered to consult the books; but on account of its having rained stones in Picenum the festival of nine days was proclaimed, and almost all the state was occupied in expiating the rest, from time to time. First of all the city was purified, and victims of the greater kind were sacrificed to those gods to whom they were directed to be offered; and a gift of forty-pounds weight of gold was carried to the temple of Juno at Lanuvium; and the matrons dedicated a brazen statue to Juno on the Aventine; and a lectisternium was ordered at Cære, where the tablets for divination had diminished; and a supplication to Fortune at Algidum; at Rome also a lectisternium was ordered to Youth, and a supplication at the temple of Hercules, first by individuals named, and afterwards by the

whole people at all the shrines; five greater victims were offered to Genius; and Caius Atilius Serranus, the prætor, was ordered to make certain vows if the republic should remain in the same state for ten years. These things, thus expiated and vowed according to the Sibylline books, relieved, in a great degree, the public mind from superstitious fears.—Livy.

A Senate Dismayed by the Contumacious Liver of an Ox.—When the consuls, Cneius Cornelius and Quintus Petillius, on the day of entering into office, according to custom, sacrificed each an ox to Jupiter, the head of the liver was not found in the victim sacrificed by Petillius; which being reported to the senate, he was ordered to sacrifice oxen until the omens should be favorable. The senate being then consulted concerning the provinces, decreed Pisæ and Ligaria to be the provinces of the consuls. They ordered that he to whose lot Pisæ fell, should, at the time of the elections, come home to preside at them; and that they should severally enlist two new legions and three hundred horse; and should order the allies and Latin confederates, to furnish ten thousand foot and six hundred horse to each. The command was prolonged to Tiberius Claudius, until such time as the consul should arrive in the province.

While the senate was employed in these affairs, Caius Cornelius, being called by a beadle, went out of the senate-house, and, after a short time, returned with a troubled countenance, and told the conscript fathers that the liver of a fat ox, which he had sacrificed, had melted away; that, when this was told him by the person who dressed the victims, he did not believe it, and he himself ordered the water to be poured out of the vessel in which the entrails were boiled; and he saw all entire but the liver, which had been unaccountably consumed. While the

fathers were under much terror on account of this prodigy, their alarm was augmented by the other consul, who informed them that, on account of the first victim having wanted the head of the liver, he had sacrificed three oxen, and had not yet found favorable omens. The senate ordered him to continue sacrificing the larger victims until he should find favorable omens.—LIVY.

ROMAN JURISPRUDENCE.

Forms and Ceremonies.—The jurisprudence of the first Romans exhibited the scenes of a pantomime: the words were adapted to the gestures, and the slightest error or neglect in the *forms* of proceeding was sufficient to annul the *substance* of the fairest claim. The communion of the marriage-life was denoted by the necessary elements of fire and water; and the divorced wife resigned the bunch of keys, by the delivery of which she had been invested with the government of the family. The manumission of a son or a slave was performed by turning him round with a gentle blow on the cheek; a work was prohibited by the casting of a stone; prescription was interrupted by the breaking of a branch; the clenched fist was the symbol of a pledge or deposit; the right hand was the gift of faith and confidence. The indenture of covenants was a broken straw; and weights and scales were introduced into every payment. If a citizen pursued any stolen goods into a neighbor's house, he concealed his nakedness with a linen towel, and hid his face with a mask or basin, lest he should encounter the eyes of a virgin or a matron. In a civil action, the plaintiff touched the ear of his witness, seized his reluctant adversary by the neck; and implored, in solemn lamentation, the aid of his fellow-citizens. The two competitors grasped each

other's hand as if they stood prepared for combat before the tribunal of the prætor; he commanded them to produce the object of the dispute; they went, they returned with measured steps, and a clod of earth was cast at his feet to represent the field for which they contended. This occult science of the words and actions of law was the inheritance of the pontiffs and patricians. Like the Chaldæan astrologers, they announced to their clients the days of business and repose; these important trifles were interwoven with the religion of Numa, and after the publication of the Twelve Tables the Roman people was still enslaved by the ignorance of judicial proceedings. The treachery of a plebeian officer at length revealed the profitable mystery; in a more enlightened age the legal actions were derided and observed, and the same antiquity which sanctified the practice, obliterated the use and meaning of this primitive language.

Epochs in Jurisprudence.—The revolution of almost one thousand years, from the Twelve Tables to the reign of Justinian, may be divided into three periods almost equal in duration, and distinguished from each other by the mode of instruction and the character of the civilians. I. Pride and ignorance contributed, during the first period, to confine within narrow limits the science of the Roman law (B. C. 451–106). On the public days of market or assembly the masters of the art were seen walking in the forum, ready to impart the needful advice to the meanest of their fellow-citizens, from whose votes, on a future occasion, they might solicit a grateful return. As their years and honors increased, they seated themselves at home on a chair or throne, to expect, with patient gravity, the visits of their clients, who at the dawn of day, from the town and country, began to thunder at their door. The youths of their own

order and family were permitted to listen; their children enjoyed the benefit of more private lessons, and the Mucian race was long renowned for the hereditary knowledge of the civil law. II. The second period, the learned and splendid age of jurisprudence, may be extended from the birth of Cicero to the reign of Alexander Severus (B. C. 160–A. D. 235). A system was formed, schools were instituted, books were composed, and both the living and the dead became subservient to the instruction of the student. Cato the censor derived some fame from his legal studies and those of his son; but the perfection of the science was ascribed to Servius Sulpicius, the friend of Tully;* and the long succession shone with equal lustre under the republic and under the Cæsars. III. In the third period, between the reigns of Alexander and Justinian, the oracles of jurisprudence were almost mute (A. D. 235–527). The measure of curiosity had been filled; the throne was occupied by tyrants and barbarians; the active spirits were diverted by religious disputes; and the professors of Rome, Constantinople, and Berytus, were humbly content to repeat the lessons of their more enlightened predecessors.

The Parent and the Child.—The law of nature instructs most animals to cherish and educate their infant progeny. The law of reason inculcates upon the human species the returns of filial piety. But the exclusive, absolute, and perpetual dominion of the father over his children is peculiar to the Roman jurisprudence, and seems to be coeval with the foundation of the city. The paternal power was instituted or confirmed by Romulus himself, and after the practice of three centuries, it was inscribed on the fourth table of the Decemvirs. In the forum, the senate, or the camp, the adult son of a Roman citizen enjoyed the public and private

* *Cicero*, whose full name was Marcus Tullius Cicero,

rights of a *person:* in his father's house he was a mere *thing;* confounded by the laws with the moveables, the cattle, and the slaves, whom the capricious master might alienate or destroy without being responsible to any earthly tribunal. The hand which bestowed the daily sustenance might resume the voluntary gift, and whatever was acquired by the labor or fortune of the son was immediately lost in the property of the father. At the call of indigence or avarice, the master of a family could dispose of his children or his slaves. But the condition of the slave was far more advantageous, since he regained, by the first manumission, his alienated freedom: the son was again restored to his unnatural father; he might be condemned to servitude a second and a third time, and it was not till after the third sale and deliverance that he was enfranchised from the domestic power which had been so repeatedly abused. The majesty of a parent was armed with the power of life and death; and the examples of such bloody executions, which were sometimes praised and never punished, may be traced in the annals of Rome, beyond the times of Pompey and Augustus. Neither age, nor rank, nor the consular office, nor the honors of a triumph, could exempt the most illustrious citizen from the bonds of filial subjection. His own descendants were included in the family of their common ancestor.

The Tutor and the Pupil.—The relation of guardian and ward, or, in Roman words, of *tutor* and *pupil*, which covers so many titles of the Institutes and Pandects, is of a very simple and uniform nature. The person and property of an orphan must always be trusted to the custody of some discreet friend. The office of the tutor was to complete the defective legal personality of the ward. All formal words essential to a legal transaction had to be pronounced by the ward himself, and then the tutor, by his assent, added the

animus, the intention, of which the child was not capable. The age of puberty had been rashly fixed by the civilians at fourteen; but, as the faculties of the mind ripen more slowly than those of the body, a *curator* was interposed to guard the fortunes of a Roman youth from his own inexperience and headstrong passions; and the minor was compelled by the laws to solicit the same protection to give validity to his acts till he accomplished the full period of 25 years. Women were condemned to the perpetual tutelage of parents, husbands, or guardians; a sex created to please and obey was never supposed to have attained the age of reason and experience.

Thefts and Insults.—A Roman pursued and recovered his stolen goods by a civil action of theft; they might pass through a succession of pure and innocent hands, but nothing less than a prescription of thirty years could extinguish his original claim. They were restored by the sentence of the Prætor, and the injury was compensated by double, or three-fold, or even quadruple damages, as the deed had been perpetrated by secret fraud or open rapine, as the robber had been surprised in the fact, or detected by a subsequent research. The rude jurisprudence of the Decemvirs had confounded all hasty insults which did not amount to the fracture of a limb, by condemning the aggressor to the common penalty of 25 asses. But the same denomination of money was reduced, in three centuries, from a pound to the weight of half an ounce; and the insolence of a wealthy Roman indulged himself in the cheap amusement of breaking and satisfying the law of the Twelve Tables.

Crimes and Punishments.—In the punishment of crimes, the laws of the Twelve Tables, like the statutes of Draco, are written in characters of blood; and the forfeit of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a limb for a limb, is

rigorously exacted, unless the offender can redeem his pardon by a fine of 300 pounds of copper. Nine crimes were adjudged worthy of death. 1. Any act of *treason* against the state, or of correspondence with the public enemy. The mode of execution was painful and ignominious: the head of the degenerate Roman was shrouded in a veil, his hands were tied behind his back, and, after he had been scourged by the lictor, he was suspended in the midst of the forum on a cross, or inauspicious tree. 2. *Nocturnal meetings* in the city, whatever might be the pretence—of pleasure, or religion, or the public good. 3. The *murder of a citizen;* for which the common feelings of mankind demand the blood of the murderer. The parricide was cast into the river or the sea, enclosed in a sack; and a cock, a viper, a dog, and a monkey, were successively added as the most suitable companions. 4. *The malice of an incendiary.* After the previous ceremony of whipping, he himself was delivered to the flames; and in this example our reason is tempted to applaud the justice of retaliation. 5. *Judicial perjury.* The corrupt or malicious witness was thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock to expiate his falsehood. 6. *The corruption of a judge,* who accepted bribes to pronounce an iniquitous sentence. 7. *Libels* and *satires,* whose rude strains sometimes disturbed the peace of an illiterate city. The author was beaten with clubs, a worthy chastisement; but it is not certain that he was left to expire under the blows of the executioner. 8. The nocturnal mischief of *damaging* or *destroying a neighbor's corn.* The criminal was suspended as a grateful victim to Ceres. 9. *Magical incantations,* which had power, in the opinion of the Latian shepherds, to exhaust the strength of an enemy, to extinguish his life, and to remove from their seats his deep-rooted plantations.

Voluntary Exile and Death.—A Roman accused of any capital crime might prevent the sentence of the law by voluntary exile or death. Till his guilt had been legally proved, his innocence was presumed and his person was free; till the votes of the last *century* had been counted and declared, he might peaceably secede to any of the allied cities of Italy, or Greece, or Asia. His fame and fortunes were preserved, at least to his children, by this civil death; and he might still be happy if a mind accustomed to the tumult of Rome could support the silence of Rhodes or Athens. A bolder effort was required to escape from the tyranny of the Cæsars; but this effort was rendered familiar by the maxims of the Stoics, the example of the bravest Romans, and the legal encouragement of suicide. The bodies of condemned criminals were exposed to public ignominy, and their children, a more serious evil, were reduced to poverty by the confiscation of their fortunes. But, if the victims of Tiberius and Nero anticipated the decree of the prince or senate, their courage was recompensed by the applause of the public, the decent honors of burial, and the validity of their testaments. The exquisite avarice and cruelty of Domitian appears to have deprived the unfortunate of this last consolation, and it was still denied even by the clemency of the Antonines. A voluntary death, which, in the case of a capital offense, intervened between the accusation and the sentence, was admitted as a confession of guilt, and the spoils of the deceased were forfeited to the treasury.—[Culled from Gibbon's famous Chapter XLIV., on Roman Jurisprudence.]

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